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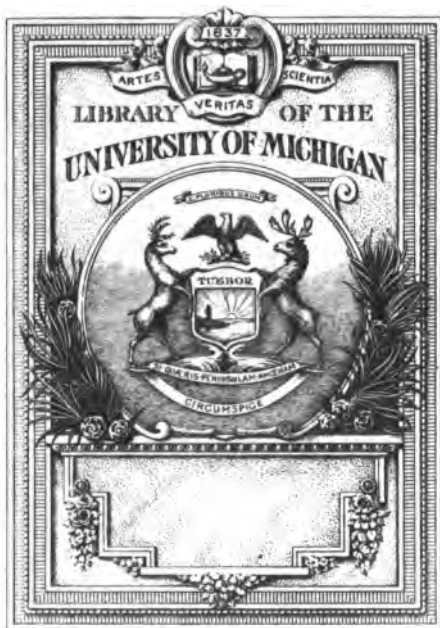
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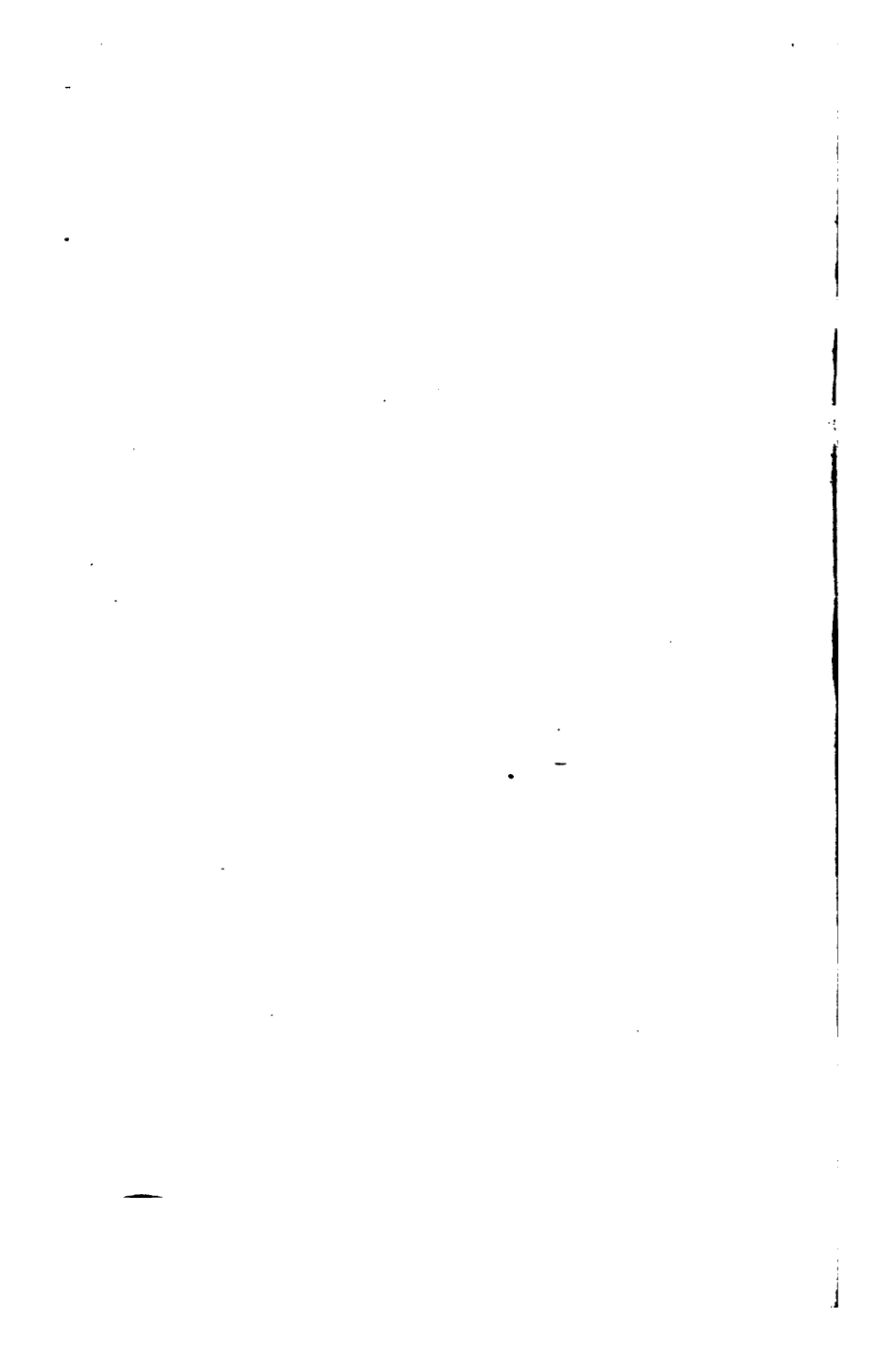
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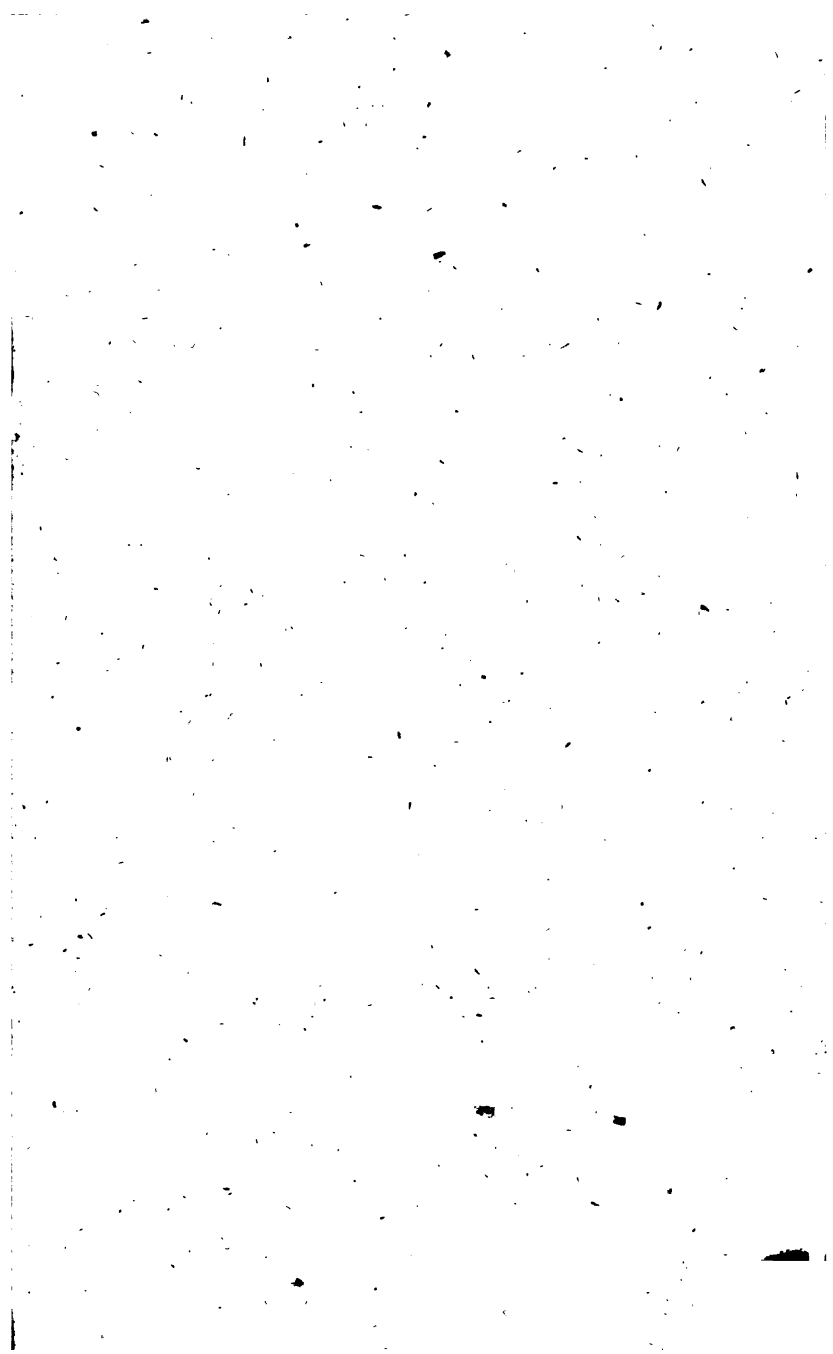
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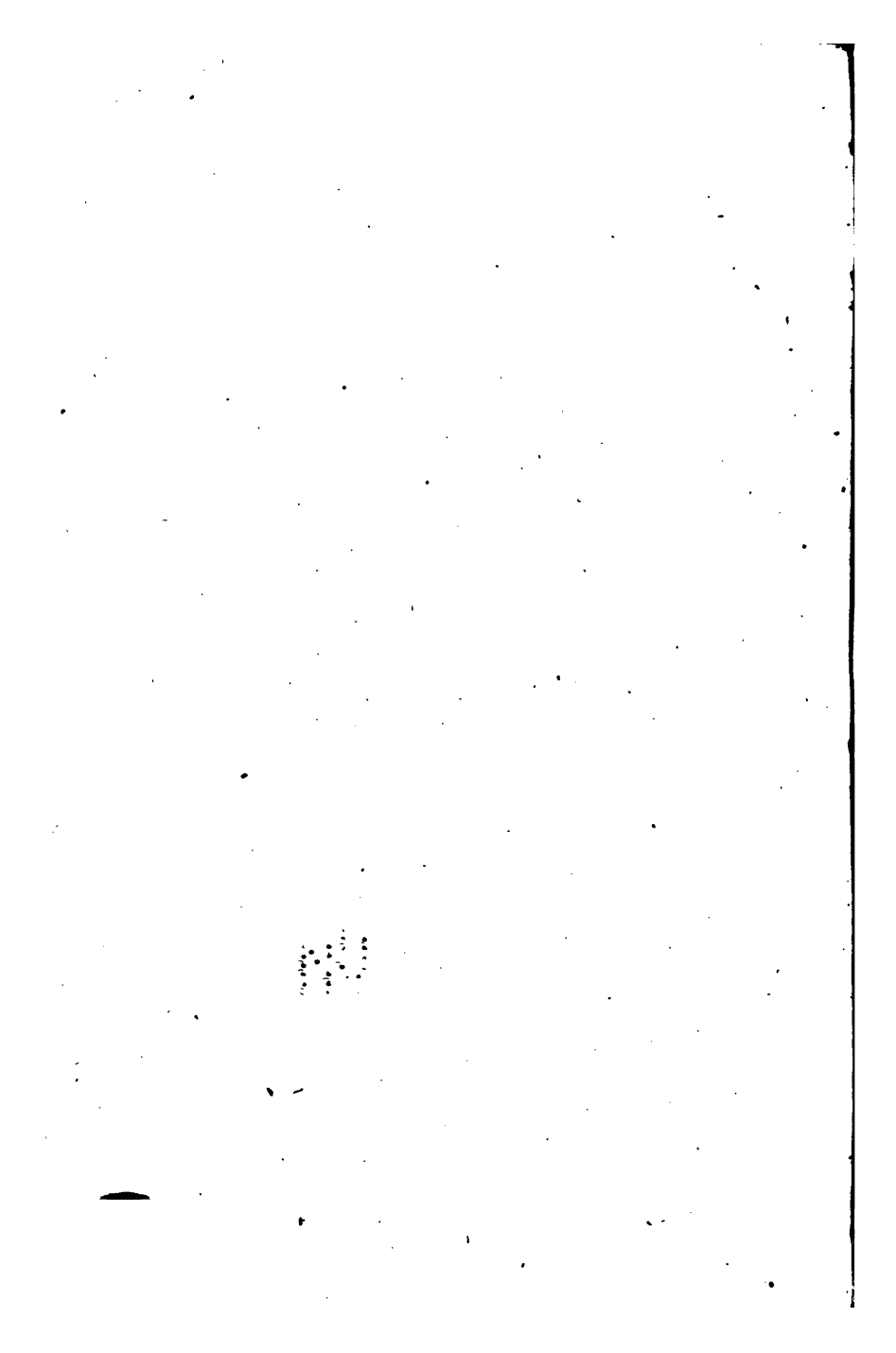






THE
ORIGINAL WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING.

VOLUME III.



THE ORIGINAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM KING, LL.D.

ADVOCATE OF DOCTORS COMMONS;
JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY
AND KEEPER OF THE RECORDS IN IRELAND,
AND VICAR GENERAL TO THE LORD PRIMATE.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED INTO THREE VOLUMES:
WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, AND MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME THE THIRD.



He, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain.

L O N D O N,
PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR; AND SOLD BY N. CONANT,
SUCCESSOR TO MR. WHISTON, IN FLEET-STREET.
MDCCLXXVI.



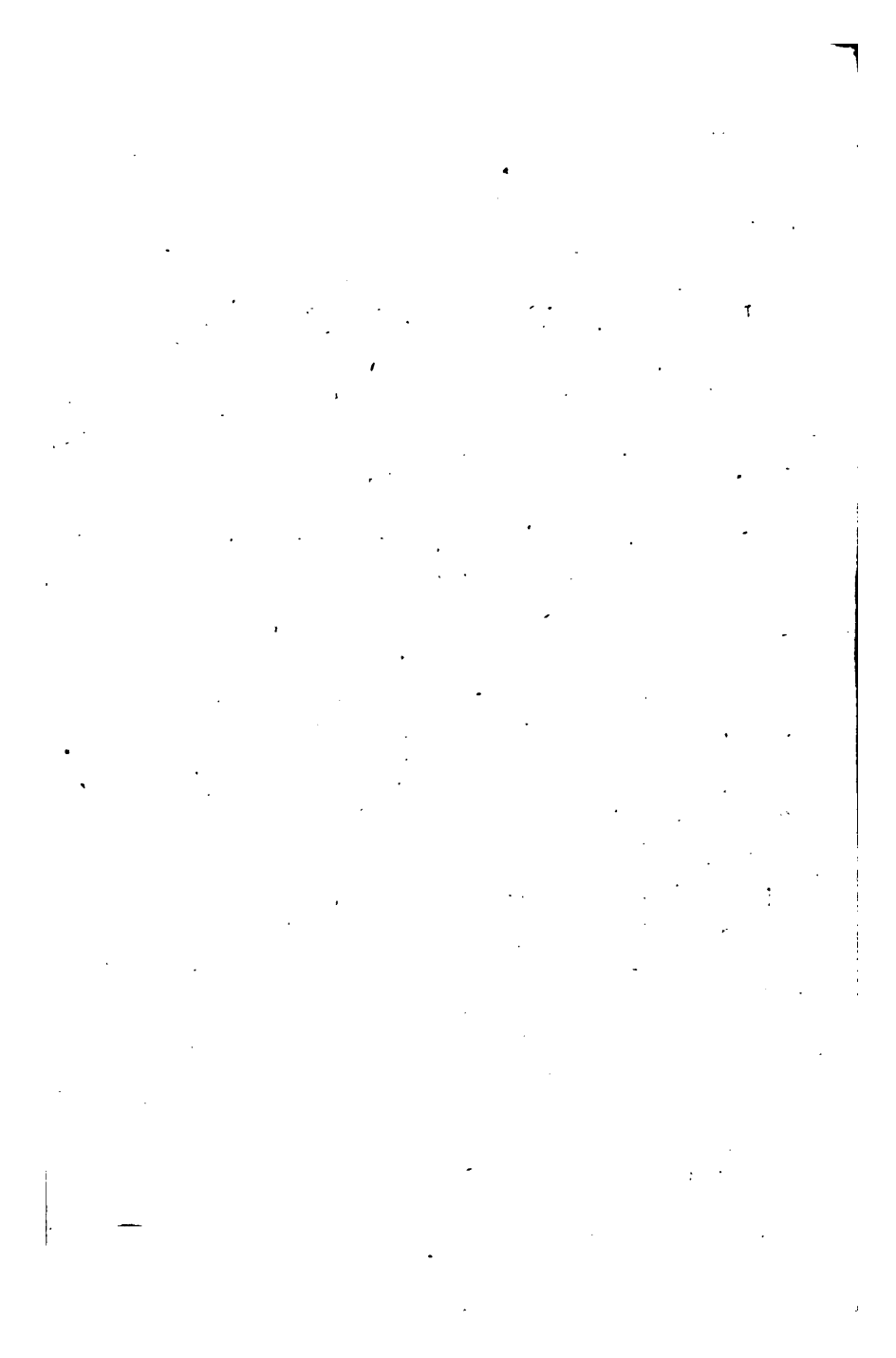
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USEFUL MISCELLANIES:

PART THE FIRST.

CONTAINING,

- I. A PREFACE of the Publisher of the Tragi-comedy of
JOAN OF HEDINGTON.
- II. The Tragi-comedy of JOAN OF HEDINGTON,
In Imitation of SHAKESPEARE.
- III. Some Account of HORACE'S Behaviour during
his Stay at TRINITY COLLEGE, in CAMBRIDGE.
With an ODE, to entertain his Departure thence;
together with a Copy of his Medal, taken out of
TRINITY-COLLEGE Buttery, by a Well-wisher to that
SOCIETY.
- {IV. An ANSWER to CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS's Sermon
upon *Quis Dives salvetur,*}



English
Blackwell
3-15-27
14461

[3]

THE PUBLISHER

TO

THE READER.

IT is many years since, that this Tragi-comedy of Joan of Hedington came to my hands, when the truth of the facts were fresh in memory. However, it is hoped that time has so far buried some of them in oblivion, that now it may seem a fable; and that a murder like that of hanging-up of Joan, would never be attempted to be committed, by a person of breeding, in so polite a town as that of Hedington.

I have been credibly informed that, soon after its composition, the parts were given out to several ingenious persons for action. But that design failed, because some decorations for the stage were wanting, and the musick between the acts, which was to have been very long, was not fully perfected. I have had information likewise that the Prologue was not written by the Author, or rather Authors, of the Play, but by a person of good elocution and graceful presence, who was to have spoken it; and would, by his delivery, have equaled Roscius, Alleyn^a, Burbage, or Betterton.

The Prologues of the Ancients were introductory to the Play, and seldom pretended to wit; but gave an account of the Author of it, and whether it were of his own compofure, or a translation; and insisted most upon entreaties for the good-nature, attention, and silence of their audience:

^a Edward Alleyn, founder of Dulwich College, born Sept. 1, 1566, was in high reputation in 1592, as appears from an Epigram of Ben Jonson. Haywood calls him — “Proteus for shape, and Roscius for a tongue.” He was one of the original actors in Shakespeare’s plays, a principal performer in Jonson’s; master of the Fortune Playhouse near Whitecross-street, and keeper of the king’s wild beasts. He began to build the College at Dulwich in 1614; which he finished, at the expence of ten thousand pounds, in 1617. He met with many difficulties in the establishment of his foundation, it being opposed by lord Bacon; but obtained the royal license, June 19, 1621. He died Nov. 25, 1626; and was buried in his own chapel,

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*Date operam, et cum silentio animadvertite,
Ut pernoctatis, quid sibi Eunuchus velit^b;*

"Attend, and list in silence to our play;

"That ye may know what 'tis the *Eunuch* means;"

is the conclusion of the Prologue to that celebrated Play of Terence, which gained the repeated applause of Rome. And to the same purpose, though in more words, is the conclusion of the Prologue to *Phormio*: only in the latter he complains that one of their Plays, which was *Hecyra*, was not suffered to be acted, by reason of the disturbance and noise of the spectators:

*Date operam, adeste equo animo per silentium;
Ne simili utamur fortunâ, atque usi sumus,
Cum per tumultum noster grex motus loco est^c,
Quem Actoris virtus nobis restituit locum,
Bonitasque vestra adjutans, atque æquanimitas,*

"Give ear; be favourable; and be silent!

"Let us not meet the same ill fortune now,

"That we before encounter'd, when our troop

"Was by a tumult driven from their place;

"To which the Actor's merit, seconded

"By your good-will and candour, has restor'd us."

The Prologues of all the Plays of Terence seem to have been written by the Actors; at least not to have exceeded their capacity. In that of *Hecyra*, the principal Actor, Lucius Ambivius Turpio, upon his own account, entreats their silence, that he might be encouraged to study new parts, and purchase fresh copies for their diversion:

*Meâ causâ causam hanc accipite, et silentium date,
Ut lubeat scribere aliis, mihiq; ut discere
Novas expediat, posthac pretio emptas meo.*

^b To these quotations from the Comic Poet we have annexed the beautiful translation of his happiest imitator.

^c Alluding to the disturbances on the first attempt to represent the *Hecyra*, or "Stepmother."

"— When first

"It was presented, such a hurricane,

"A tumult so uncommon interven'd,

"It neither could be seen, nor understood;

"So taken were the people, so engag'd,

"By a rope dancer;"

COLMAN,

"Admit

- "Admit this plea for my sake, and be silent;
 "That other Poets may not fear to write,
 "That I too may hereafter find it meet
 "To play new pieces bought at my expence^d."

The Epilogues of the Ancients were of a more concise nature than their Prologues, and came up even to a Lacedæmonian brevity. Thais and Bacchis, or Myfis and Phrygia, the ladies or chamber-maids of those times, were not forced to change their cloaths, and after the Play come to regale the audience with an Epilogue, not becoming the modesty of their sex. Nor did Lucius Ambivius Turpio, or Lucius Attilius Prænestinus, presume to huff and threaten their audience, and to throw lightning and thunder amongst them, as has been done in these latter ages, and been very judiciously reflected on by Mr. Bayes in his "Rehearsal." The Epilogues of three Comedies of Terence, the Eunuchus, the Heautontimorumenos, and Phormio, proceed to no farther an extent than that of these four words, *Vos valetis et plaudite*, "Ye, farewell; and clap your hands!" But that of Hecyra curtails this exuberance, and is content with two, *Vos plaudite*, "Clap your hands;" and those of Andria and Adelphi condescend so far as to have only one, viz. *Plaudite*, "Clap your hands^e."

The

^d From the two prologues to the "Hecyra," and some passages in Horace, we may collect that riots, parties, &c. were as common in Rome as in England; and that a first night was as terrible, and the town as formidable, to Cæcilius and Terence, as to the puny authors of our days. The high reputation of Ambivius Turpio (the Actor who spoke this Prologue, and probably the Manager of the Company) as well as the esteem which Terence had for him, is evident; and we conceive no unfavourable idea of the Town-criticks of those times, who could listen to such a plea urged by the Actor, and so candidly acquiesce in all that he said in his own commendation. We have seen indeed, and it is to be hoped shall see again, an Acting Manager in our time, to whom modern Authors have as much reason to be partial as Terence to Ambivius; but, though he has helped out many a lame Play with a lively Prologue, I believe he would hardly venture to make such an address to the publick as this before us.

COLMAN.

^e All the old Tragedies and Comedies acted at Rome concluded in this manner. *Donec CANTOR, Vos PLAUDITE, &c.*, says Horace. Who the Cantor was, is matter of dispute. Monsi. Dacier thinks it was the whole

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The Prologues and Epilogues of our antient English Poets were probably of the like composition, though some of them were made by the Authors themselves; but most ran upon the same subject. I shall proceed no farther at present upon this point, because I design a compleat Dissertation concerning all the Prologues and Epilogues that have come to my hands, to shew the pristine simplicity of them, and the licentiousness that has daily crept in upon them in succeeding ages.

I have been assured that one of the Authors of this Tragedy used often to lay before him the Prologue of Ben Jonson to his most applauded Play, called, "The Fox^f;" which does not yield to any Comedy of any other nation whatsoever, for the justness of thought, propriety of expression, and the true painting of the characters; and may be said to be the most excellent, as to the variety of incidents, the several catastrophes, and the compleat working-up of the whole design. The piece is what I have thought fitting to lay before the Reader; it being remarkable for the number of the verse, and the quaintness of the expression.

The PROLOGUE to "THE FOX" of BEN JONSON:

"Now, luck yet send us! and a little wit

"Will serve, to make our PLAY hit;

"(According to the palates of the season)

"Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.

"This we were bid to credit, from our Poet,

"Whose true scope, if you would know it,

"In all his Poems still hath been this measure,

"To mix profit with your pleasure;

Chorus; others suppose it to have been a single Actor; some the Prompter, and some the Composer. Before the word *Plaudite*, in all the old copies, is an Ω , which has also given rise to several learned conjectures. It is most probable, according to the notion of Madam Dacier, that this Ω , being the last letter of the Greek alphabet, was nothing more than the mark of the transcriber, to signify the end, like the Latin word *Finis* in modern books; or it might, as Cook supposes, stand for $\Omega\delta\epsilon$, *Cantor*, denoting that the following word *Plaudite* was spoken by him. COLMAN.

^f In which, *Burbage* figured as the principal Comedian,

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- "And not as some (whose throats, their envy failing)
 "Cry hoarsely, *All he writes is railing* :
 "And, when his PLAYS come forth, think they can flout them,
 "With saying, *He was a year about them*.
 "To these there needs no *lie*, but this his *creature*,
 "Which was two months since no feature ;
 "And, though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
 "'Tis known, five weeks fully penn'd it :
 "From his own hand, without a *co-adjutor*,
 "Novice, journeyman, or tutor.
 "Yet, thus much I can give you, as a token
 "Of his PLAY's worth, No eggs are broken ;
 "Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
 "Wherewith your rout are so delighted ;
 "Nor hales he in a *gull*, old ends reciting,
 "To stop gaps in his loose writing ;
 "With such a deal of monstrous and forc'd *action*,
 "As might make Beth'lem a faction :
 "Nor made he his PLAY from jests stol'n from each table,
 "But makes jests to fit his *fable* ;
 "And so presents quick *Comedy* refined,
 "As best *Criticks* have designed,
 "The *laws* of Time, Place, Persons, he observeth,
 "From no needful *rule* he swerveth.
 "All gall and copperas from his ink he draineth ;
 "Only a little salt remaineth,
 "Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till (red with laughter)
 "They shall look fresh a week after."

* In my opinion, the most remarkable passages in this Prologue may be applied to the Tragi-comedy of "Joan of Hedington." For, in the first place, if a Poet takes care "to mix profit with "pleasure," and endeavours that his "rhime be not empty of "reason," a "little wit" will make his Play "hit," and gain it a deserved success. In this performance, the main design is to promote an universal good, by exposing vice, and shewing the dangers it leads persons into, either of loss of limbs, or life itself; and when virtue is the chief aim, all good people will be *pleased* to see the contrary to it disregarded. And, since the diction is easy and proper, there is no occasion for points, puns, quibbles, old jests, or forced expressions ; since our present age, like that of

3. THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

Augustus, is more inclinable to relish the natural beauties of Terence, than the mean pretensions to wit that were used by Plautus; and afterwards exploded by Horace. The Prologue goes on, that it was objected to the author of "The Fox," that "all he wrote was railing;" whereas indeed he "drained all gall from his ink, and left only a little salt." So, if persons will do irregular actions, it is not a lampoon to tell them of it, and reprove them with some smartness; and this is so far from reflection, that it shews the irregularities of a very few are discountenanced by a larger part, and ought at least to shame those decaying members into a compliance with better examples. When the Prologue says, "the Author was not above five weeks about his Play;" something might likewise be said of this, that the working it up did not cost so much time as the birth of an elephant, or the production of the famous Oration of Isocrates. Lastly, the Prologue takes notice,

"The *laws* of Time, Place, Persons, he observeth,

"From no needful *rule* he swerveth."

And in this Poem it may be remarked, that, notwithstanding the shortness of it, it still keeps up to the *rule* of Horace :

Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior Actu

Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi. Ars Poet. ver. 189.

Which is,

"The Play which you design should often please,

"Must have Five Acts, and neither more nor less."

Mr. CREECH's Translation.

Then as to the *time* of the action, I have seen none (except "The Adventures of Five Hours &c," and some few Tragedies in imitation of the French) that can come near it; for the whole space of time does not seem in probability to be of greater extent than that of Master Churchwarden's fetching up the cows, and his wife's milking them. The *place* for the performance of the action is comprehended in the small vicinage of Hedington, in which street every body sees every body, and every body knows every thing. There is no running from thence to Cowley, so to Hinksey, and then back to Marston, as we have parallel instances in most of Shakespeare's Tragedies. Then for the *manners* of the persons, they are entirely carried on throughout: Mother Harris and Mother Franklin do not talk like Mr. Cole; neither do

2 A Tragi-comedy by Sir William Tuke; printed 1663, Folio.

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Father Clerkenwell or Mr. Atton approach the spirit of Mr. Pindar; for, as Horace has it, ver. 236.

*Nec sic emitar Tragico differre colori,
Ut nihil interfit, Davusne loquatur, et audax
Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum;
An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.*

Which verses are admirably improved by Mr. Creech^b, who indeed has been a second Horace, if not a superior genius to him, and had done greater wonders if he had received the lights which have been given since his decease to that Author, and lately communicated to the Publick^c.

“ They must not make all Persons talk alike,
“ The *city valet*, and the *country Dick*;
“ The *chamber-maid* grown impudently bold,
“ When she has robb'd the *lecher* of his gold:
“ The *downright farmer*, and the *downy sot*,
“ Or else the *brisk companion* o'er his pot.”

Here are great notices of the significancy of the Latin tongue, not to be found in any Commentator except Mr. Creech.

Davus is to signify a *city valet* and a *country Dick*.

^b Mr. Thomas Creech was born at Blandford in Dorset, in 1659, son of Thomas Creech, gent. educated at Sherborn school, entered at Wadham College, Oxford, 1675; took the degree of A. B. 1680; M. A. 1689; and the same year was elected probationer fellow of All Souls. In 1701, he was presented by his college to the living of Welling in Hertfordshire. He was a good philosopher, divine, and poet; but, through some disappointment either in love or in his expectations, laid violent hands on himself before he had taken possession of his living. He published Lucretius in English, 1682, 8vo; in Latin, 1695, 8vo; a Translation of Horace, 1684, 8vo; of Theocritus, with Rapin's Discourse of Pastorals, 1684, 8vo; of Manilius, 1700. He translated the Lives of Pelopidas in Corn. Nepos and Plutarch, and that of Solon in the latter; with his Laconic Apophthegus, Essay on Socrates's Demon, and the two first Books of Symposius, the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal, and some Poems of Ovid and Virgil. He was also author of several verses and translations in the Miscellany Poems.—On his father's monument in Blandford Church, this Poet is called “ The learned, much-admired, and “ much-envied Mr. Creech.” See Hutchins, Hist. of Dorset, vol. I. p. 83.

^c Dr. Bentley's Horace was first published in 1711,

Sime

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Simq signifies a *careful father*, who would hinder his *son* from following ill courses; and a *lecher*, that will suffer himself to be robbed by a *chamber-maid*.

But *Silenus* is a person that can appear under different capacities, as that of a *downright farmer*, a *dowdy set*, and a *brisk companion*.

But, before the Reader can know whether the persons in the Play preserve their characters, it may not be improper to let him see who are, principally concerned in the action.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. Pindar, a young gentleman, and a great disputant, who had made a progress in moral philosophy, and has a notion of friendship as an heroic virtue, and therefore is very faithful to Mr. Cole; but he has no great insight into casuistical divinity, which makes him undertake a murder to please his friend.

Mr. Cole, a West-country gentleman, who is of an amorous temper, and very easy nature, as appears by the indulgence he shews to Mrs. Frances, and the tenderness he bears to her mother.

Father Clerkenwell and Mr. Atson, two North-country brawny fellows, very powerful at their ale and tobacco.

The Churchwarden, a confederate discreet person, and very compassionate; though something negligent; in not having presented the enormities of the persons living in his parish.

PERSONS MENTIONED.

Mr. Warburton, a deceased lover of Mrs. Frances Harris.

Mr. Hopman, a fictitious name.

Crendon, a famous bag-piper, not admitted.

WOMEN.

Mother Shephard, a prudent person in her way of selling ale, virtuously inclined, but suffering her customers to run into excess out of hopes of her own advantage.

Mother Franklin, a person that concerns herself with little but the offices of her function; which are, brewing and bottling of ale: and at the same time very neighbourly.

Joan

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Joan of Hedington, a countrywoman, and an ancient parishioner in Hedington, of a calling which, though discommendable, yet has been made use of in all ages. She seems spirituous, and, if her employment would suffer her, not disinclined to virtuous courses; at least, she despises the more vile practices of others of the same profession.

Mother Harris, one of the same calling with Joan; who, though she pretends to more gentility, yet has not the same plainness and sincerity as the former.

Mrs. Frances Harris, a jilt.

SCENE, HEDINGTON.

Time of Action, from bringing up Mr. Churchwarden's Cows, to the end of milking them.

I must confess, that I have been something negligent as to the Chronology of the Play, and the year when the tragical attempt was made upon Joan of Hedington. But a learned person may easily compute it; for it was two years after the blazing-star, and four months, seven days, twenty minutes, and fifteen seconds, after the great cudgel-playing at Cowley wake, which is the Olympiad of that country, where John Pasmore of Hedington won the hat and feather; and when this is settled, it will be easy to find the names of the Churchwardens; but whether the Churchwarden here mentioned were the upper or the lower one, will remain a difficulty for Critics to determine; which I should be proud to do, if I had a convenient opportunity.

I have no certain account what became of Mr. Pindar; but, if the rashness of his attempt were not alleviated by the impatiency of his friendship, according to poetical justice, he should not go unpunished. Mr. Cole had no other than honourable designs; and, having afterwards married Mrs. Frances Harris, retired into the country, where they passed their time easily, with a moderate fortune.

As for Clerkenwell and Atson, in probability they would go Southward; but, as they were good-for-nothing persons, so neither is it of much concern what became of them.

Mother Shephard and Mother Franklin continued many years in their honest calling, and one of them may be alive still; for I have

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have not as yet any account of their Epitaphs, which I generally collect from all parishes once in ten years.

Joan of Hedington, whether by the bruises she might have received in the struggle she made for the last efforts of life (as will appear in the Play, when she was tied to the beam by Pindar), or by the concern she might have for the affront she had received after having lived so long in the neighbourhood, or being agitated by the Furies, ran distracted, and in that violent condition disclosed the secret transactions of her life; but undoubtedly what she then delivered was like a sick woman's dream, inconsistent with itself, incoherent in its parts, and a mixture of some grounds of truth, veiled with a cloud of fabulous inventions, raised from an irregular imagination: so that no great observation could be made from what she said. However, it gave occasion to a Poem, called "Joanna Furens;" which, being a rhapsody of Latin and "English, came but to few hands, and has since perished.

Having been already longer than I at first designed, I shall make my remarks upon the Play much shorter than I would have done otherwise.

Revenge and Friendship are two great bases upon which a Play may be built; and they apparently have the predominance in this Interlude. The provocation, the injury, the thirst after *revenge*, and the accomplishment of it, and that by the help of *friendship*, run through the whole contexture.

The Drama is opened by Mother Shephard and Mr. Churchwarden, two grave persons; as is that of the *Adelphi* in Terence:

Senes qui primi venient, hi partem aperient:

In agendo partem offendent.

"Part the old men, who first appear, will open;

"Part will in act be shewn."

Mitio and Demea, the two brothers, were in the first Scene to display their own characters, and to continue them throughout. So Mrs. Shephard, in the first Scene, declares her dislike to vice; and, having been an exact observer of the whole transaction, concludes the Play with a very remarkable and useful piece of morality.

It has been objected to this Play, that the Scene between Mother Harris and Joan of Hedington has too much freedom of language, which they are pleased to term *scolding*. But to this it may be answered, that both of them preserve their characters, for ill words

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words will follow ill deeds ; and it may be further said, that, in the Tragedies of the Antients, both Greek and Latin, there are examples of greater intemperance in speech, scolding imprecations, and ill language ; and that these persons speak more like Princesses than Medea or Hecuba. In Terence's *Andria*, the scolding scene between Myfis and Davus is the most artificial of all that Comedy, which, though not the wittiest, is esteemed one of the most nicely wrought pieces of that Author. The whole turn of the Play depends upon it ; and Davus (ver. 801) commends himself for it, in these words :

*Paulum interesse censes, ex animo omnia,
Ut fert natura, facias, an de industria ?*

“ Is there then

“ No difference, think you, whether all you say

“ Falls naturally from the heart, or comes

“ With cold premeditation * ?”

Scolding must be scolding ; and there are no other words it can be put into but those of Nature. Joan and Mother Harris had their nails to fight with : but it would have been ridiculous to have introduced them with their helmets and launces, like Joan of Arc or the Amazonian Hippolyta.

It has likewise been objected, that, Joan of Hedington's calling not being commendable in its own nature, the Author ought not to have made her justify herself so far as to say, “ she had been “ honest in her calling.” But for this there is an example in the *Adelphi* of Terence ; where Sannio, though he confesses,

*Leno sum, fateor, perniciis communis adolescentium,
Perjurus, pestis.*

“ Well, I am a Pimp !,

“ The common bane of youth, a perjurer :

“ A public nuisance,”

has

* The words of Davus to Myfis in this speech have the air of an oblique praise of this scene from the Poet himself, shewing with what art it is introduced, and how naturally it is sustained. COLMAN.

¹ This seems (says Mr. Colman) to be a translation from Diphilus, from whom this part of the fable was taken.

“ No calling is more baneful and pernicious,

“ Than that of a Procurer,” WESTERHOVUS.

The Procurer was a common character in the Comedy of the Antients ; but, if

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has said just before,

Leno sum. AESCH. Scio. SA. At ita ut usquam fide fuit quisquam optima.

"I'm a Procurer^m. AESCH. True. SA. And in my way

"Of as good faith as any man alive."

It has been further said, that the soliloquy of Joan of Hedington in the second Scene of the first Act, and her expressions in the second Scene of the third Act, are too lofty for her character. But this criticism will wholly vanish, when these lines of Horace's Art of Poetryⁿ are thoroughly considered; and it will be allowed that Comedy upon occasion may admit of elevated expressions.

Verbis exponi Tragicis res Comica non vult:

Indignatur enim privatis ac propè socco

Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ,

Singula quæque locum teneant fortita decenter.

Interdum tamen & vocem Comœdia tollit,

Iratuque Cbremes tumido delitigat ore.

Which is thus translated by Mr. Creech, with his usual improvement and brightness:

"A Comic Story hates a Tragic style,

"Bombast spoils humour, and distorts a smile,

if we may pronounce from their remains, we may venture to say that the character was never so finely painted in any part of their works as in the following lines of Shakespeare:

"Fie, firrah, a bawd, a wicked bayd!

"The evil that thou causest to be done,

"That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,

"What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,

"From such a filthy vice? Say to thyself,

"From their abominable and beastly touches,

"I drink, I eat, array myself, and live!

"Canst thou believe thy living is a life,

"So stinkingly depending! Go, mend, mend!"

Measure for Measure.

^m He says this to *Æschines*, to intimidate him, alluding to the privileges allowed to the Romans at Athens, on account of the profit accruing to the republick from their traffick in slaves. It was forbidden to abuse them, on pain of disinheritance. COLMAN.

ⁿ Ver. 89.

"And

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER. 15

- " And *tragical Thyeses*' barbarous feast
" Scorns *mean* and *common words*, and hates a jest: }
" Let every subject have what fits it best.
" Yet *Comedy* may be allow'd to rise,
" And rattle in a passion or surprize."

I hope it will give no offence, that Mr. Cole, Act II. Scene 1. amongst the terrible things which he supposes to be at Shotover, declares that he should not be frighted if *camels* were there; whereas a camel is an innocent harmless creature. But it must be considered, that the notion that he had rais'd to himself of a camel was impress'd upon his imagination from the sight he had had of them in old tapestry hangings, and might therefore think they had a physical terribility equal to their bulk. But I must refrain; and omit the defence of particular expressions, various readings, &c. and beg the Reader's kind acceptance of these endeavours, as being, &c,

A. D. 1712.

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF JOAN OF HEDINGTON.

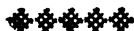
SCENE, HEDINGTON.

In Imitation of SHAKESPEARE.



THE PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS, we here present you with a Play,
The product of a country holiday.
'Tis usual now with Prologues to be witty.
But we are not; good faith, the more the pity!
Our Play won't make you laugh, nor make you cry,
For 'tis a perfect Tragi-comedy.
We have no hopes for this our homely treat,
But that, for being short, you'll think it sweet.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The High Street in HEDINGTON.*

Enter Mother SHEPHARD and the CHURCHWARDEN.

Mother SHEPHARD.

INDEED, Mr. Churchwarden, as I was saying before, this
same Joan of Hedington is a naughty woman.

CHURCHW. I cannot help it, Neighbour.

M. SHEP. She does not keep a civil house, and is a disgrace to
the town; for Gentlemen dare not come to my house to drink,
for fear they should be thought to go to Joan's,

CHURCHW. Have you good ale, Mother?

M. SHEP. Yes, that I have, marry.

CHURCH. Why then, people will come, for all Joan, I war-
rant you. But I must go fetch up the cows. Ha! here are
Gentlemen a coming.

M. SHEP.

M. SHEP. He! a pox on them! They are going to Franalín's. However, I have got some good North-country customers still; and here are two of them coming.

S C E N E II.

Enter Father CLERKENWELL and Mr. ATSON.

M. SHEP. You are very welcome, Masters: I am glad to see you,

F. CLERK. Have you got good ripe ale, Mother?

M. SHEP. Yes, indeed, Sir: but I have but a little.

ATS. How much?

M. SHEP. A dozen and a half.

F. CLERK. What is that between us two? But come, let us go in. Wash the two-quart mug, for I am a-dry; two of them may quench my thirst a little for the present. Stay, give us a quarter of tobacco. *[Exeunt.]*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The High Street.*

Enter JOAN OF HEDINGTON and Mother HARRIS.

JOAN. **M**ARRY come up, you are so proud with your black bag °!

HARRIS. Well, it was none of your money paid for it.

JOAN. But your daughter's did. You are so proud of that minxs, and think to spoil my custom!—But I would have you to know that I am sounder than e'er a Harris of you all.

HARRIS. You sounder! I would have you to know, I scorn to let such pitiful rogues come into my house as you have to do with.

JOAN. I would have you to know, I have as good customers come to my house as any woman in Hedington—no disgrace to you, Goody Harris.

M. HARRIS. Sure you might have had a Mistress under your girdle when you spoke to me, huffey.

° N. B. Joan wore a Hat, and Mother Harris a Hood. KING.
VOL. III. C JOAN.

JOAN OF HEDINGTON.

JOAN. Hussey me no hussy, Mrs. Slopawdry. I will pull your black bag for you. I am a better woman than yourself. I have been an old Parishioner here, and gone to church, and all the town know I have been honest in my calling; and to be abused by such a gossip as you, that are come to put off your pocky ware in our parish!

M. HARRIS. No more pocky ware than yourself.

JOAN. You ly, you Whore. I'll tear your eyes out.

[*Fall a fighting, JOAN beats Mother HARRIS off the Stage, calling her Whore and Bitch, the other crying.*]

SCENE II. The High Street.

JOAN OF HEDINGTON *sole*.

Let's view the mighty act which I have done:

The thing is worthy Joan of Hedington.

I, that have favour'd youngsters many a score,

Was ne'er affronted at this rate before

By such an upstart, tawdry, pocky whore;

She from the Maggoty Pie away was sent,

Because she had not trade to pay her rent.

At Hinkfey then they would not let her stay,

Because she kept a bawdy-house, they say;

But now, I think, I've given the whore her due.

Shall I be *buffed* by a bitch like you?

No, I have beat her, and the drab is gone:

I will reign mistress of this place alone,

And be the topping dame of Hedington.

But I think I had best go home, and drink a dram of brandy.

[*Exit JOAN.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, Mother HARRIS's *House*.

Enter Mother HARRIS, FRANK HARRIS, and Mr. COLE.

FRANK. THIS is intolerable, that my mother should be abused by such a drab as Joan of Hedington! I will be revenged, whatever it cost me. [Mother HARRIS groans.]

[COLE

JOAN OF HEDINGTON.

19

COLE. Alas, my dear, torment thyself no more :
And you, dear mother, cease to sob and groan.
For, let me never more be happy made
By the enjoyment of my lovely Frances,
If I don't satisfy your dire revenge.

HARRIS. Ay, Mr. Cole, nothing could oblige me and my
daughter more, than if you would revenge me on that witch.

FRANK. Ay, do, my dear; study how to revenge my mother
of that witch. You are a scholar : cannot you conjure?

[COLE walks about, musing.]

COLE. I'll break her windows—windows she has none,
And then her lattice is not worth the breaking.
I'll go and drink her brandy, and not pay her;
But not to pay for't would be ungentle,
And I can ne'er be guilty of a thing
That does not favour of a gentleman.
But stay —

I have a friendship with a certain man,
Cunning and close, and trusty to his friend,
Pindar, my eyes delight, my other self;
He promis'd me, that, disputations done,
He'd take a walk, and meet me at this place.
Oh, for his coming now, when most I want him !
He'll find a speedy way to my revenge,
And gratify my mother and my mistress.
Two heads are always wiser far than one,
And, when to mine his counsels shall be join'd,
We'll plague this saucy Joan, with force united.

I believe, Mrs. Frances, it would do your mother good, to drink
some of this warm flip.

M. HARRIS. I cannot drink flip, if it was flip of gold, till I
am revenged.

FRANK. Dear Mr. Cole, help my mother but in this one
business; and I will love you better than ever I did Mr.
Warburton.

COLE. Blessing attend you for this last expression !
O what a vast reward is this you promise !
Thy love, for which I many a time would die,
Is to be gain'd now upon easy terms.
Were Joan on t'other side of Shotover,

JOAN OF HEDINGTON.

And all the way stuck full of bears and lions ;
 Were snakes and camels there, and living toads,
 I'd fetch her, though six giants stood to guard her.
 This I could do alone, with single strength.
 But, when I shall have Pindar's force and counsel,
 I'd dare — indeed what would I not dare then ?

HARRIS. I think you must carry me to the bed, to lie down
 a little.

FRANK. Pray, mother, stay a little : here is Crendon the
 bagpiper.

M. HARRIS. Music encreases melancholy thoughts :
 But brings no ease to minds oppress'd with grief.

[*They carry her off.*]

S C E N E II. JOAN's House.

Enter Father CLERKENWELL and ATSON.

F. CLERK. Here, who is within here ? Give me a quartern
 of brandy.

ATS. And me another. Joan, we must go up the *stone stairs*.

JOAN. Hold, two words to a bargain. You owe me a groat
 for last time.

F. CLERK. Joan, where's your helper ?

JOAN. She is gone a hay-making.

F. CLERK. Well then, I will go to Mother Harris.

JOAN. Rather than that, I will do any thing,
 Wipe off old scores, and let you run on new.
 I freely do forgive the groat you owe me.
 But mention not, oh, speak not any more
 That odious, filthy, pocky name of Harris ;
 For, when I hear it once, my curdled blood
 Chills at my heart, and trembles in my veins.
 Be'nt so unkind, dear Clerky, to go thither ;
 I vow you make me weep with your unkindness.

F. CLERK. I be'nt unkind, Joany ; I vow, you make me cry
 too. I wo'nt go, Joany, I wo'nt.

ATS. No, he shan't go. Come, let us all three go up stairs,
 and be friends ; and bid your husband burn us a pint of brandy.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

JOAN OF HEDINGTON.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Field adjacent to Mother HARRIS's House.*

Enter Mr. PINDAR and Mr. COLE.

PIND. **I** TELL you, friend, from henceforth be at ease.

The lovely Frances soon shall be your own,
And Mother Harris have her wish'd revenge.

COLE. Thou best of friends, let me embrace thee close;
Let's both away, and perfect thy design.

PIND. Hold, you must stay behind; I'll act alone,
To shew how much Pindar will do for Cole.

You, in my absence, comfort up your mother,
Put sugar in her ale, 'twill ease her grief;

And you and gentle Frances search the hen-roost,
That, when I bring home news of your revenge,

With a large dish you lovers may be ready
In eggs and bacon to proclaim my welcome.

But, hold, I want a rope.

COLE. Here's one lies ready.

PIND. 'Tis well. Good-bye.

[*Exeunt.*]

COLE. Now, ye propitious stars, be guides to Pindar!

For never man so freely undertook

To serve his friend in such a dangerous moment!

SCENE II. *Mother HARRIS's Parlour.*

Enter FRANK HARRIS leading Mother HARRIS, and Mr. COLE.

M. HARRIS. Lord! Mr. Cole, that sugared ale was very good.
I did not care if we had the other flaggon.

Enter Mrs. FRANKLIN.

Mrs. FRANKL. I am sorry to see you so ill, Mrs. Harris;
that same Joan's a sawcy hussy, she beat me one day too

COLE. Ah, Mrs. Franklin, this is kindly done, to come to
comfort us in our distress.

M. FRANKL. I am willing to do any neighbourly kindness.
Lord! forsooth, you are black and blue: you must put on some
wet brown paper.

COLE. [*Aside to FRANK HARRIS.*] This Mrs. Franklin is
a very good woman; she understands chirurgery, I see. Will
you please to walk in, and drink, Mrs. Franklin?

[*Exeunt.*]

JOAN OF HEDDINGTON,

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, JOAN'S House.

JOAN OF HEDDINGTON *sola*.

I AM glad they are gone; they were two swinging fellows.

Enter Mr. PINDAR.

PIND. How do you do, Joan?

JOAN. Pretty well, Sir; though, I must beg your pardon, I do not remember your name.

PIND. I believe not. I was never here before. But Mr. Hopman, of Cripfy, recommended me to you for a gill of brandy, and a firk or two up the *stone stairs*, little Joan — up the *stone stairs*, little Joan.

JOAN. Will you please, Sir, to have your brandy before you go up, or burnt against you come down?

PIND. Against I come down, little Joan.

SCENE II. JOAN'S Chamber.

Mr. PINDAR solus.

I'll do it; and yet methinks my heart relents.
 Why should I murder her that never hurt me?
 Not me, indeed: but sure my friend is me,
 And, since this Joan has dar'd to be so bold
 To injure Cole, she must have injur'd Pindar.
 Hence then compassion and all tender thoughts;
 For Mother Harris soon shall be reveng'd,
 And by this hand of mine.

Enter JOAN.

My dear, come sit down upon the bed, little Joany.

[*As she is going to sit down, she tosses the
 noose of the rope over her head.*]

JOAN. What is this for?

PIND. No hurt, little Joany! no hurt!

[*He pulls the noose, and ties her up to the beam.*]

'Tis done, and now I'll instantly to Cole,
 And bring him joyful news of his revenge.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

JOAN OF HEDINGTON.

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SCENE III. *Mother SHEPARD's House.*

Mother SHEPARD and the CHURCHWARDEN.

CHURCHW. Lord, mother, have you heard the news?

M. SHEPH. No, not I: what news?

CHURCHW. Why, there is such a clatter about Joan's door, you would admire at it; poor Joan has been almost hanged. A Scholar came and tied her up to a beam in her chamber; and, if her husband had not come and cut her down, she had been hanged by this time.

M. SHEPH. Well, I always said she would come to a bad end; it is but what she deserves, for being such a whore.

CHURCHW. Well, I am glad the poor woman is not hanged, for all that.

M. SHEPH. Women, whose honour should be still their guide,
When once they give it up, and go aside,
Into a numerous maze of mischiefs run,
As may be seen by Joan of Hedington!



EPILOGUE.

OUR Play is done; and, if it chance to please,
We shall be mighty glad, and much at ease;
But, if it should not please you, Sirs! what then?
Why our young Poet ne'er will write again;
For he's as proud and surly as old BEN!

}

SOME ACCOUNT of HORACE's Behaviour during his Stay at TRINITY COLLEGE in CAMBRIDGE. With an ODE to entreat his Departure, thence. Together with a Copy of his Medal, taken out of TRINITY COLLEGE Buttery, by a Well-wisher to that SOCIETY.

HAVING had some intimacy with Horace, and likewise an acquaintance with several of the Fellows of Trinity College, I have been so curious as to collect some particulars concerning his stay and behaviour at that place; where he lay indeed, and eat and drank at the Master's lodge; but his apartment was magnificently fitted up, and his entertainment profusely provided for, at the cost of the Fellows and Scholars. He declared often, that his mind had presaged to him that he should come into Great Britain, from the very time he wrote the Thirty-fifth Ode of his First Book, to Fortune, where he implores her to preserve Cæsar in his journey and voyage to Britain:

*O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos, &c.*

"Great Goddess, Antium's guardian power,

"Whose force is strong and quick to raise

"The lowest to the highest place;

"Or, with a wondrous fall,

"To bring the haughty lower,

"And turn proud triumphs to a funeral, &c."

GREEK,

*Serves iturum Cæsarem in ultimos
Orbis Britannos, et juvenum recens
Examen, Eois timendum
Partibus, Oceanoque rubro.*

"Preserve great Cæsar! Cæsar leads

"To distant Britain. Guide his fate,

"And keep the glory of our state,

"The youth that must infect

"With arms the haughty Medes,

"And scatter fears and slavery through the East."

GREEK,
And

And he actually prophesied concerning his coming into Britain in the Fourth Ode of his Third Book ; where he declares he would undertake that voyage, by the help of the Muses, though he was naturally afraid of the sea, and a great coward according to his own character :

*Utcumque mecum vos eritis : libens
 Insanientem navita Bosporum
 Tentabo, et arentes arenas
 Littoris Assyrii viator.
 Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
 Et letum equino sanguine Concanum.
 Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
 Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem.*

“ Whilst you my feeble ship shall guide,
 “ I’ll singly stem the proudest tide :
 “ I’ll travel through the farthest East,
 “ Where never mortal foot hath prest ;
 “ Britain’s inhospitable flood,
 “ And Thracians pleas’d with horses blood,
 “ On Scythian sands I’ll boldly tread,
 “ And stoutly see the quiver’d Mede.”

CREECH.

But in short, it seems, Horace would go any where for good entertainment ; and, as their ill fate would have it, came to Trinity College, to exercise their hospitality ; which he has done to some purpose, as will appear hereafter. Whilst he was at Rome, he familiarly told Albius Tibullus, in the Fourth Epistle of his First Book,

*Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curatâ cute. vides,
 Quem ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum.*

“ Then come and see me now grown plump and fine,
 “ When you would laugh at one of Epicurus’ swine.”

CREECH.

He is much improved since that time, and is become *totus teres atque rotundus*, as round as a bowl, or the hoop of a tierce of claret ; so that, when the Fellows saw this black unwieldy outlandish pig come into their “ kitchen-garden (which the College “ Cooks used to have for pot-herbs, fallads, &c. but has since “ been forcibly disposed of [by the Master], by taking the key “ and giving it to one of the Fellows, expressly against the can-
 “ sent

"sent of the Seniors"; they might apprehend, in the very worst sense of the proverb, that "a bog was got into their peace;" for he ravaged them like an Irish *cocherer*, who never departs as long as he can find a single potatoe.

When he first came, he cried out against merchants, for importing wine, and drinking out of plate; and gave in his bill of fare very sparingly. Some chicory, mallows to loosen his body, and now and then a few olives, were all that he desired; and would often repeat these verses of the Thirty-first Ode of his First Book:

— *dives et aureis*

Mercator exsiccet culullis

Vina Syra reparata merce,

Diis carus ipsis; quippe ter et quater

Anno revisens equor Atlanticum

Impune: me pascunt olive,

Me cichorea, levisque malva.

" — The merchant now, come safe to land,

" In golden goblets quaffs the wine,

" His Syrian wares and voyage gain'd.

" He chiefest darling of the Gods;

" For twice a year he plows the main,

" He rides the proud Atlantic floods,

" And yet makes safe returns again.

" Me *chicory* and *olives* feed,

" Me loosening *mallows* nobly feast;

" They give what Nature's wants can need,

" And kindly fill the easy guest."

CREECH.

But soon afterwards he shews himself not to be so easy a guest; and declares himself for "banquets," *Nos convivio*; for rummaging, carelessness, and debauchery:

Nos convivio, nos praelia virginum

Stellis in juvenes anguibus acrium

Cantamus, vacui, sive quod urimur,

Non præter solitum leves.

Od. I. vi.

p See Remarks upon a Letter, by Mr. Miller, Fellow of Trinity College, p. 69. KING.

" I sing

" I sing soft boys and virgins wars,
 " How soon they smile, how angry soon:
 " With close-par'd nails and tender tooth,
 " They all invade the ruffling youth;
 " Thus urge my frolick on,
 " And bid farewell, a long farewell, to cares."

Then there was nothing to be heard of from him, but

" Hang sorrow, cast away care;
 " The College is bound to find us:
 " For you and I and all must die,
 " And leave the world behind us!"

Or else, as Mr. Creech has paraphrased upon the Ninth Ode of the First Book, in the true strain of a Ballad,

" All cares and fears are fond and vain,
 " Fly vexing thoughts of dark to-morrow:
 " What chance *scorns* up, count perfect gain;
 " And banish business, banish sorrow."

And then Horace would repeat twenty Songs to the same purpose, which appear in his Works, and are translated by his admired Friend Mr. Creech; for, during his stay in College, he gained some smattering in the English; and, being informed that Mr. Creech, who had translated his Works, was the same person who had translated Lucretius, he had a great veneration for him, for having, as far as in him lay, propagated the Epicurean principles: for Horace had always a bent to that Philosophy rather than any other, notwithstanding his pretended recantation, which he published in the Thirty-fourth Ode of his First Book,

*Parcus Deorum cultor, et infrequens,
 Insanientis dæm sapientie
 Consultus erro: nunc retrorsum
 Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
 Cogor reliquos.—*

" I, that but seldom did adore,
 " I that no God but Pleasure knew,
 " Whilst mad Philosophy did blind,
 " And Epicurus fool'd my mind,
 " Must keep that impious course no more,
 " But turn my sails and steer anew."

He pretended to have been converted by a clap of thunder, or perhaps took the advice of a grave person, whose maxim it is,
 " that

"that a man should have the face of religion, for it would do him service in the world." But I never heard that Horace, whilst in College, "kept Chapel" himself; but that he has hindered other persons from minding Divinity, which should have been their proper study, rather than to find out *que's*, and *atque's*, and *vel's*, and *nec's*, and *neque's*, at the expence of a thousand pounds a year and upwards, designed for much better uses than to correct an old Latin Song-book, not to say worse of it, notwithstanding all the graces and beauties of its language.

During his stay, he took every opportunity to recommend drinking and pleasure. Was it Spring-time, that was most proper :

Solvitur acris Hyems grata vice Veris, et Favoni :

Trabuntque ficcas machinae carinas :

At neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni,

Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.

Od. I. iv.

And therefore, as Mr. Creech says, he advises his Friend to live merrily :

"Sharp Winter melts, Favonius spreads his wing,

"A pleasing change, and bears the Spring :

"Dry ships drawn down from stocks now plow the main,

"And spread their greedy sails again :

"Nor stalls the ox, nor fires the clown, delight ;

"And fields have lost their hoary white."

For, according to this Author, the Spring makes him thirsty ; and he attributes his desire of liquor more to the season, than his own inclination :

Jam Veris comites, quæ mare temperant,

Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ :

Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt

Hybernâ nive turgidi, &c.

Adduxere sitim tempora, Virgili :

Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum

Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens

Nardo vina merebere.

Od. IV. xii.

"The soft companions of the Spring,

"The gentle Thracian Gales,

"Spread o'er the Earth their flowery wing,

"And swell the greedy merchant's sails :

¶ Remarks upon a Letter, &c. p. 141.

¶ Ibid.

"The

"The streams, not swoln with melted snow,

"In fair mæanders play ;

"To quiet seas they smoothly flow,

"And gently eat their easy way, &c.

"The Season, Virgil, brings us thirst ;

"And, if you mirth design

"With noble youths, bring ointment first;

"And I'll provide thee racy wine."

CREECH.

But Winter was the season he most delighted in, which was the time for jollity, not only for profuseness in drink, but in firing.

— *vetustis extruat lignis focum.* Epod. ii.

Then the fire was to be built high with dry and blazing logs ; and then he used to stir up his friends to mirth, with his Thirteenth Epode :

Horrida tempestas cælum contraxit ; et imbres

Nivæque deducunt Jovem, &c.

The latter part of which has been since translated into that common but cheerful song,

"Old Chiron thus preach'd to his pupil Achilles ;"

which concludes to this purpose,

"But, all the while you lie before the town,

"Drink, and drive care away ; drink, and be merry :

"You'll ne'er go the sooner to the Stygian Ferry.

And, amidst his plenteous cups, he would still be commanding to lay on more fire. "Who is there ?" Bring "coals, billets, turf, "sedge, charcoal", any thing ; but do not let us starve." And then he would break out into these words of the Ninth Ode of his First Book,

Vides, ut altâ stet nivæ candidum

Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus

Sylvæ laborantes : gelûque

Frigora confisterint acuto ?

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco

Large reponens : atque benignius

Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,

Ob Thaliarche, merum diotâ.

* Remarks upon a Letter, &c. p. 168.

" See

SOME ACCOUNT OF

" See how the hills are white with snow,
 " The seas are rough, the woods are tost,
 " The trees beneath their burthen bow,
 " And purling streams are bound in frost.
 " Dissolve the cold with noble wine,
 " Dear friend, and make a rousing fire;
 " 'Gainst cold without, and care within,
 " Let both with equal force conspire."

CREECH.

One of Horace's qualities was, that he never wanted to go home, but would keep up his company till sun-rising, as he tells us in the Twenty-first Ode of his Third Book :

Vivique producent lucerne,

Dum rediens fugat aspera Phœbus.

The Reader must pardon the want of a Translation to these verses, because Mr. Creech tells us in his Preface, " That some principles he had made him *cautious* of some Odes, and that " he had passed by three more upon a different account." I cannot tell upon what account ; but this Ode happened to be so unfortunate as to be one of them.

Although he pretended to be no newsmonger or politician, nor to concern himself how the war was managed, or who paid taxes, so he enjoyed his ease and pleasure ;

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, & Scythes, &c.

Od. II. xi.

" What fierce Cantabrians, what the Scythians dare,

" Make, friend, no object of thy care, &c."

Yet he was a religious observer of all public rejoicings for any victory ; he never failed to be the most zealous assistant at a *gawdy* ; or a bonfire. At such times, he used to be the ring-leader of his companions ; and this was generally the beginning and burthen of his Song :

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero

Pulsanda tellus : nunc Saliqribus

Ornare pulvinar Deorum

Tempus erat dapibus, sodales.

Od. I. xxxvii.

" Now, now, 'tis time to dance and play,

" And drink, and frolick all the day ;

* A feast, a festival, a day of plenty ; a word still used in the universities.

JOHNSON.

'Tis

- " 'Tis time, my friends, to banish care ;
 " And costly feasts
 " With thankful hearts prepare
 " In hallow'd shrines, and make the Gods your guests."

It seems, he was more peculiarly accustomed to observe the First of March, for many years together.

*Martiis coelebs quid agam Kalendis,
 Quid velint flores, et acerra thuris
 Plena, miraris, &c.*

Od. III. viii.

- " What I, a Bachelor, intend,
 " My learned Lord, and noble friend,
 " In *Mars his Kalendis*, you admire ;
 " What mean *those flowers that crown my head*,
 " The coals on green turf altars laid,
 " Where in small censers *thankful sweets* expire."

CRÆCH.

And then he was so modest as to ask Mæcenas to lay aside thoughts of public business :

*Negligens, ne quæ populus labores ;
 Reræ privatus nimium cavere.*

" Neglect the various turns of state,

" The sports of chance, or nods of fate :"

Ibid.

and to desire him to drink a hundred cups to his health, and sit up till day-light ; which was but a moderate request for so great a man to do for such a friend.

*Sume, Mæcenas, quæstos amici
 Sæpitis cantum, et vigiles lucernas
 Perfer in lucem.*

" Let watching tapers chase the night,

" And rising morn restore the light."

Ibid.

Horace was resolved to keep up the good custom in England, though it was after something a different way from what he used to do at Rome. A friend of his, coming into his chamber on the *Kalends of March*, which is more generally known by the Title of " St. David's-day," found him very complaisant to the season. Instead of his vessel of *old wine*, he was very plentifully provided with a *cragg of Welsh ale* ; instead of the " flowers that " used to crown his head," he had got a prodigiously over-grown

lock

beck in his hat; and the "thankful sweets" were much more satisfactorily supplied with the odour of a dozen of warm crusts and a whole cheese toasting before the fire.

He was of a flattering temper; and there was no trusting to him, or any person that belonged to him. He that promises over-much is sure to perform nothing. At one time no person was so great with him as Mæcenas, as we see by the Seventeenth Ode of his Second Book, where he takes an horrible oath, that he will assuredly "die the same day with Mæcenas;" and that nothing should part them, not even the "breath of the fire-spiriting Chimæra," nor the forces of "the hundred-handed Gyas:" but there was nothing of all this (as well as some other things) to be depended on.

As he grew daily more unweildy, so he fell into the Dutch faction; and was extremely pleased with a Book I had then by me, but is since lost, which was an Edition of his Odes and Epodes, in a fair character, with a translation on the other side into Dutch prose. It might be very elegant for-aught I know, being not much conversant in that language; all that I can remember of it is,

O nata mecum consule Manlio.

Od. III. xxi.

Wan Wijt Heer Panlius Bouigourmaester was.

I fancy it might not be improper for Horace to take a journey to Amsterdam, to see what improvements he can make of himself in Holland. In the mean time, there was a prodigious and unusual consumption of bread, ale, and firing, in the lodge; so that the fellows made a public complaint. They thought they were not obliged to pay for Horace's maintenance, whilst he was recruiting himself with some few emendations of his work. They alledged, "That if any Benefactor, Farmer, or out-lying Officer of the College, be invited to the table of the Master, Major Fellows, or Scholars, the College is to bear the charge; but, if the Master, or any Member of the College, invite any else, he must pay the College the value of the dinner or supper."

The entertainment of such a guest as Horace ran the College to great expence, and the Master to great extravagance in his demands from the Fellows.

^a Remarks upon a Letter, &c. p. 164.

Mr. Miller, in his "Remarks on the Letter," says, "I will infer but one account of what the Master has taken, besides his statutable allowances, and that in the compass of one year, though he was absent about half the time."

From the SENIOR BURSAR.			l.	s.	d.
	l.	s.	d.		
Coals,	63	12	0	Small Beer,	45 0 0
Commencement-money,	6	13	4	Bread,	59 7 0
Westminster Election,	5	0	0	Flour,	9 0 0
Chamber Rent,	24	0	0	Bran,	1 10 4
				Dove-house,	5 0 0
From the JUNIOR BURSAR.			From the STEWARD.		
Extraordinaries,	47	10	8	Linen, about	12 0 0
Master's Gardener,	2	0	0	Audit Exceedings,	4 0 0
Billets,	17	2	0	Brawn,	3 10 0
Turf and Sedge,	14	9	9	Chandler,	10 0 0
Charcoal,	15	0	0	Extra Commons,	41 12 0
From the PANDOXATOR.			Servants Commons,	} 22 4 0	
Ale,	62	16	0		more than Statute,

Dr. Bentley, who was appointed master of Trinity College, by king William, in 1700, to restore discipline and learning in that College, endeavoured it to an eminent degree, proceeding up to the bottom stem very directly, and examining every candidate for scholarships and fellowships thoroughly, and seemed as nearly as possible to have given every one the place he really deserved; but at an election for fellowships, about 1703 or 1704, he ventured *for once only*, as he said, "to recede from that excellent rule, *Detur Dignissimo*," in favour of Mr. Stubbs, nephew to the vice-master. Thus, says Mr. Whiston, "he broke in upon his integrity, and I think he never after returned to it." He carried matters with so high a hand in the government of this college, that, in 1709, a complaint was brought against him, before Dr. John Moore, bishop of Ely, as visitor, by several of the fellows, who, in order to have him removed from the mastership, charged him with embezzling the public money, and other misdemeanours. In answer to this, he presented a defence to the Bishop, which was published in 1710, under the title of "The present State of Trinity College," 8vo.; and thus began a lasting quarrel, which, having the nature of a *bellum intestinum*, was carried on, like other civil wars, with the most virulent animosity on each side, till, after above twenty years continuance, it ended at last in the Doctor's favour. There is a large account of this dispute, and a list of the several books written about it, in the "Biographia Britannica."

"On the whole, this one year, besides his statute-table, allowances, and dividend, he took 454 *l.* 6 *s.* 1 *d.*; for one farthing of which there is no colour of statute.

"And there are six or seven of those Items, which, for any thing I can find, are original encroachments of his own; and the rest he has enlarged to the degree of amazement. How much bread, &c. he had in reference to the whole College, and as much as two other Colleges in the University; and how much in comparison to former Masters; is reserved to the evidence on the articles. One single article, that of his fire, which amounts to 110 *l.* 3 *s.* 9 *d.* is so much, that scarce any Nobleman in England, I believe no Archbishop, spent the like in the time. This fuel must be sold, or otherwise embezzled; for, if he had kept a continual fire in every chimney of his lodge all that time, it could not have consumed so much."

The same Author goes on to shew, p. 170, how much the Master exceeded the account of Mountague, in the following particulars, for several years:

SENIOR BURSAR'S Books.			JUNIOR BURSAR'S Books.		
Anno		<i>l.</i> <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>	Anno		<i>l.</i> <i>s.</i> <i>d.</i>
1707	For Coals for the Lodge, }	77 14 8	1708	Billets for the Lodge, }	17 2 0
1708	— — —	63 6 8		Turf and Sedge, }	14 9 9
1709	— — —	76 10 0		Billets for both Assizes, }	3 0 0
	Pigeon-meat, }	3 1 2		Small Beer, 100 Barrels, }	45 0 0
	Billets for the Lodge, }	9 0 0		Ale, 314 Craggs, }	62 6 0
	Turf and Sedge, }	25 7 0		1709 Flour, 13 }	
	Billets for both Assizes, }	1 10 0		Bushels, 1 Peck, }	
	Pigeon-meat, }	5 3 5		Bread, }	33 6 0
	PANDOXATOR'S Office, }			Small Beer, 100 Barrels, }	45 9 0
1708	Flour, 22 Bushels, }	9 0 0		Ale, 38 Craggs, }	17 12 0
	Bread, }	59 6 0			

It may seem very extraordinary that one single person should in a year expend 284 *l.* 6 *s.* 1 *d.* in bread, beer, and firing; but, I think, I have abundantly justified the Master, in shewing that he had a *Guest* who was able to consume that and much more. But then it was for the credit of the Society, that they once entertained a person of that eminence; and it will redound to their immortal honour, not only in Great Britain, but throughout all Europe. However, the young *lads*, as they will be gibing and scoffing at their betters, would often accost Horace with these

HORACE'S BEHAVIOUR, &c. 33

lines of his own, at the END of the Second Epistle of his Second Book; telling him, that gaiety was more proper for their youth than his age; and therefore desired him to rusticate himself, and retreat to his own sty:

*Luxu factis, vinis, saltis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est, ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentior ætas*.*

These verses, not being translated by Mr. Creech; whose translation may likewise be deficient in other particulars; I shall present the Reader with a Paraphrase of these lines, and a Medal of HORACE, in his present bulk and proportion:

Advice to HORACE, to take his Leave of TRINITY
COLLEGE, in CAMBRIDGE.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool:
Take back your criticizing stuff
To Epicurus' School.
But, in excuse of this, you'll say,
You're so unwieldy grown,
That, if amongst that herd you lay,
You scarcely should be known.
How many butter'd crusts you've tost,
Into your weem to big;
That you're more like (at College cost)
A porpoise than a pig.

* These lines have, with the most beautiful imagery, been applied to himself by one of the politest Critics of the present age, in the close of an admirable "Dissertation on the Idea of Universal Poetry."

y "Where BENTLEY late tumultuous went to sport
"In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port:
"The mighty Scholiast, whose unwearied pains
"Made HORACE dull, and humbled MILTON's strains."

See Dunciad, Book iv. ver. 201, &c. The great SCRIBLERUS explains the second line "retired into harbour;" but the learned SCIPIO MAFEI understands it (and we cannot but subscribe to his opinion) of a certain epine, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly.

But you from head to foot are *brawn*,
 And so from side to side :
 You measure (were a circle drawn)
 No longer than you're wide.



Then blefs me, Sir, how many craggs
 You've drunk of potent ale !
 No wonder if the belly fwaggs,
 That's rival to a *whale*.
 E'en let the Fellows take the reft,
 They've had a jolly taffer :
 But no great likelihood to feaft,
 'Twixt Horace and the Mafter.

I fhall give a further account of the proceedings of Horace ;
 which perhaps may difcover fome points of learning that have
 hitherto lain fecret. In the mean time, I entreat the Reader to
 accept of thefe,

From, &c.

A N A N S W E R
T O
CLEMENS ALEXANDRINUS'S SERMON,
U P O N

Quis Dives salvetur? "What Rich Man can be saved?"
Proving it easy for a Camel to go through the Eye of a Needle.

Delivered at the Devil's Arse of Peak^b.

WHEN we come to be "laid up in the sepulchres of our
"fathers, the last stage of our throne of mortality," the
situation

^a Ascribed to Dr. King, on the authority of "Miscellaneous Poems,
"Translations, and Imitations, by several Hands," published by Lintot,
in 2 vols. 12mo. 1720; the first volume, by Pope, the Duke of Bucking-
ham, Gay, Betterton, and Dryden; the second, by King, Smith, Dibben,
Fenton, Yalden, Rowe, Southcott, Broome, Ward, and Daniel. The
collection, though commonly ascribed to Mr. Pope, was entirely formed
by Lintot.

^b This little piece evidently alludes to, and was occasioned by, the
famous Sermon preached by Dr. White Kennet, afterward Bishop of
Peterborough, on the death of William the first Duke of Devonshire,
and published under the title of "A Sermon preached at the Funeral of
"the Right Noble William Duke of Devonshire, in the Church of All-
"Hallows in Derby, on Friday, Sept. 5, 1707; with some Memoirs of
"the Family of Cavendish," 8vo. 1708. It gave great offence at the time
of its publication; and was very severely animadverted upon by the
well-known John Dunton, in a pamphlet entitled, "The Hazard of a
"Death-bed Repentance, fairly argued, from the late Remorse of William
"late Duke of Devonshire, with serious Reflections, &c. &c. The whole
"resolving that nice Question, *How far a Death-bed Repentance is possible*
"*be sincere?* And is published by way of Answer to Dr. Kennet's Ser-
"mon, &c." 8vo, 1708. This Sermon occasioned Mr. Pope to take
notice of Dr. Kennet in the following very severe lines;

"When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place

"Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace;

"Look in that breast, most dirty Dean! be fair:

"Say, can you find out one such lodger there?"

Imitations of Horace, Book II. Ep. ii. ver. 220.
Dr. Kennet was born Aug. 10, 1660; in June, 1678, was entered of
Edmund Hall, Oxford; B. D. in May, 1683; M. A. in 1685; D. D. in

situation seems to be somewhat horrid: but, upon review, "the Elysian vallies open with greater amazement, and the rocky monumental hills of marble, that hang over in a more awful guard of it, seem to be Art insulting Nature." It is not "parts corrupted in the finest head, on the surface of which swans and feathers may swim, while weightier matters lie at the bottom"; it is not "knowledge, defined by some to be a bubble in the water, a meteor in the air, or a tumor and spectacle;" it is not "being of a society for promoting stock and work-houses, for erecting parochial libraries;" or writing "Parochial Antiquities," that can preserve us from having "gravel in our mouths &c." Upon this deplorable occasion, although my writings have sunk into contempt and disuse, yet I shall once again attempt "a serious and rational discourse," under these two "paradoxes," which "my love of singularity makes me fond to maintain." I shall shew, first, how a good rich man may be never the worse for living oddly. Secondly, I shall explain the use of my *plant* and *door*, in all cases of desperate extremities.

As to the first point. A good rich man, "may allow himself to climb up any hill within his reach; to fatigue himself within doors; to acquire heat, and expell moisture; to take a comfortable breakfast, and then walk round his lodgings; to have a dinner provided for him about twelve o'clock; to have a candle with ten or twelve tobacco-pipes before him; then to shut the door, and fall a smoking and writing, and thinking how to digest what he had fed upon; to be jealous of being burnt for a heretick, and afraid of the Bishop of Sarum¹; to run beyond 1699; in 1701, archdeacon of Huntingdon. By the management of Bp. Burnet, he preached the abovementioned sermon in 1707; and, by the succeeding duke's recommendation, obtained the deanry of Peterborough; of which see he was consecrated bishop, Nov. 9, 1718. He died Dec. 19, 1728.

^c See Dr. Kennet's Sermon, p. 1.

^d P. 26.

^e P. 31.

^f Published by Dr. Kennet, in 4to, 1695. ^g Sermon, p. 33. ^h P. 34.

ⁱ Dr. Seth Ward, who at one period of his life had spoken of Mr. Hobbs's Writings in very favourable terms, but afterward wrote against them. In 1661 he was made dean, and next year bishop, of Exeter; in 1667 was translated to Salisbury; and in 1671 made chancellor of the Garter, being the first Protestant Bishop that ever was so. He died Jan. 6, 1688-9, aged 71, after having had for many years the misfortune to outlive his senses.

* sea in a fright, and be driven back by the same : not to endure "contradiction, or an empty house ; in his sickness, to ride upon "a feather-bed in a coach ; to hate any thoughts or discourse of "death ; to make himself a warm coat the winter before he dies ; "and if then he falls into a pit, to catch hold of one of the Devil's "cloven feet * ;" or of my plank, which, under the next head, I shall prove worth both of them.

Far be it from me to deny, that *gloves, scarves, funeral sermons, and memoirs*, &c. are proper to be used at the *obsequies* of the dead, "who too often affect secrecy and silence," as their executors do "a parcimonious narrowness of mind !," But these are things of an inferior consideration to my plank and wicket. Some philosophers "have been glad to creep out of the world at any "hole " ;" but I have a new "door of hope for them," provided "they be men of parts and figure, and will give me *crape* enough to "consecrate their memory" with my *decorums*. I have before insinuated, that a good rich witty man may do any thing but be damned. But I see some people pricking up their ears there. You, Goodman Two-shoes, and you, Gammer Two-shoes, and you, Tom Trap, and you, Dick Frost, and you, Goody Gurton, that have lain in straw ever since your bed was taken away for plunder in the civil wars ; let me tell you, you are "poor stupid wretches ;" your "duller flame will be more easily "extinguished ; you meaner sinful *scrubs* are generally given "over to a reprobate mind ;" your barley-bread and pease-pudding make you *heavy* and *stupid* ; and, "if you do not take care, "you will die as stupidly as you lived." Therefore look to it, and begin to repent as soon as you can ; the sooner the better for you who are poor people. But Heaven forbid that I should preach this doctrine to you, Mr. Alderman OCCASI ; or to you, Mr. ON-ALL the Recorder ; to you, the worshipful Mr. Justice CONFORM ; or to you, my honoured patroness, Lady MITY ! You are gentlefolks all ; you are persons of greatest wit, and wealth, and ability, in this rich and ingenious corporation ; whom I am glad to see at church now and then, as your leisure will permit you. I beseech you not to surmise that I mean the least part of this to your Honours. All that I mean is this : "Ordinary abilities "may be altogether sunk by a long vicious course of life " . But

* All these circumstances are related by Dr. Kennet of the celebrated Mr. Hobbs. Sermon, &c. p. 107.

¹ P. 3.

^m A saying of Mr. Hobbs, p. 116.

ⁿ P. 35.

it is an undoubted *maxim*, "That persons of distinguished sense and judgement, by their nobler and brighter parts, have an advantage of understanding the worth of their souls before they resign them." Therefore, Gentlefolks, I have reserved for you an expedient, called "A death-bed repentance." After you have made *shipwreck* of a good conscience, I have a *plank* for you, upon which "one or two" (I believe I can make room for you *four* gentry) "may escape °." But, do you hear, you "meaner sinful wretches," that do not sit upon *cushions*, and are not asleep, and have no vote in the vestry; it will be little comfort for you, in this *storm*, to "expect the like deliverance." Consider what has been said; and you will not hastily repent—of what you have heard.

• Sermon, p. 34.

THE
ART OF COOKERY;
IN IMITATION OF
HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME
LETTERS to Dr. LISTER and Others

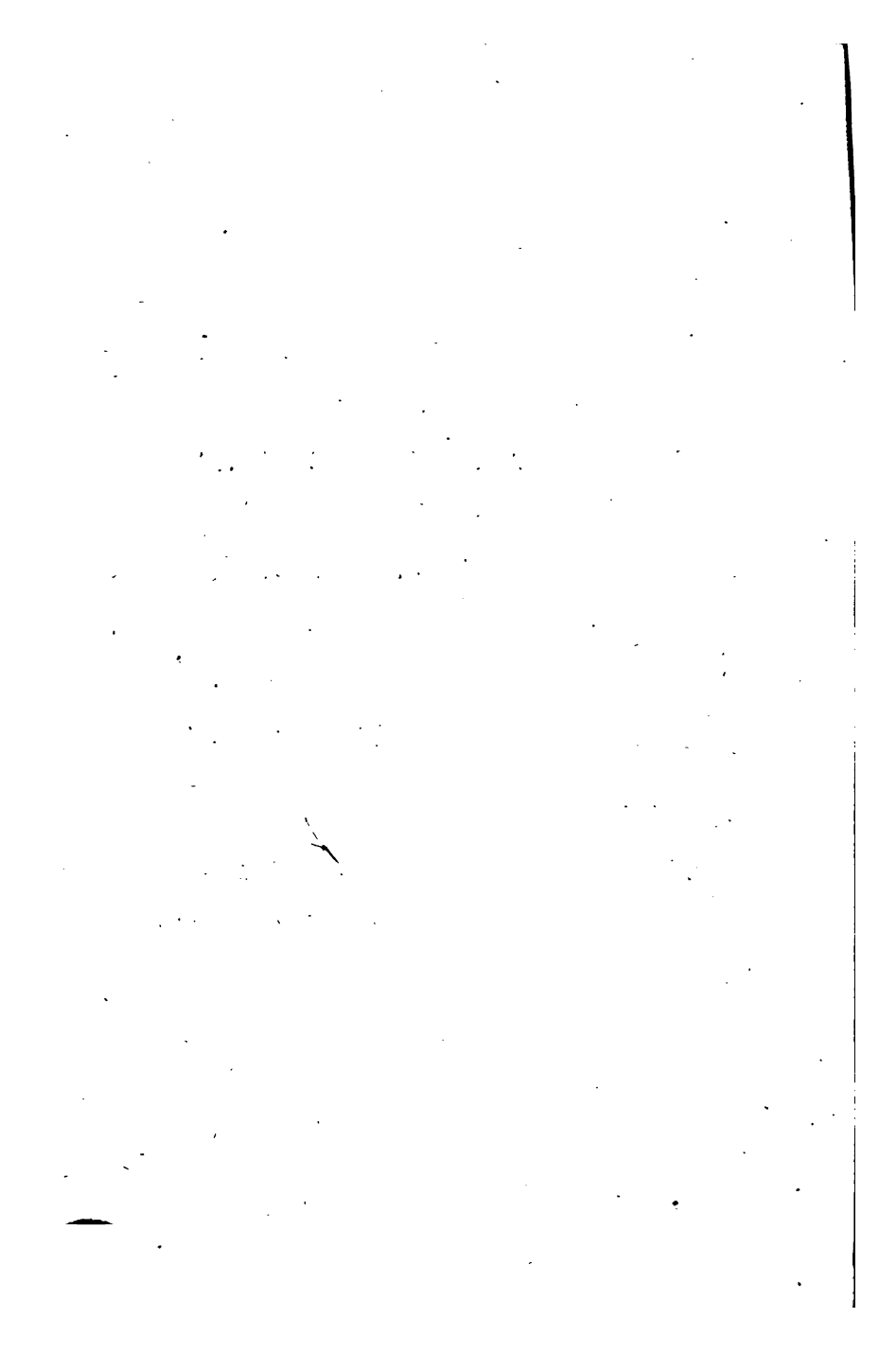
Occasioned principally by the Title of a Book published by
the Doctor, being the Works of APICIUS CÆLIUS,
“concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients.”

With an Extract of the greatest Curiosities contained
in that Book.

By the Author of THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

Humbly inscribed to the Honourable BEEF STEAK CLUB.

* “Apicius Cælius, de Opsoniis, five Condimentis, five Arte Co-
quinaria, Libri Decem. *Amstelod. 1709,*” 8vo.



THE PUBLISHER.

TO

THE READER.

IT is now a-days the hard fate of such as pretend to be Authors, that they are not permitted to be masters of their own works; for, if such papers (however imperfect) as may be called a *copy* of them, either by a servant or any other means, come to the hands of a Bookseller, he never considers whether it be for the person's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his sentiments, whether to his style or correctness, or whether he has for some time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, so he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following Poem to be so used, and printed with as much imperfection and as many mistakes as a Bookseller that has common sense could imagine should pass upon the town, especially in an age so polite and critical as the present.

These following Letters and Poem were at the press some time before the other paper pretending to the same title was crept out; and they had else, as the Learned say, groaned under the press till such time as the sheets had one by one been perused and corrected, not only by the Author, but his Friends; whose judgement, as he is sensible he wants, so is he proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

For many faults, that at first seem small, yet create unpardonable errors. The number of the verse turns upon the harshness of a syllable; and the laying a stress upon improper words will make the most correct piece ridiculous. False concord, tenses, and grammar, nonsense, impropriety, and confusion, may go down with some persons; but it should not be in the power of a Bookseller to lampoon an Author, and tell him, "You did write all this: I have got it; and you shall stand to the scandal, and I will have the benefit." Yet this is the present case, notwithstanding there are above threescore faults of this nature; verses transposed, some added, others altered, or rather that should have been altered, and near forty omitted. The Author does not value

44 THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

value himself upon the whole; but, if he shews his esteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke persons to read so useful a treatise; if he shews his aversion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declares his love to the old British hospitality, charity, and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muskets, and halberts, hung up in the hall over the long table, and the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and "Chevy Chase" and "The old Courtier of the Queen's" were placed over the carved mantle-piece, and the beef and brown bread were carried every day to the poor; he desires little farther, than that the Reader would for the future give all such Booksellers as are before spoken of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

L E T T E R S

TO

Dr. LISTER and OTHERS.



L E T T E R I.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

THE happiness of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I must confess, most of my other Friends are so much taken up with politicks or speculations, that either their hopes or fears give them little leisure to peruse such parts of Learning as lay remote, and are fit only for the closets of the Curious. How blest are you at London, where you have new Books of all sorts! whilst we at a greater distance, being destitute of such improvements, must content ourselves with the old store, and thumb the Classics as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the Edition of a Book by the ingenious Dr. Lister, which you say is a Treatise *De Condimentis & Ossonis Veterum*, "Of the Sauces and Soups of the Ancients," as I take it. Give me leave to use an expression; which, though vulgar, yet upon this occasion is just and proper: You have made my mouth-water, but have not sent me wherewithal to satisfy my appetite.

I have raised a thousand notions to myself, only from the title. Where could such a treasure lay hid? what Manuscripts have been collated? under what Emperor was it written? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who, though vicious and in some things fantastical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eating*?

Consider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we must remain at present. You know my neighbour Mr. Greatrix is a learned Antiquary.

THE

Antiquary. I shewed him your Letter; which threw him into such a dubiſſineſs, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durſt not put any *catchup* in his *ſiſb-fauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil*, and *lemon*, with his *partridge*, leſt, before he had ſeen Dr. Liſter's Book, he might tranſgreſs in uſing ſomething not common to the Ancients.

Diſpatch it, therefore, to us with all ſpeed; for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the firſt place, it will, in ſome measure remove the barbarity of our preſent education: for what hopes can there be of any progreſs in Learning, whiſt our Gentlemen ſuffer their ſons, at Weſtmiſter, Eaton, and Wincheſter, to eat nothing but *ſalt* with their *mutton*, and *winegar* with their *roaſt bee*, upon holidays? what extenſivenes can there be in their ſouls; eſpecially when, upon their going thence to the Univerſity, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is ſeldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the ſame; and as to *ſcience*, they are in profound ignorance?

It were to be wiſhed, therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, beſides his being Grocer, Gardener, Butler, and Valet, you would ſee that he is endued with a greater accompliſhment; for, according to an ancient Author, *Quot Galli, totidem Coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you have, ſo many Cooks you may depend upon;" which is very uſeful, where there is a numerous iſſue. And I doubt not but, with ſuch tutors, and good houſe-keepers to provide *cake* and *sweet-meats*, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to ſee that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for. I doubt not, I ſay, but we may have a warlike and frugal Gentry, a temperate and auſtere Clergy; and ſuch Perſons of Quality; in all ſtations, as may beſt ſubſerve the ſalutary of our *ſtate* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break off abruptly; for I am going to M^rſieur D'Avanz, a perſon famous for eaſing the tooth-ach by *woolſon*. He has promiſed to ſhew me how to ſtrike a lancet into the Jugular of a *carp*, ſo as the blood may iſſue thence with the greateſt effuſion; and then will inſtantly perform the operation of ſtewing it in its own blood, in the preſence of myſelf and ſeveral more Virtuofi. But, let him uſe what *deſer* he will in the performance; I will ſecure enough to drink your health and the reſt of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

LETTER

DR. LISTER AND OTHERS,

L E T T E R II

To Mr. ~~-----~~

SIR,

I SHALL make bold to claim your promise, in your last obliging Letter, to obtain the happiness of my correspondence with Dr. Lister; and to that end have sent you the enclosed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.



L E T T E R III

To Dr. LISTER, present.

SIR,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never use compliments; but I must tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the Ancients, concerning *dentifrices*, vulgarly called *tooth-picks*. I take the use of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the instinct of Nature, which is the best mistress upon all occasions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their Philosophical and Mathematical observations: they searched into all the springs of action; and, though I must condemn their superstitions, I cannot but applaud their invention. This people had a vast district that worshipped the *crocodile*, which is an animal, whose jaws, being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and, his habitation and business lying most in the water, he, like our modern Dutch *robber** in Southwark, had a very good stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and consequently the opportunity of washing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occasion for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which are serrate, or like a saw. To this end, Nature has provided an animal called the *ichneumon*, which performs this office, and is so maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians, seeing such an useful sagacity in the *crocodile*, which they so much revered, soon began to imitate it, great examples easily drawing the multitude; so that it became their constant custom

* Whose tenter-grounds are now almost all built upon,

to pick their teeth, and wash their mouths, after eating. I cannot find in Marsham's "Dynasties c," nor in the "Fragments of Manethon d," what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance) so venerable an usage first began: for it is the fault of great Philologists, to omit such things as are most material. Whether Sesostris, in his large conquests, might extend the use of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of those ages lay very much in the dark. It is very probable that the public use of them came in about the same time that the Egyptians made use of *juries*. I find, in the Preface to the "Third Part of Modern Reports," that "the Chaldees had a great esteem for the

c Sir John Marsham was born Aug. 23, 1602; educated at Westminster, and sent from thence to St. John's College, Oxford. He studied the law at the Middle Temple, and was appointed one of the six clerks in Chancery in 1638; was deprived of that place by the parliamentarians, but restored to it by King Charles II, who knighted him in 1660, and made him a baronet three years after. The title of the learned Historian's work here alluded to is "Canon Chronicus Ægyptiacus, Ebraicus, Græcus, &c." and is at once a proof of his great erudition, profound judgement, and indefatigable industry. The first edition of it was printed at London, in folio, 1672; it was re-printed at Leipzig, in 4to, 1676; and again at Franeker, in 4to, 1696; and very soon rendered the author's name famous throughout Europe. It is well known that the Egyptians, like the Chinese, pretended to incredible antiquity; and had, in the list of their Dynasties, extended their chronology to 36,525 years. These Dynasties had long been rejected as fabulous: but Sir John Marsham has reduced them to Scripture chronology, by proving them to be not *successive*, but *collateral*. Some things which he has advanced have been contradicted, if not confuted, by men of learning. But it is no wonder that one traveling in the darkness of antiquity, as he did, should sometimes miss his way. Le Clerc says, "summo studio antiquitates Ægyptias col-legit." Dr. Wotton says, "he was the first who made the Egyptian antiquities intelligible." And the learned Dr. Shuckford tells us, "no tolerable scheme can be formed of the Egyptian history, that is not, in the main, agreeing with his." He died May 25, 1685.

d High priest of Heliopolis in the time of Ptolemæus Philadelphus, at whose request he wrote his history, comprizing a period of 53,535 years, pretending to take his accounts from the sacred inscriptions on the pillars of Hermes Trismegistus. His Dynasties were transcribed by Eusebius, in his *Chronica*. See Bp. Stillingfleet's *Origines Sæcræ*, book i. c. 2.
"number

"number TWELVE, because there were so many signs of the "Zodiack; from them this number came to the Egyptians, "and so to Greece, where Mars himself was tried for a murder, "and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon record, nor any *stone* that I have seen, whether the jury clubbed, or whether Mars treated them, at dinner, though it is most likely that he did; for he was but a quarrelsome sort of person, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as Count Koningmark^c. Now the custom of *juries* dining at an eating-house, and having glasses of water brought them with *tooth-picks* tinged with vermilion swimming at the top, being still continued, why may we not imagine, that the *tooth-picks* were as ancient as the *dinner*, the *dinner* as the *juries*, and the *juries* at least as the *grand-children* of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed so grossly, that they seem to have had more occasion for *skewers* than *goose-*

^c Charles John lord Koningmark, &c. a native of Dresden, and a necessary adventurer, was tried and acquitted from being an accessory to the murder of Thomas Thynne, esq. Feb. 21, 1681-2.—Mr. Thynne was married to the lady Elizabeth Perty, countess of Ogle, sole daughter and heiress to Josceline earl of Northumberland, but was murdered in his coach, Feb. 12, 1681-2, before consummation, by three assassins, supposed to be suborned by count Koningmark, who had made some advances to the lady Ogle. That lady was betrothed in his infancy to Henry Cavendish earl of Ogle, only son to Henry duke of Newcastle, who, dying Nov. 1, 1680, before he was of an age to cohabit with her, left her a virgin widow. Mr. Thynne, who married her when she was scarcely fifteen, was prevailed on by her mother to travel another year before he bedded her; in which interval she became acquainted with Koningmark; who, having no hopes of obtaining her whilst her husband lived, is supposed to have contrived his death. The lady, however, detested this base and inhuman conduct, and soon after married the great duke of Somerset. The story of the murder, which is well known by the representation of it on an entablature of Mr. Thynne's monument in Westminster Abbey, may be seen in Reresby's "Memoirs," p. 135.—The three assassins (Urutz, Borofsky, and Stern) were hanged in Pall Mall, March 10, 1681-2.—Koningmark is said to have been killed in a quarrel in Hungary, in 1686, in the 31st year of his age; but we are, with more probability, informed, that when king George II. made some alterations in his palace at Hanover, the count's body was found under the floor. His sister (mistress to Augustus II, king of Poland) was mother of the famous marshal Saxe. Granger, vol. IV. p. 237.

quills. He is very tedious in describing a Smith's *forge* and *anvil*; whereas he might have been more polite, in setting out the *tooth-pick-case* or painted *snuff-box* of Achilles, if that age had not been so barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but consider, that Athens, in the time of Pericles, when it flourished most in sumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire from Augustus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curiosities and *toy-shops*; neither had their Senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the universe like *raffling* sometimes at Colonel Parsons's*. Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Caffre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they made use of any such instrument; nor does Ludolphus‡, though very exact as to the Abyssinian empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall shew in my Treatise of "Forks and Napkins," of which I shall send you an Essay with all expedition. I shall in that Treatise fully illustrate or confute this passage of Dr. Heylin^a, in the Third Book of his "Cosmography," where he says of the Chinese, "That they eat their meat with two sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; nor touching it with their hands at all, and therefore no great foulers of linen. The use of silver forks with us, by some of our spruce Gallants taken up of late, came from hence into Italy, and thence into England." I cannot agree with this learned Doctor in many of these particulars. For, first, the use of these *sticks* is not so much to *save linen*, as out of pure necessity; which arises from the length of their nails, which persons of great quality in those countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working, or being serviceable to themselves or others; and therefore, if they would, they could not easily feed themselves with those claws; and I have very good authority, that in the East, and especially in Japan, the Princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Besides, these sticks are of no use but for *their* sort of meat, which, being *pshaw*, is all boiled to rags. But what would those sticks signify to carve a *turkey-cock*, or a *chine of beef*? Therefore our *forks* are

* The White's, Almack's, or Arthur's, of those days.

^a See the second volume of this collection, p. 91.

‡ See some account of Dr. Heylin, in our Author's "Adversaria."

of quite different shape: the steel ones are bidental, and the silver generally resembling tridents; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Della Valle, that famous Italian Traveller, carried his *knife* and *fork* into The East Indies; and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian Prince, he was admired for his neatness in that particular, and his care in wiping *that* and his *knife*, before he returned them to their respective repositories. I could wish Dr. Wotton, in the next edition of his "Modern Learning," would shew us how much we are improved since Dr. Heylin's time, and tell us the original of *ivory knives*, with which young heirs are suffered to mangle their own *pudding*; as likewise of *silver* and *gold knives*, brought in with the desert for carving of *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indispensable necessity of a *silver-knife* at the side-board, to mingle *sallads* with, as is with great learning made out in a Treatise called *Acetaria*, concerning "Dressing of Sallads." A noble Work! But I transgress—

And yet, pardon me, good Doctor, I had almost forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is so remarkable. I think I may be positive, from this verse of Juvenal¹, where he speaks of the Egyptians,

Porrum et cepe nefas violare, et frangere morsu,

that it was "sacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion." Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonstration, that Pharaoh Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any *carrier's sauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which sauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull Inn in Bishopsgate-street, which runs thus:

"Take seven Spoonfuls of Spring water; slice two onions of moderate size into a large saucer, and put in as much salt as you can hold at thrice betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, if large, and serve it up." *Piscium est.*

HOBSON, Carrier to the University of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy person remains still at that Inn^k; and I dare say, that not only Hobson, but old Birch, and many others

¹ Sat. XV. 9.

^k Hobson, by the help of common sense, and a constant attention to a few frugal maxims, raised a much greater fortune than a thousand men of

others of that musical and delightful profession, would rather have been labourers at the Pyramids with that *regale*, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increase of Learning, and more especially your, &c.



LETTER IV.

To Mr. ———

SIR,

I AM now very seriously employed in a Work that, I hope, may be useful to the Publick, which is a Poem of the "Art of Cookery," in imitation of Horace's "Art of Poetry," inscribed to Dr. Lister, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his Works. But I have not vanity enough to think it will live so long. I have in the mean time sent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to supper, which is the Fifth Epistle of his First Book¹. Perhaps you will find so many faults in this, that you may save me the trouble of my other proposal; but, however, take it as it is:

If BeNvill can his generous soul confine
To a small room, few dishes, and some wine,
I shall expect my happiness at nine.
Two bottles of smooth Palm, or Anjou white,
Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight,

}

genius and learning educated in that University ever acquired, or were even capable of acquiring. He was, to use the citizen's phrase, *A MUCH BETTER MAN* than Milton, who has written two quibbling epitaphs upon him. But, if that great Poet had never lived, Hobson's name would have been always remembered; as he took an effectual method of perpetuating his memory, by erecting a handsome stone conduit at Cambridge, supplying it by an aqueduct, and settling seven lays of pasture-ground towards the maintenance of the same for ever. He died, in the time of the plague, 1630, in the 86th year of his age. See more of him in the Spectator, No 509. His will is in Peck's Collections. Granger, vol. II. p. 400.

¹ This Epistle has been imitated by Dr. Swift, in "Toland's Invitation to Dismal, to dine with the Calves Head Club," vol. XVI. p. 357.

Then

Then for the Bourdeaux you may freely ask,
 But the Champagne is to each man his flask.
 I tell you with what force I keep the field;
 And if you can exceed it, speak, I'll yield.
 The snow-white damask ensigns are display'd,
 And glittering salvers on the side-board laid.
 Thus we'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,
 The General's counsels, and the Statesman's fears:
 Nor shall sleep reign in that precedent night,
 Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious light,
 Sacred to British worth in Blenheim's fight.
 The blessings of good-fortune seem refus'd,
 Unless sometimes with generous freedom us'd.
 'Tis madness, not frugality, prepares
 A vast excess of wealth for squandering heirs.
 Must I of neither wine nor mirth partake,
 Lest the censorious world should call me Rake?
 Who, unacquainted with the generous wine,
 E'er spoke bold truths, or fram'd a great design?
 That makes us fancy every face has charms;
 That gives us courage, and then finds us arms:
 Sees care disburthen'd, and each tongue employ'd,
 The poor grown rich, and every wish enjoy'd.

This I'll perform, and promise you shall see
 A cleanliness from affectation free:
 No noise, no hurry, when the meat's set on,
 Or when the dish is chang'd, the servants gone:
 For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,
 Whate'er you want is in the Master's reach.
 Then for the company, I'll see it chose,
 Their emblematic signal is the Rose.
 If you of Freeman's raillery approve,
 Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love,
 And Bellair's charming voice may be allow'd,
 What can you hope for better from a crowd?
 But I shall not prescribe. Consult your case,
 Write back your men, and number as you please:
 Try your back-stairs, and let the lobby wait;
 A stratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

E 3

LETTER

To Mr. ———

I HERE send you what I promised, a "Discourse of Cookery," after the method which Horace has taken in his "Art of Poetry," which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an Author to be imitated in the delivery of *precepts*, for any art or science. He is indeed severe upon OUR sort of learning in some of his *Satires*; but even there he instructs, as in the Fourth Satire of the Second Book, ver. 13.

*Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,
Ut succi melioris, et ut magis alba rotundis,
Ponere: namque marem cōhibent callosa vitellum.*

"Choose eggs oblong; remember they'll be found

"Of sweeter taste, and whiter than the round:

"The firmness of that shell includes the male."

I am much of his opinion, and could only wish that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*. One is, how incomparably better *roasted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *shell*. You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much easier they will sit upon your stomach. The worthy person who recommended it to me made many proselytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

I have in this Poem used a plain, easy, familiar style, as most fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an Imitator of Horace, as he himself directs. I have not consulted any of his Translators; neither Mr. Oldham^m, whose copiousness runs into Paraphrase; nor Ben Jonson, who is admirable for his close fol-

lowing

^m John Oldham, born Aug. 9, 1653, was a bachelor of Edmund Hall, Oxford; A. B. in 1674, and soon after usher to the free school at Croydon. In this situation, some of his poetry having been handed about, he was honoured with a visit by the earls of Rochester and Dorset, Sir Charles Sedley, and other persons of distinction. In 1678, he was tutor to the son of Judge Thurland, and in 1681 to a son of Sir William Hickes. By the advice of Sir William and the assistance of Dr. Lower, he applied for about a year to the study of physic; but, poetry being predominant, he hastened to London, and became a perfect votary to the bottle, yet with-
out

lawing of the original; nor yet the Lord Roscommon², so excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very design and soul of that Author. I considered that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myself upon it so much as Lucrætiæ did, yet I dare say it is more innocent and inoffensive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and sententious, I have so far taken liberty as to pass over some of them; for I consider the nature and temper of Cooks, who are not of the most patient disposition; as their under-servants too often experience. I wish I might prevail with them to moderate their passions, which will be the greater conquest, seeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidst the variety of directions that Horace gives us in his "Art of Poetry," which is one of the most accurate pieces that he or any other Author has written, there is a secret connexion in reality, though he does not express it too plainly; and therefore this Imitation of it has many breaks in it. If such as shall condescend to read this Poem would at the same time consult Horace's original Latin, or some of the aforementioned Translators, they would find at least this benefit, that they would re-

quit sinking into the debauchery of his contemporary wits. He was patronized by the earl of Kingston, who would have made him his chaplain if he would have qualified himself. He lived with the earl, however, till his death, which was occasioned by the small-pox, Dec. 9, 1683. He was particularly esteemed by Mr. Dryden; who has done him great justice in "Verses to his Memory." His works have been frequently printed in one volume, 8vo; in 1722 in 2 vols. 12mo. with the Author's Life; and very lately, under the inspection of Capt. Thompson, in 3 vols. 12mo.

² Wentworth Dillon, earl of Roscommon, was born in Ireland; and educated in York-shire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, afterward bishop of Norwich. When the troubles began in England, he was sent to finish his studies in Normandy, under the learned Bochart. At the Restoration, he was appointed captain of the band of gentlemen pensioners. Resigning this post, he went to Ireland, and was made captain of the guards by the duke of Ormond. But the pleasures of the English court being powerful motives for his return, he was made master of the horse to the duchess of York. He now began to be distinguished as a poet; and projected with Mr. Dryden the fixing of a standard to our language; a project which religious commotions soon defeated. He died Jan. 17, 1684. His poems, which are good, but not numerous, are printed in the "Works of the Minor Poets."

collect those excellent instructions which he delivers to us in such elegant language,

I could wish the Master and Wardens of the Cooks Company would order this Poem to be read with due consideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, seeing it contains many useful instructions for human life. It is true, that some of these rules may seem more principally to respect the Steward, Clerk of the Kitchen, Caterer, or perhaps the Butler. But the Cook being the principal person, without whom all the rest will be little regarded, they are directed to him; and the Work being designed for the universal good, it will accomplish some part of its intent, if those sort of people will improve by it.

It may happen, in this as in all works of Art, that there may be some terms not obvious to common Readers; but they are not many. The Reader may not have a just idea of a *swaled mutton*, which is a sheep roasted in its wool, to save the labour of fleaing. *Bacon* and *silbert tarts* are something unusual; but, since *sprout tarts* and *pissachio tarts* are much the same thing, and to be seen in Dr. Salmon's "Family Dictionary," those persons who have a desire for them may easily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Danish dish; and it is claimed as an honour to the ancient Family of Leigh, to carry a dish of it up to the coronation. A *dwarf pye* was prepared for King James the First, when Jefferey his dwarf rose out of one armed with a sword and buckler^o; and is so recorded in history, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fish*, *bippocrates*, and *ambigues*, are known to all that deal in Cookery; yet *terrenes* are not so usual, being a silver vessel filled with the most costly dainties after the manner of an *oglio*. A *surprize* is likewise a dish not so very common; which, promising little from its first appearance, when open abounds with all sorts of variety; which I cannot better resemble than to the Fifth Act of one of our modern Comedies. Lest *Monteth*, *Vinegar*, *Talieffin*, and *Bossu*, should be taken for dishes of rarities; it may be known, that *Monteth* was a gentleman with a scalloped coat, that *Vinegar* keeps the ring at Lincoln's Inn Fields, *Talieffin* was one of the most ancient Bards amongst the Britons^p, and *Bossu* one of the most

^o See the note on ver. 255. of "The Art of Cookery."

^p Talieffin, chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his

most certain instructors in criticism that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the Wits, that I call my Cooks by the title of ingenious; for I cannot imagine why Cooks may not be as well read as any other persons. I am sure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the first pretences to literature have been very liberal, and sent in their contributions very largely. They have been very serviceable both to *spit* and *oven*; and for these twelve months' past, whilst Dr. Wotton with his "Modern Learning" was defending *pye-crust* from scorching, his dear Friend Dr. Bentley, with his "Phalaris," has been fingering *capons*. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two Doctors*, as far as possible, to become useful to the publick.

Indeed Cookery has an influence upon mens actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great Philosopher Pythagoras, in his "Golden Verses," shews himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from *beans*. The noblest foundations of honour, justice, and integrity, were found to lye hid in *turnips*; as appears in that great Dictator, Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and, having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: for, when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him, with a large bribe, and found him dressing *turnips* for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That it was impossible to prevail upon him that could be contented with such a *supper*." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to Cooks; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemaigne, that the Great Cook of the Palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies: so true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman People, "that

his countrymen. Both, Merlin and Talieffin, had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor. GRAY.

* See the note on ver. 585.

"there;

"there was equal skill required to bring an army into the field; and to set forth a magnificent entertainment"; since the one "was as far as possible to annoy your enemy, and the other to please your friend." In short, as for all persons that have not a due regard for the learned, industrious, moral, upright, and warlike profession of Cookery, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Islands, where, they being so barbarous as to make the most contemptible person to be their *butcher*, they had likewise their *meat* served up *raw*, because they had no fire to dress it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conscience?

As this small Essay finds acceptance, I shall be encouraged to pursue a great design I have in hand, of publishing a *Bibliotheca Culinaria*, or the "Cook's Complete Library," which shall begin with a Translation, or at least an Epitome, of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian Feast. He shall be published, with all his *comments*, *useful glosses*, and *indexes*, of a vast copiousness, with cuts of the *basting-ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up at Rome, out of an old *subterranean skultery*. I design to have all Authors in all languages upon that subject; therefore pray consult what Oriental Manuscripts you have. I remember Erpenius, in his Notes upon Locman's * Fables (whom I take to be the same person with Æsop) gives us an admirable receipt for making the *four milk*, that is, the *benny clabber*, of the Arabians. I should be glad to know how Mahomet used to have his *shoulder of mutton* dressed. I have heard he was a great lover of that joint, and that a maid of an Inn poisoned him with one, saying, "If he is

* This maxim seems to have been adopted by the gallant contriver of the modern festival of "The Oaks."

† By birth an Abyssinian of Ethiopia or Nubia, and sold among the Israelites as a black slave in the reigns of King David and Solomon. He is by many supposed to be the same with the Æsop of the Greeks. And indeed we find in the apologues of Locman in Arabic many particulars that are seen in Æsop's fables; so that it is not easy to determine whether the Greek or the Arabian are the originals. That species of instruction, however, is more agreeable to the genius of the Oriental than of the Western nations; and Planudes, in his fabulous Life of Æsop, borrowed many of his materials from traditions he found in the East concerning Locman, concluding them to have been the same person.—See the Preface to "The Art of Love."

"a Pro-

DR. LISTER AND OTHERS. 35

"a Prophet, he will discover it; if he is an impostor, no matter what becomes of him." I shall have occasion for the assistance of all my Friends in this great work. I some posts ago desired a Friend to enquire what Manuscripts Sol. Harding, a famous Cook, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says, he finds among his Executors several admirable *bills of fare for Aristotle* suppers, and entertainments of country strangers, with certain prices, according to their several seasons. He says, some pages have large black crosses drawn over them; but for the greater part the Books are fair and legible,

Sir, I would beg you to search Cooks Hall, what Manuscripts they may have in their Archives: See what in Guildhall: what account of *custard* in the Sword-bearer's Office: how many run He, a Common Cryer, or a Common Hunt, may eat in their lifetime. But I transgress the bounds of a Letter, and have strayed from my subject, which should have been, to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be most favourable to your Friend; for else they will never be able to endure your just censure. I rely upon your good-nature, and I am

Your most obliged, &c.



L E T T E R V.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the discourse I had with you the other day, and, upon serious-consideration, find that the true understanding of the whole "Art of Cookery" will be useful to all persons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and especially to Poets.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the Cooks, but it is rather the fault of their Masters, that Poets are not so well acquainted with good eating; as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited. However, even in Mr. D'Urfey's^{*} presence, this I would be bound to say, "That a good dinner is brother to a good poem:" only it is something more substantial; and, between two and three a clock, more agreeable.

^{*} See, in vol. II, "Useful Transactions," Part ii. No 3.

I have

I have known a supper make the most diverting part of a Comedy. Mr. Betterton^u, in "The Libertine^v," has set very gravely with the leg of a chicken: but I have seen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of pease and buttered eggs under the table. The Host, in "The Villain^x," who carries tables, stools, furniture, and provisions, all about him, gives great consent to the spectators, when from the crown of his hat he produces his cold capon; so Armarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in "The Rehearsal," with her wine in her spear, and her pye in her helmet; and the Cook that flobbers his beard with sack posset, in "The Man's the Master^y," have, in my opinion, made the most diverting part of the action. These embellishments we have received from our imitation of the ancient Poets. Horace, in his Satires, makes Mæcenas very merry with the recollection of the unusual entertainments and dishes given him by Nasidienus; and with his raillery upon garlick in his Third Epode. The Supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the most lively description of Nero's luxury. Juvenal spends a whole Satire about the price and dressing of a single fish, with the judgement of the Roman Senate concerning it. Thus, whether serious or jocose, good eating is made the subject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all Poets agree that Episodes are to be interwoven in their Poems with the greatest nicety of art; and so it is the same thing at a good table: and yet I have seen a very good Episode (give me leave to call it so) made by sending out the leg of a goose, or the gizzard of a turkey, to be broiled: though I know that Criticks with a good stomach have been offended that the unity of action should be so far broken. And yet, as in our Plays, so at our common tables, many Episodes are allowed, as slicing of cucumbers, dressing of sallads, seasoning the inside of a furlow of beef, breaking lobsters claws, stewing wild ducks, toasting of cheese, legs of larks, and several others.

^u Thomas Betterton, with justice esteemed the Roscius of his age, was born in 1635, came upon the stage in 1656, and continued on it with great reputation more than 50 years. He died Apr. 28, 1710. Sir Richard Steele, who attended the ceremony of his funeral, published a paper in "The Tatler" to his memory, vol. III. N^o 167.

^v A Tragedy by Thomas Shadwell, acted 1676.

^x A Tragedy by Thomas Porter, acted 1663.

^y A Comedy by Sir William Davenant, acted 1669.

A Poet,

DR. LISTER AND OTHERS.

A Poet, who, by proper expressions and pleasing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of necessary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarously, unless he has some knowledge of this "Art of Cookery," and the progress of it. Would it not sound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces*? or to have Statira talk of *tapestry hangings*, which, all the Learned know, were many years after her death first hung up in the Hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falstaff complain of having dirtied his *silk stockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*; would an audience endure it, when all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the first that had her *coach*, or wore *silk stockings*. Neither can a Poet put *bops* in an Englishman's drink before *beresy* came in: nor can he serve him with a dish of *carp* before that time: he might as well give King James the First a dish of *asparagus* upon his first coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor present Queen Catharine with a *sugar-loaf*, whereas he might as easily have given her a *diamond* as large; seeing the *icing* of *cakes*, at Woodstreet Corner, and the *refining* of *sugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years standing; and before that time our Ancestors sweetened and garnished all with *honey*; of which there are some remains, in *Windsor bowls*, *baron bracks*, and large *finnals*, sent for presents from Lichfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would shew his reading, if the Poet put a *ben turkey* upon a table in a Tragedy; and therefore, I would advise it in Hamlet, instead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more satisfaction to the Actors. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the sisters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *ben-turkeys*; from whence proceeds their stateliness of gait, reservedness in conversation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the most improper meat in the world for a Comedy; for melancholy and distresses require a different sort of diet, as well as language: and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleased to say, "that, if she were upon a "strange road, and driven to great necessity, she believed she "might for once be able to sup upon a *sack posset* and a *fat "capon."*

I am

LETTERS TO

I am sure Poets, as well as Cooks, are for having all words nicely chosen and properly adapted; and therefore, I believe, they would shew the same regret that I do, to hear persons of some rank and quality say, "Pray cut up that goose. Help me to some of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not considering how indiscreetly they talk, before *men of art*, whose proper terms are, "*Break that Goose*;"—"frust that *Chicken*;"—"spoil that *Hen*;"—"sauce that *Capon*;"—"mince that *Plover*."—If they are so much out in common things, how much more will they be with *bitterns*, *herons*, *cranes*, and *peacocks*? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unless we lend our helping-hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greatest Author of Dramatic Poetry, Mr. Dryden, has made use of the mysteries of this Art, in the Prologues to two of his Plays, one a Tragedy, the other a Comedy; in which he has shewn his greatest art, and proved most successful. I had not seen the Play for some years, before I hit upon almost the same words that he has in the following Prologue to "*All for Love*."

"Fops may have leave to level all they can,
As Pigmies would be glad to top a man.
Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.
But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,
For change become their next poor tenant's guests:
Drink beauty draughts of Ale from plain brown bowls,
And snatch the homely Rasher from the coals:

John Dryden was born at Aldwincle, in Northamptonshire, Aug. 9, 1661; was educated at Westminster, under Dr. Busby; and from thence elected, 1680, to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1668, he was appointed historiographer and poet laureat; which places he lost at the Revolution, 1688; but his generous patron, the earl of Dorset, out of his private estate, made up to him the loss of his pension. He married the lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter to the earl of Berkshire; and died May 1, 1701. A list of his works (too numerous for the compass of a note) may be seen in the "*Biographia Britannica*." In one of the three prints prefixed to his "*Virgil*," 8vo, Mr. Dryden is represented in a long and large wig. It was from his wearing such a wig that Swift compares him to a *lady* in a lobster, vol. I. p. 292.

- "So you, retiring from much better cheer,
 "For once may venture to do penance here;
 "And, since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
 "Whose Grapes and Peaches have indulg'd your taste,
 "Take in good part from our poor Poet's board,
 "Such shrivel'd Fruit as Winter can afford."

How *fops* and *fleas* should come together, I cannot easily account for; but I doubt not but his *ale, rasher, grapes, peaches, and shriveled apples*, might "Pit, Box, and Gallery," it well enough. His Prologue to "Sir Martin Mar-all" is such an exquisite Poem, taken from the same Art, that I could wish it translated into Latin, to be prefixed to Dr. Lister's Work. The whole is as follows:

P R O L O G U E.

- "Fools, which each man meets in his dish each day,
 "Are yet the great regalia's of a Play:
 "In which to Poets you, but just appear,
 "To prize that highest which cost them so dear.
 "Fops in the town more easily will pass,
 "One story makes a statutable ass:
 "But such in Plays must be much thicker sown,
 "Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.
 "Observing Poets all their walks invade,
 "As men watch woodcocks gliding through a glade,
 "And when they have enough for Comedy,
 "They stow their several bodies in a pye.
 "The Poet's but the Cook to fashion it,
 "For Gallants, you yourselves have found the wit.
 "To bid you welcome, would your bounty wrong.
 "None welcome those who bring their *cheer* along."

The image (which is the great perfection of a Poet) is so extremely lively, and well painted, that methinks I see the whole Audience with a dish of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock pye in the other. I hope I may be excused, after so great an example; for I declare I have no design but to encourage Learning, and am very far from any designs against it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman who said that the "Journey to

* Some Critics read it *Chink*, a *Kine*.

"London?"

LETTERS TO

"London" might be burnt by the common hangman, as a Book, that, if received, would discourage ingenuity, would be pleased not to make his bonfire at the upper end of Ludgate-street, for fear of endangering the Booksellers shops and the Cathedral.

I have abundance more to say upon these subjects; but I am afraid my first course is so tedious, that you will excuse me both the second course and the desert, and call for pipes and a candle. But consider, the Papers come from an old Friend; and spare them out of compassion to,

S I R, &c.



LETTER VII.

To Mr. ———

S I R,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my Letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappiness in the loss of you here. The occasion of this is, to desire your assistance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of some Friends; but, unless they help me, it will be impossible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to — write; but, what is worse, I have never considered whether any one would read. Nay, I have been so very bad as to design to print; but then a wicked thought came across me with "Who will buy?" For, if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will destroy it: "The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry; with some familiar Letters to Dr. Lister and others, occasioned principally by the title of a Book published by the Doctor, concerning the Soups and Sauces of the Ancients." To this a Beau will cry, "Phough! what have I to do with Kitchen-stuff?" To which I answer, "Buy it, and then give it to your Servants." For I hope to live to see the day when every mistress of a family, and every Steward, shall call up their children and servants with, "Come Miss Betty, how much have you got of your *Art of Cookery*?" "Where did you leave off, Miss Isabel?"—"Miss Kitty, are you no farther

^a Printed in vol. I. p. 187.

"than

"that *King Henry and the Miller*?"—Yes, Madam; I am come to

"—His name shall be enroll'd

"In *Estcourt's* Book, whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.

"Pray, Mother, is that our Master *Estcourt*?"—"Well, child; if you mind this, you shall not be put to your *Assembly's Catechism* next Saturday." What a glorious sight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to see the Butler out-learning the Steward, and the painful Scullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping House-keeper! I am told that, if a Book is any thing useful, the Printers have a way of pirating on one another, and printing other persons' copies; which is very barbarous. And then shall I be forced to come out with "The True Art of Cookery is only to be had at Mr. Pindar's, a Patten-maker's, under St. Dunstan's Church, with the Author's Seal at the Title-page, being Three Saucepans, in a Bend proper, on a Cook's Apron, Argent. Beware of Counterfeits." And be forced to put out Advertisements, with "Strops for Razors, and the best Spectacles, are to be had only at the Archimedes, &c."

I design proposals, which I must get delivered to the Cooks Company, for the making an order that every apprentice shall have the "Art of Cookery" when he is bound; which he shall say by heart before he is made free; and then he shall have Dr. Lister's Book of "Soups and Sauces" delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindness you may shew me, I shall always endeavour to make what returns lay in my power. I am yours, &c.



L E T T E R VIII.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your perusal a late exquisite Comedy, called "The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" which piece has its peculiar embellishments, and

^c See note on ver. 519.

^d — Left a chasm should intervene,

"When Death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
Vol. III.

F

The

and is a Poem carefully framed according to the nicest rules of the "Art of Cookery:" for the Play opens with a scene of good Housewifery, where Favourite the House-keeper makes this complaint to the Lady Bonona.

"FAV. The last mutton killed was lean, Madam. Should not some fat sheep be bought in?"

"BON. What say you, Let-acre, to it?"

"LET. This is the worst time of the year for sheep. The fresh grass makes them fall away, and they begin to taste of the wool; they must be spared a while, and Favourite must cast to spend some salt meat and fish. I hope we shall have some fat calves shortly."

What can be more agreeable than this to the "Art of Cookery," where our Author says,

"But, though my edge be not too nicely set,

"Yet I another's appetite may whet;

"May teach him when to buy, when season past,

"What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful, what waste,

"And lead him through the various maze of taste."

In the Second Act, Valentine, Mrs. Bonona's son, the consummate character of the Play, having in the First Act lost his Hawk, and consequently his way, *benighted and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow Eurisaf's,*

"The leaden crown devolv'd to thee

"Great Poet of the hollow-tree!" SWIFT, Rhapsody on Poetry.

Sir William Grimston, bart. (created viscount Grimston and baron of Dunboyne in the kingdom of Ireland, June 3, 1719), when a boy, wrote a Play, to be acted by his school-fellows, intitled, "The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" printed in 4to, 1705; a performance of so little merit, that his Lordship at a more advanced period of life endeavoured by every means in his power to suppress it; and this he might possibly have accomplished, had he not been engaged in a dispute with the duchess of Marlborough, about the Borough of St. Albans. To render him ridiculous in the eyes of his constituents, her Grace caused an impression of this Play to be printed, with an Elephant in the Title-page dancing on a Rope. This edition his Lordship purchased; but her Grace, being determined to accomplish her design, sent a copy to be re-printed in Holland, and afterward distributed the whole impression among the Electors of St. Albans; for which place he was chosen representative, in 1713, 1714, and 1727. He died Oct. 15, 1756.

(which.

(which is exactly according to the rule, "A Prince, who in a Forest rides astray!") *where he finds the old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida her daughter working on a parchment; whilst the maid is spinning. Peg reaches a chair; sack is called for; and in the mean time the good old gentlewoman complains of rogues, that she can scarce keep a goose or a turkey in safety for them. Then Florida enters, with a little white bottle about a pint, and an old-fashioned glass, fills and gives her mother; she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa; who sets it down on the table. After a small time, the old Lady cries, "Well; it is my bed-time; but my daughter will shew you the way to yours: for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now, upon her retirement (see the great judgement of the Poet!) she being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he suits the following regale according to the age of the person. Had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have "laid the goose to the fire," but here it is otherwise: for, after some intermediate discourse, he is invited to a repast; when he modestly excuses himself with, "Truly, Madam, I have no stomach to any meat, but to comply with you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all that is desirable already." *The Lady tells him, "cold Supper is better than none;" so he sits at the table, offers to eat, but cannot. I am sure, Horace could not have prepared himself more exactly; for (according to the rule, "A Widow has cold Pye"), though Valentine, being love-sick, could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the Poet's. But, when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furiosa, and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his mother the hospitable Lady Bonona's (who, by the bye, had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her Attorney), then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this Verse "Mangoes, "Potargo, Champignons, Caveare"); and Mrs. Favourite the House-keeper makes these most important enquiries.**

"Fav. Mistress, shall I put any Mushrooms, Mangoes, or Bamboons, into the Salad?

"Bon. Yes, I prythee, the best thou hast.

"Fav. Shall I use Ketchop or Anchovies in the Gravy?

"Bon. What you will."

But, however magnificent the Dinner might be, yet Mrs. Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it, with,

"Well, Gentlemen, can ye spare a little time to take a *short* dinner? I promise you, it shall not be long." It is very probable, though the Author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that Valentine, being a great sportsman, might furnish the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at least one Pheasant in the House, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before. "Madam, I had a good sight of a Pheasant-cock, that, after my Hawk seized, made head as if he would have fought; but my Hawk plumed him presently." Now it is not reasonable to suppose that Vally, lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any stomach to sit for her own supper. However, to see the fate of things, there is nothing permanent; for one Mrs. Candia making (though innocently) a present of an Hawk to Valentine, Florida his mistress grows jealous, and resolves to leave him, and run away with an old sort of fellow, one Major Sly. Valentine, to appease her, sends a message to her by a boy, who tells her, "His master, to shew the trouble he took by her misapprehension, had sent her some visible tokens, the Hawk torn to pieces with his own hands;" and then pulls out of the basket the wings and legs of a fowl. So we see the poor bird demolished, and all hopes of wild-fowl destroyed for the future: and happy were it if misfortunes would stop here. But, the cruel Beauty refusing to be appeased, Valentine takes a sudden resolution, which he communicates to Let-acre the Steward, to *brush off, and quit his habitation*. However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young Master real, and Valentine having threatened the House-keeper to kick her immediately before for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it seems they made but slender provision for their expedition; for there is but one Scene interposed, before we find distressed Valentine in the most miserable condition that the joint Arts of Poetry and Cookery are able to represent him. There is a Scene of the greatest horror, and most moving to compassion, of any thing that I have seen amongst the Moderns; "Talks of no pyramids of Fowl, or bisks of Fish," is nothing to it; for here we see an innocent person, unless punished for his Mother's and House-keeper's extravagance, as was said before, in their Mushrooms, Mangoes, Bamboons, Ketchup, and Anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his *cheese without bread*, and having no other drink but

water. For he and his boy, with two saddles on his back and wallet, came into a walk of confused trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk across the desert at a distance, and yet they venture in; where Valentine accepts his boy with these lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble:

"Hang up thy wallet on that tree

"And creep thou in this hollow place with me,

"Let's here repose our wearied limbs till they more

"wearied be!

"BOY. There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheese. What shall we do for bread?

"VAL. When we have slept, we will seek out

"Some roots that shall supply that doubt.

"BOY. But no drink, Master?

"VAL. Under that rock a spring I see,

"Which shall refresh my thirst and thee."

So the Act closes; and it is dismal for the Audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it seems, had a coming stomach, should continue there all the time the musick was playing, and longer. But, to ease them of their pain, by an invention which the Poets call *catastrophe*, Valentine, though with a long beard, and very weak with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, says, "I doubt I have offended him too much; but I will attend him home, cherish him with cordials, make him broths," (poor good-natured creature! I wish she had Dr. Lister's Book to help her!) "anoint his limbs, and be a nurse, a tender nurse, to him." Nor do blessings come alone; for the good Mother, having refreshed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the house, orders Favourite, with repeated injunctions, "to get the best entertainment she ever yet provided, to consider what she has and what she wants, and to get all ready in few hours." And so this most regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding-dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than the Comedy. Some persons may admire your meagre Tragedies; but give me a Play where there is a prospect of good meat or good wine stirring in every Act of it.

Though I am confident the Author had written this Play and printed it long before the "Art of Cookery" was thought

of, and I had never read it till the other Poem was very nearly perfected; yet it is admirable to see how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake of the publick, if our Poets, for the future, would make use of so good an example. I doubt not but, whenever you or I write Comedy, we shall observe it.

I have just now met with a surprizing happiness; a Friend that has seen two of Dr. Lister's Works, one "De Buccinæ Fluvatilibus et Marinis Exercitatio," an Exercitation of Sea and River Shell-fish; in which, he says, some of the chiefest rarities are the *pixile* and *spermatic vessels* of a Snail, delineated by a microscope, the *omentum* or *caul* of its throat, its *Fallopian tube*, and its *sub-crocean testicle*; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Fernelius^e, and Harvey^f, were never masters of. The other curiosity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, "De Opsoniis, five Condimentis, five Arte Coquinaria, Libri decem," being Ten Books of Soups and Sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the Doctor, who in this so important affair is not sufficiently communicative. My Friend says, he has a promise of leave to read it. What Remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love as well as his

Most humble servant, &c.

^e Born in Picardy about the end of the fifteenth century. He made a remarkable progress in his studies at Paris. Before he applied himself entirely to physic, he taught philosophy in the College of St. Barbara; which he was forced to quit on the great increase of his practice. He was much esteemed by Henry II, when Dauphin; who could not prevail on him to accept the place of first physician till some years after he came to the throne. Fernelius got a vast estate by his business; and was the author of many valuable works, which, with his *Life* by William Plantius his disciple, have been frequently re-printed.

^f Dr. William Harvey, born April 2, 1578, and immortalized by his discovery of the circulation of the blood. He had the happiness, in his life-time, to find the clamours of ignorance, envy, and prejudice, against his doctrine, totally silenced, and to see it universally established. It has, by length of time, been more and more confirmed; and every man now sees and knows it from his own experience. Dr. Harvey died June 3, 1657. His works, with an admirable portrait of the Author, were published, in one volume, 4to, by the College of Physicians, in 1766, with an elegance which reflects the highest honour on that respectable body.

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THE

ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.



TO DR. LISTER.

INGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn
 With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like Brawn;
 With wings of Turkey, and with feet of Calf,
 Though drawn by Kneller^b, it would make you laugh!
 Such is, good Sir the figure of a Feast, 5
 By some rich Farmer's wife and sister drest;
 Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
 Might be resembled to a sick man's dream,
 Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
 That Syllabubs come first, and Soups the last. 10
 Not but that Copks and Poets still were free,
 To use their power in nice variety;
 Hence Mackarel seem delightful to the eyes,
 Though drest'd with incoherent Gooseberries.
 Crabs, Salmon, Lobsters, are with Fennel spread, 15
 Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
 Yet no man lards salt Pork with Orange-peel,
 Or garnishes his Lamb with Spitchcock'd Eel.
 A Cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
 Then sent up but two dishes nicely drest'd, 20 }
 What signify Scotch-collops to a Feast?

^g See an account of Dr. Lister, vol. I. p. 189.

^b Sir Godfrey Kneller was at the head of his profession, from the reign of Charles II, to that of George I; and had the honour to draw the portraits of ten crowned heads, besides several electors and princes, and most of the nobility of England.

Or you can make whip'd Cream ; pray what relief
 Will that be to a Sailor who wants Beef ;
 Who, lately ship-wreck'd, never can have ease,
 Till re-establish'd in his Pork and Pease ;
 When once began, let industry ne'er cease
 Till it has render'd all things of one piece :
 At your Desert bright ~~Pewter~~ comes too late,
 When your first course was all serv'd up in Plate.

Most knowing Sir ! the greatest part of Cooks
 Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks.
 One would have all things little ; hence has tried
 Turkey Poults fresh'd, from th' Egg in Batter fried :
 Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,
 Prepare you Muttons swol'd, and Oxen whole.
 To vary the same things, some think is art.
 By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon-tart,
 The taste is now to that perfection brought,
 That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.

In Covent-Garden did a Taylor dwell,
 Who might deserve a place in his own Hell :
 Give him a single coat to make, he'd do't ;
 A vest, or breeches singly : but the brute
 Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit :
 Rather than frame a Supper like such cloaths,
 I'd have fine eyes and teeth without my nose.

You that from pliant Paste would fabricks raise,
 Expecting thence to gain immortal praise ;
 Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know
 Their power to knead, and give the form to dough ;
 Chuse your materials right, your seasoning fix,
 And with your Fruit resplendent Sugar mix :
 From thence of course the figure will arise,
 And elegance adorn the surface of your Pies.

Beauty from order springs : the judging eye
 Will tell you if one single plate's awry.
 The Cook must still regard the present time,
 To omit what's just in season is a crime.
 Your infant Pease t' Asparagus prefer,
 Which to the Supper you may best defer,

Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
 Such alterations should at least be rare;
 Yet credit to the Artift will accrue,
 Who in known things still makes th' appearance new.
 Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,
 And now by constant use familiar grown;
 What Lord of old would bid his Cook prepare,
 Mangoes, Potargo, Champignons, Cavares?
 Or would our thrum-capp'd Ancestors find fault
 For want of Sugar-tongs, or Spoons for Salt?
 New things produce new words, and thus Montach
 Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.
 The Seasons change us all. By Autumn's frost,
 The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost.
 But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
 And from the seeming Earth new buds arise.
 So Stubble Geese at Michaelmas are seen
 Upon the spit; next May produces Green.
 The fate of things lies always in the dark,
 What Cavalier would know St. James's Park?
 For Locker's hands where gardens once did spring,
 And Wild-ducks quack where Grasshoppers did sing;
 A Princely Palace on that space does rise,
 Where Sedley's^k noble Muse found Mulberries.

Since

ⁱ In the time of king Henry VIII, the Park was a wild wet field, but that prince, on building St. James's palace, inclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-inclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James. It was much enlarged by Charles II; who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds for water fowl. The "Lime-trees or *Tilia*," whose blossoms are incomparably fragrant, were probably planted in consequence of a suggestion of Mr. Evelyn, in his "Fumifugium," published in 1661. (See p. 48. of an edition re-printed by B. White in 1772.) The improvements lately made seem in some measure to have brought it into the state it was in before the Restoration; at least, the Wild-ducks have in their turn given way to the Grasshoppers.

^k Sir Charles Sedley was born at Aylesford, in Kent, about 1639. At 17 years of age, he was a fellow commoner of Wadham College, Oxford; and returned to his own country without taking any degree. At the Restoration,

Since Places alter thus, what constant thought
Of filling various dishes can be taught?

85

For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix those things where Fashion is the rule.

King Hardicute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
Carous'd in nut-brown Ale, and din'd on Grout :
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And, when each Prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.

90

By Northern custom, duty was express'd
To friends departed, by their Funeral Feast.
Though I've consulted Holinshed¹ and Stow^m,
I find it very difficult to know

Who

flouration, he came to London; commenced wit, courtier, poet, and gallant; and was so much esteemed as to be a kind of oracle among the poets. Whilst the reputation of his wit increased, he became poor and debauched, his estate was impaired, and his morals much corrupted. In 1663, being fined five hundred pounds for a riot in Bow-street, he became more serious, and applied to politicks.—His daughter Catharine, having been mistress to James II. before he ascended the throne, was created countess of Dorchester, Jan. 2, 1685. Sir Charles, who looked upon this title as a splendid indignity purchased at the expence of his daughter's honour, was extremely active in bringing about the Revolution; from a principle of gratitude, as he said himself: "for, since his majesty has made my daughter a countess, it is fit I should do all I can to make his daughter a queen." He died Aug. 20, 1701. His works, which bear great marks of genius, were printed in 2 vols. 8vo. 1719. Amongst them is a comedy called "The Mulberry Garden," acted at the Theatre Royal 1668. That garden is also mentioned in several other comedies of the last century.

¹ Raphael Holinshed, who lived in the sixteenth century, published his "Chronicles" in 2 vols. folio, 1577; and again in 3 vols. 1587. In the second edition, several sheets were castrated, in compliance to queen Elizabeth and her ministry; but those castrations have been printed separately.

^m John Stow was born about 1525, and died April 5, 1605. He greatly assisted Holinshed in the last edition of his "Chronicles;" and published his "Survey of London," in 1598, 4to. (since frequently reprinted; the fifth edition, in 1720, in 2 vols. folio, by Mr. Strype, with additions, and the Author's Life). In 1600, he published his "Flores Historiarum;" reprinted with additions about five years afterward; but, even in its improved state, it was a mere abridgement of a history of this nation,

Who, to refresh th'attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret first or Naples-biscuit gave.

Trotter from Quince and Apples first did frame
A Pye which still retains his proper name : 100
Though common grown, yet, with white Sugar strow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.

As Wealth flow'd in, and Plenty sprang from Peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and Pleasures found encrease. 105
'Twas usual then the banquet to prolong,
By Musick's charm, and some delightful song :
Where every youth in pleasing accents strove
To tell the stratagems and cares of Love.
How some successful were, how others crost :
Then to the sparkling glass would give his toast, 110
Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
To relish both the Musick and the Wine.

Why am I styl'd a Cook, if I'm so loth
To marinate my Fish, or season Broth,
Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth ; 115
If I my Master's *gusto* won't discern,
But, through my bashful folly, scorn to learn ?

When among friends good-humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious Feast prolongs the mirth ;
But 'tis not reason therefore you should spare, 120
When, as their future Burgesses, you prepare,
For a fat Corporation and their Mayor.
All things should find their room in proper place ;
And what adorns this treat, would that disgrace.

nation, which he had been above forty years collecting.—“ *Stow and*
“ *Holingshed* (said an able Writer in 1727), the jest and contempt of their
“ learned and witty contemporaries, for long stories of *scraws* and *scribbs*,
“ are become the serious amusement of our present Virtuosi. Any unin-
“ formed, senseless heap of rubbish, under the name of a History of a
“ Town, Society, College, or Province, have long since taken from us the
“ very idea of a genuine composition. Every Monkish Tale, and Lye,
“ and Miracle, and Ballad, are rescued from their dust and worms, to
“ proclaim the poverty of our Forefathers ; whose nakedness, it seems,
“ their pious Posterity take great pleasure to pry into : for of all those
“ Writings given us by the *Learned Oxford Antiquary* [Hearn], there
“ is not one that is not a disgrace to Letters ; most of them are so to
“ Common Sense, and some even to Human Nature.” *Critical Enquiry*,

&c. p. 63.

Sometimes

Some times the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have excessive doings at their wake : 123
Even Taylors at their yearly Feasts look great,
And all their Cucumbers are turned to Meat.

A Prince, who in a Forest rides astray,
And weary to some cottage finds the way, 130
Talks of no pyramids of Fowl or bisks of Fish,
But hungry sups his Cream serv'd up in earthen dish :
Quenches his thirst with Ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the hasty Rather from the coals :
Pleas'd as King Henry with the Miller free, 135
Who thought himself as good a man as he.

Unless some sweetness at the bottom lye,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the Pye ?
If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be so yourself, or so at least appear. 140

The things we eat by various juice controul
The narrowness or largeness of our soul.
Onions will make even Heirs or Widows weep ;
The tender Lettuce brings on softer sleep ;
Eat Beef or Pye-crust if you'd serious be : 145
Your Shell-fish raises Venus from the Sea ;
For Nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nourishes our passions by our food.

Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom she much has given, and much denied ; 150
With abstinence all delicacies he sees,
And can regale himself with Toast and Cheese !

Your Betters will despise you, if they see
Things that are far surpassing your degree ;
Therefore beyond your substance never treat ; 155
'Tis plenty, in small fortune, to be neat.

'Tis certain that a Steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal ; gay youth will abound
With heat, and see the flowing cup go round. 160
A Widow has cold Pye ; Nurse gives you Cake ;
From generous Merchants Ham or Sturgeon takes,
The Farmer has brown Bread as fresh as day,
And Butter fragrant as the dew of May.

Cornwall

THE ART OF COÖRERY.

77

Cornwall Squab-pye, and Devon White-pot brings,
And Leicester Beans and Bacon, food of Kings!

165

At Christmas-time, be careful of your fame,
~~See the old Tenants table be the same;~~
Then, if you would send up the Brawner's head,
Sweet Rosemary ~~and~~ Bays around it spread:

170

~~His~~ foaming tusks let some large Pippin grace,
Or midst those thundering spears an Orange place;
Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,

The roguish Mustard, dangerous to the nose.

Sack and the well-spiced Hippocras the Wine;

175

~~W~~allail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with Plumbs, and Turkeys with the Chine.

If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,

Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,

180

Like ancient sailors still regard the coast,

By venturing out too far you may be lost.

By roasting that which your Forefathers boil'd,

And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.

That Cook to British palates is complete,

185

Whose savoury hand gives turns to common meat.

Though Cooks are often men of pregnant wit,

Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.

In what an awkward sound that Ballad ran,

Which with this blustering paragraph began:

190

: There was a Prince of Ladbresland,

A Potentate of high command,

Ten thousand Bakers did attend him,

Ten thousand Brewers did bestir him:

These brought him Kissing-crusts, and those

195

Brought him Small Beer, before he rose.

The Author raises mountains steaming full,

But all the cry produces little wood:

So, if you sue a Beggar for a house,

And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A Louse!

200

Homer, more modest, if we search his Books,

Will shew us that his Herods all were Cooks:

How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,

To quarter out the Oxe, and spit the loins.

1 2

Q 1

Oh could that Poet live ! could he rehearse

205

Thy Journey, LISTER, in immortal verse !

MUSE, SING THE MAN THAT DID TO PARIS GO,
THAT HE MIGHT TASTE THEIR SOUPS, AND MUSHROOMS
KNOW !

Oh, how would Homer praise their dancing Dogs,

Their stinking Cheese, and Fricassee of Frogs !

210

He'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lye,

Of Boys with Custard choak'd at Newberry ;

But their whole courses you'd entirely see,

How all their parts from first to last agree.

If you all sorts of persons would engage,

215

Suit well your Estates to every age.

The favourite Child, that just begins to prattle,

And throws away his Silver Bells and Rattle,

Is very humourfome, and makes great clutter,

Till he has Windows on his Bread and Butter :

220

He for repeated Supper-meat will cry,

But won't tell Mammy what he'd have, or why.

The smooth-fac'd Youth, that has new Guardians chose,

From Play-house steps to Supper at the Rose,

Where he a main or two at random throws :

225

Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,

His eating must be little, costly, nice.

Maturer Age, to this delight grown strange,

Each night frequents his club behind the Change,

230

Expecting there frugality and health,

And honour rising from a Sheriff's wealth :

Unless he some Insurance-dinner lacks,

'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.

But then old age, by still intruding years,

Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears :

235

Morose, perverse in humour, diffident,

The more he still abounds, the less content,

His Larder and his Kitchen too observes,

And now, lest he should want hereafter, starves :

Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,

240

And none these threescore years knew how to live.

But now the Cook must pass through all degrees,

And by his art discordant tempers please,

And minister to Health and to Disease.

Far

Far from the Parlour have your Kitchen plac'd, 245
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd.

In private draw your Poultry, clean your Tripe,
And from your Eels their slimy substance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the sighs. 250

Next, let discretion moderate your cost,
And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
Let never fresh machines your Pastry try,
Unless Grandees or Magistrates are by :
Then you may put a Dwarf into a Pye ". 255 }
Or, if you'd fright an Alderman and Mayor,
Within a Pastry lodge a living Hare °;
Then midst their gravest Furs shall mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.

Crowd not your table : let your number be 260
Not more than seven, and never less than three.

'Tis the Desert that graces all the Feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest :
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot. 265

Make your transparent Sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice :
And let your various Creams incircled be
With swelling Fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
Let Plates and Dishes be from China brought, 270
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.

In the reign of Charles I, Jeffery Hudson was served up to table, in a cold pie, at Burleigh on the Hill, the seat of the duke of Buckingham ; and, as soon as he made his appearance, presented by the duchess to the queen, who retained him in her service. He was then seven or eight years of age, and but eighteen inches in height ; and grew no taller till after thirty, when he shot up to three feet nine inches. The king's gigantic porter once drew him out of his pocket, in a masque at court, to the surprize of all the spectators. Soon after the breaking out of the civil war, he was made a captain in the royal army ; attended the queen, in 1644, into France, where he fought a duel with Mr. Crofts, with pistols, on horseback, and killed his antagonist the first fire. After the Restoration, he was imprisoned in the Gatehouse, on suspicion of being concerned in the Popish plot, and died in confinement in his sixty third year. Granger, vol. II. p. 405.

• A joke which has been frequently put in practice. The

The Feast now done; discourses are renew'd,
 And witty arguments with mirth pursu'd :
 The cheerful Master midst his jovial friends.
 His glass "to their best wishes" recommends: 273
 The Grace-cup follows to his Sovereign's health;
 And to his Country, "Plenty, peace; and wealth."
 Performing then the piety of *grate*,
 Each man that pleases re-assumes his place :
 While at his gate, from such abundant store, 280
 He showers his god-like blessings on the poor.
 In days of old, our Fathers went to war,
 Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare :
 Their Beef they often in their murrions stew'd;
 And in their Basket-hilts their Beverage brew'd. 283
 Some Officer perhaps might give consent,
 For a large cover'd Pipkin in his tent,
 Where every thing that every Soldier got,
 Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
 Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot. 290
 But, when our conquests were extensive grown,
 And through the world our British worth was known,
 Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace,
 Their Campaign sparkled equal with their Lace :
 Quails, Beccofico's, Ortolans, were sent 295
 To grace the levee of a General's tent.
 In their gilt Plate all delicates were seen.
 And what was Earth before became a rich Terrene.
 When the young Players get to Islington,
 They fondly think that all the world's their own : 300
 Prentices, Parish-clerks, and Hectors meet;
 He that is drunk; or bullied, pays the Treat.
 Their talk is loose; and o'er the bouncing Ale,
 At Constables and Justices they rail :
 Not thinking Custard such a serious thing, 305
 That Common Council Men 'twill thither bring;
 Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
 With softening Mead and Cheese-cake ends the strife.
 Even Squires come there, and, with their mean discourse,
 Render the Kitchen, which they sit in, worse. 310
 Midwives demure; and Chamber-maids most gay,
 Foremen that pick the box and come to play,

Here

THE ART OF COOKERY

31

Here find their entertainment at the height,
In Cream and Codlings reveling with delight.
What these approve the great men will dislike:
But here's the art, if you the palate strike,
By management of common things, so well,
That what was thought the meanest shall excel;
While others strive in vain, all persons own
Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.

315

316

When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,
You'll rightly then compose an *ambiguous*:
Where first and second Course, and your Desert
All in one single table have their part.
From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

315

Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footsteps tread:
The French our relish help, and well supply
The want of things too gross by decency.
Our Fathers most admir'd their Sauces sweet,
And often ask'd for Sugar with their Meat;
They butter'd Currants on fat Veal bestow'd,
And Rumps of Beef with Virgin-honey strew'd.
Insipid Taste, old Friend, to them who Paris know,
Where Rocombole, Shallot, and the rank Garlick, grow.

330

335

Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
And drove about his Turnips in a cart:
Sometimes his Wife the Citizens would please,
And from the same machine sell Pecks of Pease.
Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
And Oranges in Whimsy-boards went round,
Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a stall;
Her Currants there and Gooseberries were spread,
With the enticing gold of Ginger-bread:
But Flounders, Sprats, and Cucumbers, were cried,
And every sound and every voice was tried.
At last the Law this hideous din suppress'd,
And order'd that the Sunday should have rest;
And that no Nymph her noisy food should sell,
Except it were new Milk or Mackarel.

340

345

350

24 THE ART OF COOKERY.

There is no dish but what our Cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade. 355
Not French Kickshaws, or Oglio's brought from Spain,
Alone have found improvement from their basin;
But Pudding, Brawn, and White-pots, own'd to be
The effects of native ingenuity.

Our British Fleet, which now commands the main, 360
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
Would they take time; would they wish leisure-work,
With care would salt their Beef, and cure their Pork;
Would boil their liquor well whenever they brew,
THEIR CONQUEST HALF IS TO THE VICTUALER DUE. 365
Because that thrift and abstinence are good,

As many things if rightly understood;
Old Crofs condemns all persons to be Roges,
That can't regale themselves with Mutton-chops.
He often for stuff Beef to Bedlam runs, 370
And the clean Rummer, as the Pest-house, shuns.
Sometimes Poor Jack and Quince are his dish,
And then he faints those Dryas who sink of Fish.
As for myself, I take him to abstain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain: 375
But, though my edge be not so nicely set,
Yet I another's appetite may wet;
May teach him when to buy, when season's past,
What's stale, what choice, what plentiful, what waste,
And lead him through the various maze of taste. 380 }

The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious Cooks and Quilts call;
For, when the market sends in loads of food,
They all are tasteless till what makes them good. 385
Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:
You'd please a Friend, or reconcile a Brother,
A testy Father or a haughty Mother:
Would mollify a Judge, would warm a Squire,
Or else some smiles from Court you may desire. 390
Or would, perhaps, some hasty Supper give,
To shew the splendid state in which you live,
Pursuant to that interest you propose,
Must all your Wines and all your Meats be chose.

Let

THE ART OF COOKERY.

29

Let men and manners every dish adapt,
Who'd force his Pepper where his guests are adapted
A cauldron of fat Beef and Sloop of Ale
On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,
Than if you give them with the nicest art
Regents of Peacocks-brains, or Filbert-tart.

395

400

Then French by Soups and *Haut-gates* glory raise,
And their desires all terminate in praise.

The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch

Is, to save all the money they can touch :

"Hans," cries the Father, "see a Pin lies there,"

405

"A Pin a day will fetch a Great a year.

"To your Five Farthings join Three Farthings more;

"And they, if added, make your Halfpence Four!"

Thus may your stock by management encrease,

410

Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's posse.

Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail,

What hopes of Sugar'd Cakes or Butter'd Ale?

Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,

Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill :

Clog not your constant meals ; for dishes few

415

Decrease the appetite, when choice and new.

Even they who will Extravagance profess,

Have still an inward hatred for Excess.

Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,

Few care for carving trifles in disguise,

420 }

Or that fantastic dish some call *surprise*.

When pleasures to the eye and palate meet,

That Cook has render'd his great work complete :

His glory far, like *SIR-LOIN's* KNIGHTHOOD, lies ;

Immortal made, as *KIT-CAT* by his Pies.

425

Good-nature must some failings overlook,

Not wilfulness, but errors of the Cook.

A string won't always give the sound design'd

By the Musician's touch and heavenly mind :

Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow

430

Still to the destin'd point directly go.

Perhaps no Salt is thrown about the dish,

Or no fried Parsley scatter'd on the Fish ;

Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
 And hopes of pardon to my Cook deny,
 For things which carelessness might oversee,
 And all mankind commit as well as he?
 I with compassion once may overlook
 A skewer sent to table by my Cook:
 But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
 That he should daily the same fault commit,
 For fear the Rascal send me up the Spit!

435

440

Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
 Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,
 But aim'd at all; yet never could excel
 In any thing but stuffing of his Veal:
 But, when that dish was in perfection seen,
 And that alone, would it not move your spleen?
 'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,
 And gently sink the Artist into sleep.
 Even Lamb himself, at the most solemn feast,
 Might have some chargers not exactly dress'd.

445

450

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
 Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
 Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
 Where ease may all their *delicacy* command:
 Some should be mov'd when broken; others last
 Through the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

455

Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
 Up from the Kitchen call'd his eldest Son:
 "Though wise thyself," says he, "though taught by me,
 Yet fix this sentence in thy memory:
 "There are some certain things that don't excel,
 And yet we say are tolerably well:
 "There's many worthy men a Lawyer prize,
 Whom they distinguish as of *middle size*,
 "For pleading well at Bar, or turning Books,
 "But this is not, my Son, the fate of Cooks,
 "From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs
 "To *hall* of Garter, and to *throne* of Kings.
 "A simple scene, a disobliging song,
 "Which no way to the main design belong,

460

465

470

"Or

"Or were they absent never would be miss'd."

"Have made a well-wrought Comedy be his'd."

"So in a Feast no intermediate fault"

"Will be allow'd; but, if not best, 'tis naught."

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains

From Nine-pins, Coits, and from Trap-ball, abstains;

Cudgels avoids, and shuns the Wrestling-place,

Lest Vinegar resound his loud disgrace.

But every one to Cookery pretends,

Nor Maid or Mistress e'er consult their friends.

But, Sir, if you would roast a Pig, be free:

Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?

We'll see when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,

Or if it wants the nice concluding bout.

But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,

Not by the Drudging-box to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian Fathers, sparing in their Food,

First broil'd their hunted Goats on bars of wood.

Sharp Hunger was their seasoning, or they took

Such Salt as issued from the native rock.

Their Sallading was never far to seek,

The poignant Water-grass, or savoury Leek;

Until the British Bards adorn'd this Isle,

And taught them how to roast, and how to boil:

Then Taliesin rose, and sweetly sung.

His British Harp, instructing whilst he sung:

Taught them that honesty they still possess,

Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,

Duty to kindred, constancy to friends,

And inward worth, which always recommends;

Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear

To all mankind with hospitable cheer.

In after-ages, Arthur taught his Knights

At his Round Table to record their fights,

Cities raz'd, encampments forc'd in field,

Monsters subdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd.

Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can yield.

Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,

To future Heroes due example set,

By his capacious cauldron made appear,
 From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.
 This present age, to Gallantry inclin'd,
 Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
 He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
 May be a fit companion o'er Beef-steaks,
 His name may be at future times enroll'd
 In Edicour's Book P, whose Gridiron's fram'd of Gold.
 Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know
 Profits that from a well-plac'd Table flow.

515

520

'Tis a sage question, if the Art of Cooks
 Is lodg'd by Nature, or attain'd by Books :
 That man will never frame a noble treat,
 Whose whole dependance lies on some Receipt.
 Then by pure Nature every thing is spoil'd,
 She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast, and boil'd.
 When Art and Nature join, th' effect will be
 Some nice *Ragoût*, or charming *Fricassee*.

525

The lad that would his genius so advance
 That on the rope he might securely dance,
 From tender years enures himself to pains,
 To Summer's parching heat, and Winter rains,
 And from the fire of Wine and Love abstains;
 No Artist can his Hautboy's stops command,
 Unless some skilful Master form his hand;
 But Gentry take their Cooks though never tried,
 It seems no more to them than up and ride.
 Perferment's graces thus shew him a fool
 That dreads a parent's check, or rods at school.

530

535

540

Ox-check when-hot, and Wanders bak'd, some cry;
 But 'tis with an intention men should buy.

That is, " be admitted a member of The Beef Steak Club." Richard Edicourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as possessed of a sprightly wit and an easy and natural politeness. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the famous Beef Steak Club was first instituted, he had the office of Provost assigned him; and, as a mark of distinction, used to wear a small gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green silk ribband. He died in the year 1713.

Others

Others abound with such a piteous store;
 That, if you'll let them treat, they'll ask no more:
 And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,
 To see their Port admitt'd; and Table full.
 But then, amidst that clogging fawning' crowd,
 Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,
 Who with such grace his Honour's actions praise,
 How well he fences, dances, sings, and plays;
 Tell him his Livery's rich, his Chariot's fine,
 How choice his Meat; and delicate his Wine;
 Surrounded thus, how should the Youth desire
 The happiness of Friendship from a Lye?
 Friends act with cautious temper when sincere,
 But flattering Impudence is void of care:
 So at an Irish Funeral appears
 A train of Drabs with mercenary tears;
 Who, wringing off their hands with hideous moans,
 Know not his name for whom they seem to groan;
 While real Grief with silent steps proceeds,
 And Love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.
 Hard fate of Wealth! Were Lords as Butchers wifely,
 They from their meat would banish all the *Alas!*
 The Persian Kings, with Wine and massy Bowls,
 Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul:
 That, so laid open, no one might pretend,
 Unless a man of worth, to be their Friend.
 But now the Guests their Patrons undermine;
 And slander them, for giving them their Wine.
 Great men have dearly thus companions bought:
 Unless by these instructions they'll be taught,
 They spread the net, and will themselves be caught.
 Were Monce, that great Master, now alive,
 A Raft with wis and judgements he'd contrive.
 As thus:—Supposing that you would rehearse
 A labour'd work, and every Dish a Verse.
 He'd say, "Mend this, and vnder Line, and this."
 If after trial it were still amiss,
 He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,
 Or set some Dish more curious in its place.

88. THE ART OF COOKERY.

If you persist, he would not strive to move
A passion so delightful as Self-love.

We should submit our Treats to Critics' view,
And every prudent Cook should read Boffu's.

585

Judgement provides the Meat in season fit,
Which by the genius dress'd, its sauce is Wit.

Good Beef for Men, Pudding for Youth and Age,
Come up to the decorum of the Stage.

The Critick strikes out all that is not just,
And 'tis even so the Butler chips his Crust.

590

Poets and Pastry-cooks will be the same,
Since both of them their images must frame.

Chimæra's from the Poet's fancies flow :

The Cook contrives his shapes in real Dough.

595

When Truth commands, there's no man can offend,

That with a modest love corrects his Friend,
Though 'tis in toasting Bread, or buttering Pease,
So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.

But why should we reprove when faults are small?
Because 'tis better to have none at all.

600

There's often weight in things that seem the least,
And our most trifling follies raise the jest.

'Tis by his cleanliness a Cook must please,
A Kitchen will admit of no disease.

605

The Fowler and the Huntsman both may run
Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.

¶ M. Le Rene Boffu, a native of Paris, began the course of his studies at Navarre ; where he discovered an early taste for polite literature, and soon made a surprizing progress in all the valuable parts of learning. His first great publication was, a " Parallel, or Comparison betwixt the Principles " of Aristotle's Natural Philosophy and those of Descartes, Paris, 1674." And next year produced his celebrated treatise on Epic Poetry, which, Mr. Boileau says, is one of the best compositions on the subject that ever appeared in the French language. It has gone through several editions. To one printed at the Hague, in 1714, F. Le Courayer has prefixed a discourse on that treatise, and some encomiums on it ; and has also given some memoirs of the author, who died March 14, 1680, aged 42 ; and left a vast number of Ms. volumes, which are kept in the abbey of St. John de Chartres.

Empedocles,

Empedocles, a Sage of old, would raise
 A Name immortal by unusual ways;
 At last his fancies grew so very odd, 610
 He thought by *roasting* to be made a God.
 Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy stuff
 In *Ætna's* flames, so to have Fire enough.
 Were my Cook fat, and I a stander-by,
 I'd rather than himself his Fish should fry. 615
 There are some persons so excessive rude,
 That to your private Table they'll intrude.
 In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast;
 Turn like a Fox, they'll catch you at the last.
 You must, since bars and doors are no defence, 620
 Even quit your house as in a pestilence.
 Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
 And, as you're scampering, stop you in your Coach.
 Then think of all your sins, and you will see
 How right your guilt and punishment agree: 625
 Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
 But you would throw some debtor into gaol.
 Now mark th' effect of his prevalling curse,
 You are detain'd by something that is worse.
 Were it in my election, I should chuse, 630
 To meet a ravenous Wolf or Bear got loose:
 He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
 No quarter from the Parasite you'll get;
 But, like a Leech well fix'd, he'll suck what's good,
 And never part till satisfied with Blood. 635

LETTERS TO

LETTER IX.

To Mr. ———

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happiness to you; because you are so much my Friend as to rejoice at it. I some days ago met with an old Acquaintance, a curious person, of whom I enquired if he had seen the Book concerning Soups and Sauces. He told me he had; but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his Closet. I desired him to give me what account he could of it. He says, that it is a very handsome Octavo; for, ever since the days of Ogilby's, good paper and good print and fine cuts make a Book become ingenious, and brighten up an Author strangely; that there is a copious Index; and at the end a Catalogue of all the Doctor's Works, concerning Cockles, English Beetles, Snails, Spiders that get up into the air and throw us down Cobwebs, a Monster vomited up by a Baker, and such like; which, if carefully perused, would wonder-

“Here swells the shelf with OGILBY THE GREAT.” *Daniel*, l. 142. John Ogilby, famous for the number as well as the embellishment of his publications, was born at Edinburgh about Nov. 17, 1600. He was by profession a dancing-master; but, getting lame by an accident, applied himself to study. He translated the works of Virgil, and published them, with his own picture prefixed, in 8vo, 1649-50. It was re-printed in 1659, on royal folio; and has his picture before it, as most of the books which he published have. At fifty-four years of age, he learned the Greek tongue, and set about his translation of Homer, which was published in 1660. The same year he also printed a very fine Bible at Cambridge. In 1662, he was appointed master of the revels in Ireland. On his return to London, he continued his employment of translating and printing poetry till the great fire in September 1666, which destroyed his whole property. He had afterward the good fortune to be appointed his majesty's cosmographer and geographic printer; and printed several great works, translated or collected principally by himself. His last and greatest undertaking was an “Atlas,” which he did not live to finish; dying Sept. 4, 1676. He was employed by Charles II. to take a survey of the roads of the kingdom; and the posts were regulated according to that survey. See Granger. — Winstanley, in his “Lives of Poets,” speaks of “Ogilby's large volumes, his translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter.” fully

fully improve us. There is, it seems, no Manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my Friend says, he does not believe contrived it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way, that it is not probable any Learned Man would for himself seriously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editors, "That, whatever Manuscripts there might have been, they must have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being written out by the Cooks themselves, or some of their Friends or Servants, who are not always the most accurate." And then, as my Friend observed, if the Cook had used it much, it might be fulfilled; the Cook perhaps not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no imprudent matter for the State to order a select Scrivener to transcribe Receipts, lest ignorant Women and House-keepers should impose upon future ages by ill-spelt and uncorrect Receipts for potting of Lobsters, or pickling of Turkeys. Caelius Apicius, it seems, passes for the Author of this Treatise; whose science, learnings, and discipline, were extremely condemned, and almost abhorred, by Seneca and the Stoicks, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and so lay neglected till the inferiour ages; but then were introduced, as being a help to Physick, to which a Learned Author, called Donatus, says, that "the Kitchen" is a Handmaid." I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the Ancients, that by a very good Author an old gentleman is introduced as making use of these Doctors, Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman: They are reported to be excellent Physicians; and, if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly.

It seems, as my Friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of Apicius, one under the Republick, the other in the time of Tiberius, who is recorded by Pliny, "to have had a great deal of wit and judgement in all affairs that related to "Eating," and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of Amulets and Pancakes. Nor were Emperors late contributors to so great an undertaking, as Vitellius, Commodus, Didius Julianus, and Varius Helio-gabalus, whose Imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts; the last of which Emperors had the peculiar glory of first making Sauces of Shrimps

Shrimps, Crabs, Oysters, Sprawns, and Lobsters. And these Sauces being mentioned by the Author which the Editor publishes, from that and many other arguments the Learned Doctor irrefragably maintains, that the Book, as now printed, could not be transcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the Titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid virtue. And, it seems, under his administration, a person that found out a new Soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new Continent. My Friend says, the Editor tell us of unheard-of dainties; how "Ætæopus had a supper of the tongues of Birds that could speak;" and that "his Daughter regaled on Pearls," though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how "Hortensius left ten thousand Pipes of Wine in his Cellar, for his Heir's drinking;" how "Vedius Pollio fed his Fish-ponds with Man's Flesh;" and how "Cæsar bought six thousand weight of Lampreys for his Triumphal Supper." He says, the Editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the Dinners of the Emperors were ordered by their Physicians; and that the *Recipe* was taken by the Cook as the Collegiate Doctors would do their Bills to a modern Apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians; and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals overran the Western Em-

1. Born in Devonshire in 1545. Before he had the royal sanction for his depredations, he was a famous freebooter against the Spaniards. He was the first Englishman that encompassed the globe; which he performed in two years and about ten months, from 1577 to 1579. Magellan, whose ships passed the South Seas some time before, died in his passage. On the 4th of April, 1581, her majesty conferred on Drake the honour of knighthood. In 1587, by burning 100 vessels at Cadiz, he suspended the threatened invasion for a year; and about the same time, took a rich East India carrack near the Terceras, by which the English gained so great insight into trade in that part of the world, that it occasioned the establishment of the East India Company. In 1588, he was appointed vice-admiral under lord Effingham, and acquitted himself in that important command with his usual valour and conduct. He died Jan. 28, 1595-6.

2. Captain William Dampier was born in Somersetshire in 1652. He was employed in a voyage to the South Seas, with Woodes Rogers, at the time Dr. King wrote this Letter; from whence he returned in September, 1711. His voyage round the world is well known, and has gone through many editions.

pire;

pire; and that they, by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of Cheese and Venison without those additional Sauces, which the Physicians of old found out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus's Book of *Endive*, Glaucus Lorrensis of *Cow-beef*, Mithæcus of *Hot-pots*, Dionysius of *Sugar-fops*, Agis of *Pickled Broom-buds*, Epinetus of *Sack-poffet*, Euthedemus of *Apple-dumplings*, Hegippus of *Black-pudding*, Crito of *Sowced Mackerel*, Stephanus of *Lemon-cream*, Archites of *Hogs-barslet*, Acestius of *Quince-marmalade*, Hicelius of *Potted Pigeons*, Diocles of *Savory-breads*, and Philistion of *Oat-cakes*, and several other such Authors, the great Humelbergius composed his Annotations upon Apicius; whose Receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus, have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the utmost parts of Transylvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious Editor. Latinus Latinus finds fault with several dishes of Apicius, and is pleased to say they are nauseous; but our Editor defends that great person, by shewing the difference of our customs; how Plutarch says, "the Antients used no Pepper," whereas all or at least five or six hundred of Apicius's Delicates were seasoned with it. For we may as well admire that some West Indians should abstain from Salt, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of Hops in our common drink: and therefore we should not be averse to Rue, Cummin, Parsley-seed, Marsh-mallows, or Nettles, with our common Meat; or to have Pepper, Honey, Salt, Vinegar, Raisins, Mustard and Oil, Rue, Mastick, and Cardamums, strown promiscuously over our Dinner when it comes to table. My Friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the Annotations, which he owes to his memory; and therefore begs pardon if in some things he may mistake, because it is not wilfully, as that Papirius Petrus was the great patron of Custard: "That the *Tetrapharmacum*, a dish much admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexander Severus, was made of Pheasant, Peacock, a wild Sow's Hock and Udder, with a Bread Pudding over it; and that the name and reason of so odd a dish are to be sought for amongst the Physicians."

The Work is divided into Ten Books; of which the First treats of Soups and Pickles, and amongst other things shews that Sops
pans

pans were used before the time of Pliny; that Gordian used a Glass of Bitter in a Morning; that the Ancients scalded their Wine, and that burnt Claret, as now practised, with Spice and Sugar, is pernicious; that the Adulteration of Wine was as ancient as Cato; that *Brown* was a Roman Dish, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its Sauce then was Mustard and Honey, before the frequent use of Sugar: not worse however! Hogs-bee, Chicks, and Hare, unknown to those ages. It is very probable, they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicate only at Christmas. It were worth a Dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Caesar introduced it into Britain: and it is strange he should take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat Hare's Test; that the Ancients used to *marinate* their Fish, by frying them in Oil, and the moment they were taken out pouring boiling Vinegar upon them. The Learned Annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the Liquor in Oysters is, by laying the deep shell downwards; and by this means Apicius conveyed Oysters to Tiberius when in Parthia. A noble invention, here made use of at Colchester with most admirable success! What clares might Brown or Looket have got in those days, when Apicius, only for boiling Sprouts after a new fashion, deservedly came into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies!

The First Book having treated of Sauces or standing Pickles for Relish, which are used in most of the succeeding Receipts; the Second has a glorious Subject, of *Sauces*, both with skin and without, which contains matters no less remarkable than the former. The Ancients that were delicate in their eating prepared their own Mushrooms with an Amber or at least a Silver Knife; where the Annotator shews elegantly, against Hardouines, that the whole Knife, and not only the Handle, was of Amber or Silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary Knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are out-done by no nations in imitation or improvements.

The Third Book is of such Edibles as are produced in Gardens. The Romans used *Nitre*, to make their Herbs look green; the Annotator shews our Salt-petre at present to differ from the
Ancient

ancient *Nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with Oil and Salt, and so boiling them; which Pliny commends. But the present Receipt is, To let the Water boil well; throw in Salt and a bit of Butter; and so not only Sprouts but Spinage will be green. There is almost extraordinary observation of the Editor's, to which I cannot but agree; that it is a vulgar error, that Walnut-trees, like Russian Wives, thrive the better for being beaten; and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit down, the Walnut-tree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the Tree that bears it. As for Asparagus, there is an excellent remark, that, according to Pliny, they were the great care of the ancient Gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a Pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when a Hundred of them weighed thirty: that Cucumbers are apt to rise in the Stomach, unless pared, or boiled with Oil, Vinegar, and Honey: that the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule for them to have always boiled Cabbage for their first dish at Supper: that the best way to roast Onions is in Colewort Leaves, for fear of burning them: that Beets are good for Smiths, because they, working at the fire, are generally colic: that Petronius has recorded a little old Woman, who sold the *Agrafe Olee* of the Ancients; which honour I take to be as much due to those who in our days cry Nettle-tops, Elder-buds, and Cliver, in spring-time very wholesome.

The Fourth Book contains the universal Art of Cookery. As Mattheus Sylvaticus composed the *Pandects* of Physic, and Justinian those of Law; so Apicius has done the *Pandects* of his Art, in this Book which bears that inscription. The First Chapter contains the admirable Receipt of a *Salacocath* of Apicius. Bruise in a Mortar Parsley-seed, dried Pennyroyal, dried Mint, Ginger, green Coriander, Raisins stoned, Honey, Vinegar, Oil, and Wine; put them into a *Cacabulum*; three Crusts of Pycesine Bread, the Flesh of a Puller, Goat Stones, Vealine Cheek, Pine Kernels, Cucumbers, dried Onions minced small; pour a Boon over it, garnish it with Snow, and send it up in the *Cacabulum*. This *Cacabulum* being an unusual vessel, my Friend went to his Dictionary, where, finding an odd interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the superfluity of Snow for its garniture, that the

the properest vessel for a Physician to prescribe to send to table upon that occasion might be a Bed-pan. There are some admirable Remarks in the Annotations to the Second Chapter, concerning the Dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between Mushrooms, *Chats* or *Beccofs*, Oysters, and Redwings, a Work that ought to be published: for the same Annotator observes, that this Island is not destitute of Redwings, though coming to us only in the hardest weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our tables; that the *Chats* come to us in April and breed, and about Autumn return to Africk; that Experience shews us they may be kept in cages, fed with Beef or Wether Mutton, Figs, Grapes, and minced Filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British hospitality. There is a curious observation concerning the diversity of Roman and British dishes; the first delighting in Hodge-podge, Gallimaufreys, Forced Meats, Jussels, and Salmagundies; the latter in Spear-ribs, Surloins, Chines and Barons; and thence our terms of Art; both as to Dressing and Carving; become very different; for they, lying upon a sort of Couch, could not have carved those dishes which our Ancestors when they sat upon Forms used to do. But, since the use of Cushions and Elbow-chairs, and the Editions of good Books and Authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been something to blame; and I believe few of us have seen a dish of Capon-stones at table (Lamb-stones is acknowledged by the learned Annotator that we have); for the art of making Capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman Antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning of their spurs; which, occasioning their sterility, makes them Capons in effect, though those parts thereby became more large and tender.

The Fifth Book is of Pease-porridge; under which are included, Frumetary, Watergruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, Plumary, Stir-about, and the like. The Latin or rather Greek name is *Ausprios*; but my Friend was pleased to entitle it *Pantagrul*, a Name used by Rabelais, an eminent Physician.

There
On which, Dr. King has written a very ingenious Poem.

Rabelais, born about 1483, was first a Franciscan, and then a Benedictine; but quitted both for the habit of a secular priest. After travelling about some time, he fixed at Montpellier, where he took his degree in physic,

There are some very remarkable things in it; as, The Emperor Julianus had seldom any thing but Spoon-meat at Supper: that the Herb Fenugreek, with Pickles, Oil, and Wine, was a Roman Dainty; upon which the Annotator observes, that it is not used in our Kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterness that it has; and that it is plainly a Physical Diet, that will give a stool; and that, mixed with Oats, it is the best Purge for Horses: an excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be lost; for what the Lord did not eat, he might send to his Stable!

The Sixth Book treats of Wild-fowl; how to dress Ostridges; (the biggest, grossest, and most difficult of digestion, of any Bird), Phœnicoptrices, Parrots, &c.

The Seventh Book treats of things *sumptuous and costly*, and therefore chiefly concerning *Hog-meat*; in which the Romans came to that excess, that the Laws forbade the usage of Hogs-harlet, Sweet-breads, Cheeks, &c. at their public Suppers; and Cato, when Censor, sought to restrain the extravagant use of Brawn, by several of his Orations. So much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we see it took place in the thoughts of the wisest men, and bore a part in their most important councils. But, alas! the degeneracy of our present age is such, that I believe few besides the Annotator know the excellency of a Virgin Sow, especially of the *black* kind brought from China; and how to make the most of her Liver, Lights, Brains, and Pettitoes; and to vary her into those fifty dishes which, Pliny says, were usually made of that delicious Creature. Besides, Galen tells us more of its excellences: "That fellow that eats Bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wrestle, shall be much stronger than if he should eat the best Roast Beef or Bag Pudding in the Parish."

The Eighth Book treats of such Dainties as *four-footed Beasts* afford us; as, 1. the *Wild Boar*, which they used to boil with all its bristles on: 2. The *Deer*, dressed with Broth made with Pepper, Wine, Honey, Oil, and stewed Damsons, &c. 3. The *Wild Sheep*, of which there are "innumerable in the Mountains of Yorkshire and Westmorland, that will let nobody handle them;" but, if they are caught, they are to be sent up with physic, and practised with great reputation. He published, in 1532, some pieces of Hippocrates and Galen; and his "History of Gargantua and Pantagruel" in 1535. He died in 1553.

an "elegant Sauce, prescribed after a physical manner, in form of an Electuary, made of Pepper, Rue, Parsley-seed, Juniper, Thyme dried, Mint, Peneryal, Honey, &c." with which any Apothecary in that country can furnish you. 4. *Beef*, with Onion Sauce, and commended by Celsus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, because the Greeks scarce knew how to *make Oxen*, and *Powdering-tubs* were in very few Families: for Physicians have been very peculiar in their Diet in all ages; otherwise Galen would scarce have found out that young Foxes were in season in Autumn. 5. The *Sucking Pig* boiled in Paper. 6. The *Hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*; its Blood being the sweetest of any Animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellence. Though the Emperors and Nobility had Parks to fatten them in; yet in the time of Didianus Julianus, if any one had sent him one, or a Pig, he would make it last him three days; whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite Animal was reserved for the last Chapter; and that was the *Dormouse*, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from Cooks and Physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures; some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *Hogs-guts*, and so boiled for Sauzages. In ancient times, people made it their business to fatten them: Aristote rightly observes, that sleep fattened them, and Martial from thence too poetically tells us that sleep was their only nourishment. But the Annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds that it does not sleep all the Winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This Dormouse, according to the Author, did not sink in three years time; but whether other Dormice do so, I cannot tell, because Bambousselbergius's Treatise "of Fattening Dormice" is lost. Though very costly, they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd Receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with Poppies and Honey; which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as Owl-pye to such as want a nap after dinner. The fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them, that, as Pliny says, "the Censorian Laws and Marcus Scaurus in his
"Consulship,

" Consulship, got them prohibited from public entertainments." But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus, would not deny the liberty, and indeed property, of their subjects in so reasonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewise, that "*scales* were brought to table in those ages, to weigh curious Fishes, Birds and Dormice," to see whether they were at the standard of excellence and perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence. The Annotator takes hold of this occasion, to shew "of how great use scales would be at the tables of our Nobility," especially upon the bringing up of a dish of Wild-fowl: "For if twelve Larks (says he) should weigh below twelve ounces, they would be very lean, and scarce tolerable; if twelve and down-weight, they would be very well; but if thirteen, they would be fat to perfection." We see upon how nice and exact a balance the happiness of Eating depends!

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse, at such exactness and such dainties; and told my Friend, that those scales would be of extraordinary use at Dunstable; and that, if the Annotator had not prescribed his Dormouse, I should upon the first occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting-days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

My Friend said, there remained but Two Books more, one of Sea and the other of River Fish, in the account of which he would not be long, seeing his memory began to fail him almost as much as my patience.

" 'Tis true, in a long work, soft slumbers creep,

" And gently sink the Artist into sleep *;" especially when treating of Dormice.

The Ninth Book is concerning Sea Fish, where, amongst other learned Annotations, is recorded that famous Voyage of Apicius, who, having spent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were Lobsters of a vast and unusual bigness in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on shipboard the same day; and, having suffered much at sea, came at last to the coast. But the fame of so great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the Fishermen sailed out to meet him, and presented him with their fairest Lobsters. He asked if they had no larger. They answered, "Their sea produced nothing more

* Art of Cookery, ver. 449.

"excellent than what they had brought." This honest freedom of theirs, with his disappointment, so disgusted him, that he took pet, and had the Master return home again immediately: and so, it seems, Africa lost the breed of one monster more than it had before. There are many Receipts in the Book, to dress Cramp-fish, that numb the hands of those that touch them^z; the Cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the Pourcontrol, or Many-feet; the Sea-urchin or Hedge-hog; with several others, whose Sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us Moderns, the Ancients often eat their Oysters^a alive, and spread hard Eggs minced over their Sprats as we do now over our Salt-fish. There is one thing very curious concerning Herrings: It seems, the Ancients were very fantastical, in making one thing pass for another; so, at Petronius's Supper, the Cook sent up a fat Goose, Fish, and Wild-fowl of all sorts to appearance, but still all were made out of the several parts of one single Porker. The great Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his Cook; the King was extremely affected with fresh Herrings (as indeed who is not?); but, being far up in Asia from the sea coast, his whole wealth could not have purchased one; but his Cook contrived some sort of meat, which, put into a frame, so resembled a Herring, that it was extremely satisfactory both to this Prince's eyes and *gusto*. My Friend told me, that, to the honour of the City of London, he had seen a thing of this nature there; that is, a Herring, or rather a Salmogundy, with the head and tail so neatly laid, that it surprized him. He says, many of the *species* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell Yard, as giving an excellent relish to Burton Ale, and not costing above six pence, an inconsiderable price for so imperial a dainty.

The Tenth Book, as my Friend tells me, is concerning *Fish Sauces*, which consist of variety of ingredients, amongst which is

^y Lord Lyttelton's Nineteenth "Dialogue of the Dead" (perhaps the most humorous in that admirable collection) seems to have been entirely founded on the hints suggested by Dr. King.

^z The wonderful electric properties of the *Torpedo* have been lately investigated with the greatest accuracy by the indefatigable researches of John Warrish, esq. F. R. S.

^a The history of the ordering and generation of green Colchester oysters, by Col. Tukey, is in Sprat's Hist. of the R. S. p. 307.

generally

generally a kind of Frumetary. But it is not to be forgotten by any person who would boil Fish exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at present is said to be a Dutch Receipt, but was derived from the Romans: It seems, Seneca the Philosopher (a man from whose morose temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his Third Book of Natural Questions, correcting the luxury of the times, says, the Romans were come to that daintiness, that they would not eat a Fish unless upon the same day it was taken, "that it might taste of the Sea," as they expressed it; and therefore had them brought by persons who rode post, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road. It was an usual expression for a Roman to say, "In other matters, I may confide in you; but in a thing of this weight, it is not consistent with my gravity and prudence. I will trust nothing but my own eyes. Bring the Fish hither, let me see him breathe his last." And, when the poor Fish was brought to table swimming and gasping, would cry out, "Nothing is more beautiful than a dying Mullet!" My Friend says, the Annotator looks upon these "as jests made by the Stoicks, and spoken absurdly and beyond nature;" though the Annotator at the same time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the Fishermen should not wash their Fish, but bring them as they came out of the sea. Happy were the Athenians in good Laws, and the Romans in great Examples! But I believe our Britons need wish their Friends no longer life, than till they see London served with live Herrings and gasping Mackarel. It is true, we are not quite so barbarous but that we throw our Crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our Lobsters to the spit to hear them squeak when they are roasted; our Eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our Gudgeons, taking opportunity of jumping after they are flowered, give occasion to the admirable remark of some persons folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My Friend said, that the mention of Eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the Annotator, "That they who amongst the Sybarites would fish for Eels, or sell them, should be free from all taxes." I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*; and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the

Sybarites, of whom I shortly intend a History, shewing how they deservedly banished Cocks for waking them in a morning, and Smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the Rose-leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their Horses to dance; and so their enemies, coming against them with *guitars* and *harpsichords*, set them so upon their *Round O's* and *Minuets*, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Gouldman^b, Littleton, and several other good Authors, affirm. I told my Friend, I had much overstayed my hour; but if, at any time, he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another Friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner of a few but choice Dishes to cover the Table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, should be a Salacacaby, a Dish of Feaugreek, a Wild Sheep's head and appurtenance with a suitable Electuary, a *ragout* of Capons Stones, and some Dormouse Sausages.

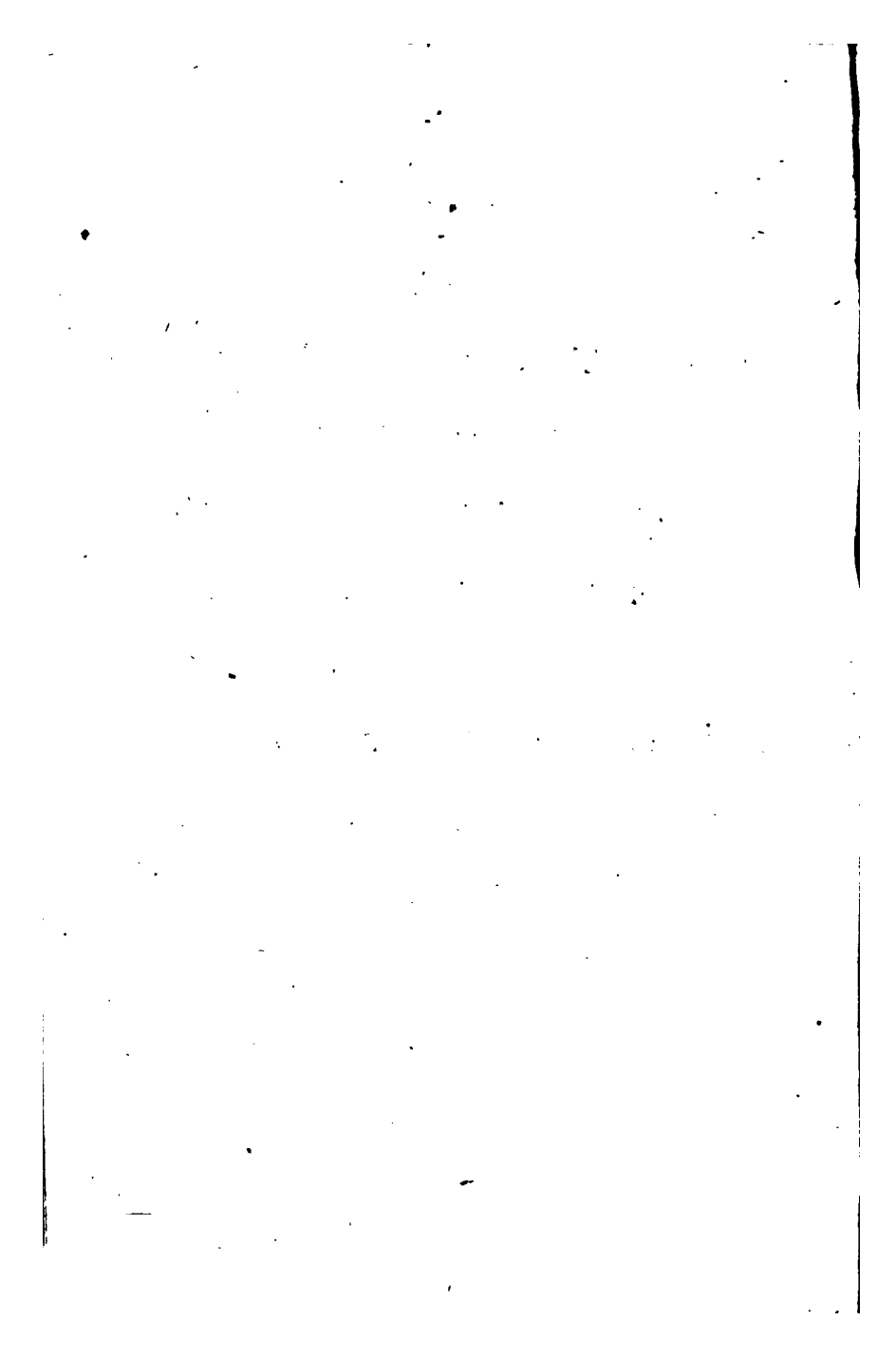
If, as Friends do with one another at a Venison-pasty, you should fend for a plate, you know you may command it; for what is mine is yours, as being entirely your, &c.

^b Francis Gouldman (who was educated at Christ's College, Cambridge, was sometime rector of S. Okenham in Essex, and died 1689) published a Latin and English Dictionary, in three parts, 1664, 4to; which was several times re-printed, and in 1674 much enlarged by W. Robertson, as it was again in 1678 by Dr. Scattergood. All the editions were printed at Cambridge.—The design of Gouldman, according to Dr. Littleton, his successor in this sort of learning, was rather to make new additions, than to correct former mistakes, or to throw out the many barbarous words which had crept into the Dictionaries then extant: for this reason Dr. Littleton (of whom see vol. II. p. 82.) undertook to reform it.—A Dialogue between Gouldman and Hesychius is printed in vol. I. p. 155.

THE
ART OF LOVE:
IN IMITATION OF
OVID DE ARTE AMANDI.
WITH A PREFACE,
CONTAINING
THE LIFE OF OVID.

The virtuous disposition of our Author is no where more remarkably distinguished than in this piece; wherein both the subject and the example so naturally lead into some less chaste images, some looser love which stands in need of a remedy.

BIOG. BRIT.



TO THE
LORD HERBERT,

Eldest Son of his Excellency the Earl of PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY^b; Baron HERBERT of Caerdiff, Ross of Kendal, PARR, FITZ-HUGH, MAR-MION, ST. QUINTIN, and HERBERT of Shutland; Knight of the Garter, &c. &c,

MY LORD,

THE following lines are written on a subject that will naturally be protected by the goodness and temper of your Lordship: for, as the advantages of your mind and person must kindle the flames of Love in the coldest breast; so you are of an age most susceptible of them in your own. You have acquired all those accomplishments at home, which

^a Henry lord Herbert succeeded to his father's titles in 1732, and died in 1749.

^b Thomas earl of Pembroke, on the accession of William and Mary, was sent ambassador extraordinary to Holland; on his return to England, was sworn of the privy council; made colonel of a regiment of marines, and appointed first commissioner of the admiralty; lord privy seal in March 1691; first plenipotentiary at Ryfwick in 1697; lord president of the council, May 11, 1699; lord high admiral of England and Ireland, Jan. 18, 1701-2. The latter post he resigned in May 1702, to make room for the prince of Denmark; and was offered on that occasion a great pension, which he generously refused. He was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland, April 17, 1707; and on the prince's death, Oct. 28, 1708, again lord high admiral. Toward the end of the year 1709, finding that office too fatiguing, he obtained permission to resign it. He died in 1732. To the patronage of this noble lord Dr. King was indebted for his offices of Judge of the High Court of Admiralty and Keeper of the Records in Ireland,

others

others are forced to seek abroad; and have given the world assurance, by such beginnings, that you will soon be qualified to fill the highest Offices of the Crown with the same universal applause that has constantly attended your illustrious Father in the discharge of them. For the good of your Posterity, may you ever be happy in the choice of what you love! And though these rules will be of small use to you that can frame much better; yet let me beg leave that, by dedicating them to your service, I may have the honour of telling the world, that I am obliged to your Lordship; and that I am most entirely

Your Lordship's

Most faithful humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E.

IT is endeavoured, in the following Poems, to give the Readers of both sexes some ideas of the Art of Love; such a Love as is innocent and virtuous, and whose desires terminate in present happiness and that of posterity. It would be in vain to think of doing it without help from the Antients, amongst whom none has touched that passion more tenderly and justly than OVID. He knew that he bore the mastership in that Art; and therefore, in the Fourth Book *De Tristibus*, when he would give some account of himself to future ages, he calls himself "Tenerorum *Lusor Amorum*," as if he gloried principally in the descriptions he had made of that passion. He tells us, he was a native of Sulmo, a city of the Peligni, about ninety miles to the North East of Rome: that it was called so from Solymus, a companion of Æneas, who was the founder of it about four hundred years before the building of that City. This Solymus married a daughter of Æneas, who brought four with him from Troy: the first he left married in Thrace, the second in Peloponnesus, and the third in Epirus. Ovid, in the Second Book of his *Elegies*, inviting his Mistress to Sulmo, describes it as one of the most charming places that could be, to divert the summer's heat; refreshed with streams of water, rich pastures, corn, grapes, olives, and shade in abundance. Hercules Ciofanus, a native of the place, has given a large and accurate account of it, before his excellent observations upon Ovid's Works, which deserved the commendations of Muretus, Manutius, and Melissus, the greatest wits of that time, Ovid was born on the day when the two Consuls Hirtius and Panfa were slain at Mutina, fighting against Mark Antony, who had been declared an enemy to the people of Rome; which was on the twenty-first of March, in the 710th year after the building of that City. Lucius, his father, was a Roman Knight of an antient family, which had preserved that dignity from the original of the order. Ovid had a brother, exactly a year older than himself, named Lucius. They were both sent to Rome for their education under the best masters; where the

§ According to others, the nineteenth.

eldest improved much in the studies of the Law, and was master of a vigorous and manly eloquence : but our Publius says, there seemed to himself something that was sacred and celestial, in the Muses, which stole all his inclinations ; and though he considered his Father's advice^d, which told him of the unprofitableness of that Study, and laid before him the miserable poverty of Homer, and therefore endeavoured to turn his style to Prose, yet Verses would be intermixed, and the words fall into numbers without or even against his will : such was his natural genius and easiness, that he could no more restrain them, than a large spring can hinder itself from sending forth a pleasing river. At twenty years old his brother died, for whom he complains at having lost a companion and a friend. By this means he became heir to a large patrimony in the territories of Sulmo, and to a house in that city, where there is now the Church of Sancta Maria de Tumba ; as also to another house in Rome, near the Capitol, where is at present the Church of Sancta Maria della Consolazione ; as likewise to pleasant orchards upon the hills between the Flaminian and Claudian ways, in which he might recreate himself with his Muses. In these he used to employ many hours, watering them, as he tells us, with his own hands, as being most extremely delighted with all sorts of Gardening and Husbandry. Some of his first Masters were Plotius Grippus and Marcellus (by some styled Aurelius), Rufus the Rhetorician, under whom he declaimed to admiration, and gained so much reputation, that Marcus Annaeus Seneca reckons him amongst the principal of his time. Ovid says, he pleaded the causes of several criminals with good success, and that he several times was arbitrator, and managed matters so impartially, that the very persons against whom he decreed applauded his justice. He bore such offices as his dignity required, and gave sentences in such Judicatories as by law he was called to ; but did never aspire to be a Senator, as having a body not fitted for labour, nor a mind patient enough to sustain the cares of ambition. He was of mean stature, slender of body, spare of diet, and, if not too amorous, every way temperate. He drank no wine but what was much allayed with water ; neat in apparel ; of a free, affable, and courtly behaviour. He took the resolution of spending his time with persons most noted for worth and learn-

^d " Sæpe pater dixit, Studium quid inutile tentas ?

" Mæconides nullas ipse reliquit opes." Trist. l. iv.

ing :

ing : amongst whom, Cornelius Gallus a most wealthy and noble Roman, and Marcus Varro, were his Patrons; Julius Græcinus an eminent Grammarian, and that famous Author Julius Hyginus, keeper of the Palatine Library, were his particular friends. He was so great an admirer of Portius Latro and his Sayings, that he made use of many of them in his Verses. His chief delight was in the conversation of the Poets of his time, and he never thought himself blest but in their company; either when he was learning the nature of Birds and Serpents, and the virtue of Herbs, from Macer; or the charms of Love's fires from Propertius; or Heroic Actions of the Theban War, equal to that of Troy, from Ponticus; or the reproof of Vice and Folly from the Iambicks of Bassus; or, lastly, all variety of learning and numbers from the Lyre of Horace, to whom his listening ear was the more attentive, because he first brought the Lyric measures amongst the Romans, for which he had sufficient cause to glory. As Ovid paid due regard to the Poets that preceded him, so he lets us know that he did not want fitting respect from those that were younger than himself. He complains, not without reason, that he had only a sight of Virgil; and that death hindered the friendship that had else been between him and Tibullus, to whom he gives the second place amongst the Elegiac Poets, as being successor to Gallus: he makes Propertius the Third, and was himself the youngest. He began to write very soon, and had a reputation before the age that others generally appeared in the world. He owns, he had a heart that easily took fire, and that Love was the subject of his Verses: but it was without reflexion or disreputation to any one, though some people pretended to find out the person who was concealed under the feigned name of Corinna. He had written his Heroical Epistles before such time as the regard he bore to Marcus Varro made him accept of a command, and serve under him in Asia. In his return from thence, he made a stay at Athens, where he attained to the utmost exactness in the Greek tongue: from thence he went to Alexandria, and in both these places undoubtedly furnished himself with those vast mines and huge stores of Grecian and Egyptian learning; and all that History, Poetry, and most occult Philosophy, which appear in all his Works, but especially in his "*Metamorphoses*." Macer the Poet, before mentioned, was his companion in these travels. Having seen most of the Asiatic cities, they came into Sicily together,

ther, and diverted themselves there for almost a year's space with the rarities of that country. He had three wives; the first when he was not quite sixteen years old, from whom, as he says, for sufficient reasons, he was divorced; and so likewise from the second, not for any real blame in her, but for dislike, according to the licentiousness of the times: but he extols often the chastity and beauty of the last, whom he instructed in Poetry, and entirely affected, she continuing inviolably constant to him, during all his misfortunes, notwithstanding many importunate solicitations. By the last he had a daughter, named Perilla, married to Cornelius Fidus, by whom she had two children. He continued long in favour at the Court of Augustus, till, in the fiftieth year of his age, he fell under the Emperor's displeasure. The reason is unknown at this time, and of little use to conjecture; though he says that at Rome every one was acquainted with it*. He seems satisfied that he had buried his father, being ninety years old; and his mother likewise, being antient, soon after him; that so their old age might not be grieved at his misfortunes. He expresses all the duty to ~~them~~ that to good-natured a son could do possibly; and, if he could, would make their shades sensible, that it was an *error*, and not a *crime*, for which he suffered. He received commands to *retire* to Tomi, a city of Sarmatia bordering on the Euxine Sea: for Cæsar would not give it so harsh a name as *banishment*. He had a ship of his own in the Bay of Corinth, on which he made his voyage to the Euxine; and then performed the rest of his journey on foot to a place the utmost and

* He says in several parts of his works, the causes of his misery were two: his having composed books on the Art of Love, and his having *seen something*. He does not tell us what it was he saw; but gives us to understand, that his books contributed less to his disgrace than that did: and on his complaining to Love, that, after labouring to enlarge *his* empire, he obtained nothing for his reward but banishment, Love answers,

"Utque hoc, sic utinam defendere cætera posses:

"Seis aliud, quod te læserit, esse magis."

De Ponto, l. iii. ep. 3.

And in his Second Book De Tristibus, l. ii. ver. 103, he compares himself to unfortunate Actæon, who had undesignedly seen Diana naked, and suffered for it. Various attempts have been made to conjecture what he *saw*; but it still remains an uncertainty.

most

most inhospitable of any that a Roman had ever been confined to. He complains of the dangers and miseries of his passage, and the injustice of his companions and servants: but, resolved that his spirit should not sink under his misfortunes, he made use of his resolution to overcome them, and prevailed so far as to conquer his temper, that had been too much given up to ease; and began to pass his days in some content, by means of those verses which he made for his own satisfaction, without any hopes of their coming to the perusal of others. And in this adversity of the Poet his character appears with the greatest lustre: here he shews a courage undaunted, a spirit not to be cast down, a constancy of love to the partner of his bed, and a friendship inviolable to those persons of honour that he had confided in, many of which were of Consular dignity. He often solicited his repeal by the mediation of Germanicus Cæsar and others, or that he might at least be removed to some more temperate clime: but, he says, his hopes forsook him upon the death of Augustus. Yet in the sixth year of his confinement he still continued to solicit it, and to these ends his writings out of Pontus were designed: in one of them to his wife, he undertakes to shew her, that his expedition was more dangerous than that which Jason made for the Golden Fleece; as likewise in another to Peto Albinovanus, a famous Poet, that he had undergone more than Ulysses in all his twenty years: ingeniously thus contriving to bring either of those noble subjects to be comprehended in one of his short Epistles. Some of these Letters were to his relations, as Rufus Fundanus, his wife's uncle; Suillius, that had married his wife's daughter; to Salanus and Severus, eminent Poets; to his friends Rufinus, Gallio, Tuticanus, Atticus, with whom he had been most intimate, and many others: as to Maximus Cotta, who first sent him a most elegant Oration, and then the images of Augustus, Tiberius, and Livia, which were a sight in those parts that occasioned great veneration. He writes to Vestalis, then Governor of Pontus, sprung from Daunus and the Alpine Kings; as likewise to Cotys, the son of Cotys King of Thrace, who was then warring upon the Getes, to enlarge his territories, that he might be protected from those incursions; and this, amongst others, he prays from the topic of Poetry, to which that Prince, it seems, was much addicted. He writes likewise to Græcinus, one of his oldest acquaintance, to congratulate him upon his being designed Consul;

Consul; as likewise to Sextus Pompeius, when he had the like
 view of that dignity; and at the same time acknowledges, that
 his life, and the continuance of it, had been owing to his good
 offices. Nor did he omit writing to Messalinus, son to a cele-
 brated Orator of that name, and a great favourite in the Court of
 Augustus: but one that he most relied on was Fabius Maximus,
 a man of the greatest honour, that would not desert a friend for
 the frowns of Fortune; especially one that, as Ovid had done,
 had loved and regarded him from the very time of his birth,
 and had been dependant upon that family, and especially his
 father, who was a person famous for his eloquence as well as his
 great dignity, and was the first Patron of Ovid's Muse, having
 encouraged him to venture his compositions to try their success in
 publick. But he lost this good friend in the fifth year of his
 confinement; and therefore his expectation of relief was more
 entirely thrown upon the confidence he had in the generosity of
 Brutus, to whom he wrote many pathetic Letters on that occasion.
 In the midst of the Getic wars, his good-humour gained so far
 upon their barbarous nature, that they became conversable with
 him; so that he attained their language to perfection, and made
 it submit to numbers so far, that he wrote a Poem in it. In an
 Epistle to Carus, who was Tutor to the two Cæsars, he tells
 him, "The subject was the praises of Augustus: that he taught
 "them, that though the body of Augustus was mortal, yet his
 "divine part was gone to the heavens: that his successor Ti-
 "berius was equal to the virtues of his father, though his mo-
 "desty would have made him refuse the title of Emperor: that it
 "was questionable whether Livia, reputed as the Vesta of her
 "time for her modesty, was more happy and glorious in a
 "husband or a son: that no family could be better supported
 "than the Emperor's, by two such sons as Germanicus and
 "Drusus." He recited all this and much more to the Barbarians,
 who by warlike signs testified their applause; they exempted him
 from all public burthens; they even against his will set garlands
 upon his head; and used him in all respects as kindly as his own
 countrymen would have done: therefore he did not solicit a re-
 moval out of any dislike to the people of the place, but for the
 inclemency of the climate. He must certainly have been a per-
 son universally beloved; for he had that happiness, that Envy
 never pretended to criticize upon any of his writings; for, as the
 said

paid due veneration to antiquity and the learned men of the times, so he owns that his Readers, whilst he was living, gave him such a portion of fame, as he rightly judged would last him to all posterity. As his birth was reported to have happened with that of Tibullus, one the most polite, the other the most ingenious, of the Elegiac Poets; so Livy is said to have died the same day with him, being the first of January, that in both he might be most nobly and honourably accompanied. Some Authors think that he died at Tomos, in the fifth year of Tiberius. Some say he lived seven years, nine months, and eleven days; others eight years, and some months; others nine, and others ten years, under his misfortunes. All which may be the more uncertain, since we have none of his Works since the Fourth Book of his Letters from Pontus, which were written in the sixth year. As he was honoured when living, so his funerals were celebrated by the Geres with universal sorrow. He was, as says Eusebius, buried near the gates of the city, where a monument was erected for him hard by a lake which retains his name. His Sepulchre is reported by Abraham Ortelius^f, who cites Gaspar Bruschius for his Author, to have been found in the year 1508, with a magnificent coverture, on which was this Epitaph:

FATUM NECESSITATIS LEX.

*Hic situs est Vates, quem divi Caesaris ira
Augusti, patria cadere jussit humo.
Sæpe miser voluit patriis occumbere terris,
Sed frustra; hunc illi fata dedere locum.*

As translated by Mr. Sandys:

FATE THE LAW OF NECESSITY.

"Here lies that living Poet, by the rage
"Of great Augustus banished from Rome,
"Who in his country sought to inter his age,
"But vainly: fate hath lodg'd him in this tomb."

^f A celebrated geographer, born at Antwerp in April 1527. He traveled a great deal in England, Ireland, France, Italy, and Germany; and became possessed of many rarities, in antique statues, medals, and shells. He published "Theatrum Orbis Terræ," and a "Thesaurus Geographicus, &c." and died June 30, 1598.

Isabella Queen of Hungary, about the year 1540, shewed to Petrus Angelus Barcæus, when he was at Belgrade, a silver penn with this inscription, "Ovidii Nasonis Calamus;" denoting that it had belonged to Ovid. This had not long before been found amongst some old ruins, and she esteemed it as a venerable piece of antiquity. The elegant Poet Cœlius Calcagninus, when he was in Sarmatia, wrote an Elegy, wherein he describes the manners of the Scythians, and says, "that not only Tomisvar but "other places contend for the residence of Ovid; and that the "pen remains, wherewith he used to relieve his tedious hours in "those regions;" where Cœlius testifies all to be true that Ovid has recorded of them. And certainly never any two Poets had a Muse more like than these, so fitted to the Elegiac style. Calcagninus has a rarity in his Works not easily to be found elsewhere, a copy of verses all Pentameters; which whether they are not too soft, may be a question; however, being short, shall be transcribed, though not attempted in English:

Desse, Amor, ad Tumulum; solve, Elegia, comas;

Myrrha, tuos crines; pone, Hyacinthe, tuos.

Quintia obit, sed non Quintia sola obit:

Rifus obit, obit Gratia, Lusus obit:

Quintia obit, sed cum Quintia et ipse obit;

Nec mea nunc anima in pectore sed tumulo est.

Hei mihi non posthac decipietur Amor,

Cui mater crebro Quintia visa fuit,

Inque hujus posuit nescius arma sinus,

Arma, inquam, quæ me surripere mihi.

Heu! heu! triste jugum quisquis Amoris habet,

Et prius ac norit se periisse perit.

Angelus Politianus, another incomparable imitator of Ovid, bewails the exile and death of that Poet in strains so soft and moving, that I cannot tell whether any language but the Latin is capable of expressing it. Crispinus, the learned Editor of the Dauphin's Ovid, has esteemed it so much, as to let it be twice printed in those volumes. Nor does Julius Scaliger upon the same subject want such strokes as were usual to so great a Master.

§ Born at Tuscany in July 1454. He was a priest and canon of Florence. His works have been much admired, and frequently re-printed. He died in 1494.

The verses which Ovid desired his wife might be upon his tomb in large characters were these :

Hic ego qui jaceo tenerorum Lufor Amorum,

Ingenio perii Nafu Poeta meo.

At tibi qui tranfis non fit grave quisquis amafit

Dicere, Nafonis molliter offa cubent !

In which he continues his opinion, that his mafterfhip in the Art of Love would be his glory, notwithstanding he had fuffered by it ; and defires every traveller that had been in love would wifh foft reft to his bones, which they muft do unlefs they would be ungrateful.

As to his Works ^b, his “Elegies to Corinna” were the firft that were produced in publick, which were in Five Books, but afterward by him reduced to Three. The fubjects fprung wholly from his own thoughts and imagination, nor does he feem to have borrowed any hint from the Greeks, with whofe language at that time in all probability he was not converfant. Of thefe, according to Mr. Dryden, it may be faid, “That, if they be compared “with thofe of Tibullus and Propertius, it will be found that “they feldom defigned before they wrote. And though the “language of Tibullus be more polifhed, and the learning of “Propertius, efpecially in his Fourth Book, more fet off to “oftentation ; yet their common practice was to look no further “than the next line ; whence it will inevitably follow, that they “can drive to no certain point. But Ovid has always the goal “in his eye, which directs him in his race ; fome beautiful de- “fign, which he firft eftablifhes, and then contrives the means “which will naturally conduct him to his end.” His next Work, in probability, was his “Epiftles ;” which he afferts as his own invention, and therefore juftly glories in them. The wit of them is fo copious, that almoft every two lines may feem an Epigram. Mr. Dryden obferves, that “they are generally granted “to be the moft perfect piece of Ovid ; and that the ftyle of them “is tenderly paffionate and courtly, two properties well agree- “ing with the perfons who are Heroines and Lovers.” His next was his “Art of Love,” in Three Books : concerning which it is hoped at prefent, that though heretofore they fell under the difpleafure of Auguftus ; yet that now they are fo managed, as

^b The beft edition of them is by Burman, Leyden, 1714, 4 vols. 4to.

that they may venture within the verge of the court without any forbiddance. About the same time came forth his Two Books of the "Remedies of Love," and a small one of the "Improvement of the Face;" and some few such pieces as that upon the "Nut-tree," and perhaps some others. I suppose these to have been all done before his travels into Greece and Egypt, in which he made collections out of multitudes of Authors (besides Parthenius of Chios, who treated on a like subject) to compile his Fifteen Books of "Metamorphoses;" than which all Authors agree that nothing can be more ingenious, nothing more excellent, artificial, or graceful, than the contexture of Fable with Fable, which, in such diversity of matter, are so cunningly woven together, that all appear but one series. Yet, as he was going into banishment, out of vexation at his own Poetry, which was assigned (though only colourably) to have been the cause of it, he was resolved to burn them. But there were too many copies got abroad; and therefore he excuses the faults that may be in them, as not having received his last correction: and yet they are some of the most beautiful things that we have received from the antients. As most persons that love Poetry some time or another venture upon the Stage; so Ovid shewed what he could perform that way in a Tragedy called *Medea*ⁱ, which is now lost, but was then received with great applause. Cornelius Tacitus thinks that neither Asinius nor Messala, in any of their compositions, came up to the *Medea* of Ovid: and Quintilian says, that by that Tragedy the Poet shews how much he was able to do, when he would rather temper than indulge his wit. After his dismissal from court, he had occasion to make use of a satirical style, which he always before had industriously avoided; but it was upon high provocation, and yet he does it under the concealed Name of Ibis. He is supposed to have written it in full passion, either in his voyage, or as soon as he came to the Euxine shore, against a person that took occasion from his misfortunes to scandalize and reproach him; to make his wife uneasy; to endeavour to reduce him to the utmost poverty by depriving him of his estate, which Augustus had entirely left him; for which clemency, in many excellent Verses, the Poet is not ungrateful. He professes to have imitated Callimachus, who falls

ⁱ "Medea," by Mr. Glover, the author of "Leonidas," is perhaps the most classical tragedy in the English language.

upon

upon Apollonius Rhodius in a Poem under the same title. There can nothing include more of the antient Fable and History than this small Work; especially of such as have come to any fatal mischances. To alleviate his misfortunes, he wrote his Five Books "*De Tristibus*," which are a sort of Epistles; but to persons he thought, for some reasons, it would then be improper to name. As likewise his Four Books of "*Letters from Pontus*," addressed to persons of the highest quality, as beforementioned, from whom he expected at least some hopes of the relaxation of his punishment. In all these, the serenity of his mind, the justness of the thought, the clearness and propriety of the expression, the evenness of the numbers, the tender moving of compassion, intermixed with various topicks of persuasive eloquence, have made Bellori affirm, that Ovid has made his very grief delightful; and that, whether he was upon the banks of Tiber, or upon those of the Danube, yet he still seemed to be in the midst of Helicon^k. It was here that Ovid composed his Twelve Books of the *Fasts*; which is as much as to say, he put the Roman Almanack and Calendar into verse: a bold undertaking; and yet, in the Six Books^l that remain, there is not only the most exact description of the Roman Ceremonies, Customs, and Antiquities^m; but, in so obscure, barren, and dry a subject, he has proceeded with all the perspicuity, copiousness, splendid ornaments, and beautiful descriptions, that can be imagined: insomuch that Heinſius thinks nothing can be more easy, plain, and natural, than the story of Lucrece, where the impatience of young Tarquin and his companions, and the speed of their horses in carrying them to Rome, does not come up to that quickness of thought

^k Mr. Cowley remarks, that, by the style of Ovid's Epistles *ex Pontu* and his *de Tristibus*, very unlike that of his *Metamorphoses*, one may see the humble and dejected spirit in which he wrote. The cold of the country, and his own despair, had benumbed his faculties.

^l Many of the Learned suppose that no more than Six Books were ever written. In the second book *de Tristibus*, ver. 548, Ovid says,

"*Sex ego Fastorum scripsi, totidemque libellos,*

"*Cumque sua finem mense volumen habet.*"

It is matter of doubt whether he means *six*, or *twice six*.

^m Selden calls Ovid "a great canon lawyer," merely from these books, as giving us the best account of the religion and festivals of the old Romans.

which Ovid shews in his comprehensive verses. In this retirement, Ovid likewise began his "*Haliœutica*," or Book of Fishes; for it is a question whether he ever finished it: but by that which remains it appears to have been an excellent and most useful History of Nature; wherein he described many sorts that were in that sea, with their wonderful qualities, whose very names had before been unknown to Pliny, that most industrious Naturalist among the Romans. This subject Oppian afterward pursued in Greek verse, and dedicated to the Emperor Antoninus. Ovid tells us of another Work that he composed in Pontus, which was "*The Triumph of Germanicus*," which, in his Epistles from thence to Salanus and Rufinus, he recommends to their protection. But this is lost, as were several others: amongst which may be reckoned his Consolation to Livia upon the Death of Drusus, from whence Seneca has made use of many things in his Consolations; his Epigrams, mentioned by Priscian and Martial; his Book "*De Phœnomenis*," spoken of by Probus and Lactantius; his Book against Poetasters, quoted by Quintilian; a Collection of Prophecies, and Two Books of the War of *Ætium*, dedicated to Tiberius Cæsar, but not completed. At his departure from Rome, he threw many things into the fire; which he believed afterwards might have given satisfaction to the Reader, if they had not met with such an irretrievable condemnation. There are several other things attributed to him; as, the Panegyrick to Piso, the Nightingale, the Flea, and a Poem about an Old Woman, in Three Books, which, being very silly, is very scarce; but Crispinus tells us, the foolish Author would impose it upon the world as if it were as true as Gospel. In all his Works, Ovid's wit is acknowledged to be luxuriant, which his riper age would have corrected in his "*Metamorphoses*:" but he shews how difficult it would have been to him by the Letters which he continued to write in his exile with the utmost exuberance of thought and expression. Scaliger and Mr. Dryden differ upon the point, whether Ovid knew how to leave off when he had well begun; but then Mr. Dryden describes him as "varying the same sense a hundred ways, and yet that the most severe censor cannot but be pleased with the prodigality of his wit: that every thing which he does becomes him; and if sometimes he appears too gay, yet there is a secret gracefulness of youth which accompanies his writings." In Ovid's style is a native

native simplicity, which whoever goes about to mend, will find he corrupts it. He says more by Nature than Art can come up to. What he does, seems to be produced without pain; but it would be in vain for the greatest labour to attempt it. Scaliger takes notice, that using the same word or expression too often is a fault of some Authors that pretend to be correct; but that the Princes of the Poets, Virgil and Ovid, are free from the suspicion of it. The observation is just; and yet Ovid shews how great a Master he was of words, by his repeating them even to advantage, as in those most sweet Verses of Phillis to Demophoon:

Credidimus blandis, quarum tibi copia, verbis;

Credidimus generi, nominibusque tuis.

Credidimus lacrymis; an et hæc simulare docentur?

Hæc quoque habent artes, quæque jubentur, eunt.

Diis quoque credidimus: quo jam tot pignora nobis?

Parte satis potui qualibet inde capi.

Which, amongst the most ingenious Versions of the Epistles, I find thus translated by Mr. Edward Pooley^a:

“ I foolishly believ’d the oaths you swore,

“ The race you boasted, and the Gods you bore.

“ Who could have thought such gentle words e’er hung

“ Upon a treacherous and deluding tongue?

“ I saw your tears, and I believ’d them all:

“ Can they lye too, and are they taught to fall?

“ What needed all that numerous perjury?

“ One was enough to one that lov’d like me.”

Some have thought he had too much compassion for his own failings, and that he rather loved than would any ways correct them. Seneca tells us, that, being desired by his Friends to leave out of his Works only three Verses, he complied, on condition that he might save three. Both parties wrote, and put the lines into the Arbitrator’s hands, which, being produced, proved to be the same. Two of them are recorded by Pedro Albinovanus the Poet, and his great Friend, who was there present; which were these:

Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem.

Sed gelidum Borean, egelidumque Notum.

^a In the “ Translation by several Hands,” published by Tonson.

Whereby it appears that his admirable wit did not want an answerable judgement in suppressing the liberties of his Verse, if he had not affected it: and he was used to say, that a mole did not misbecome a good face, but made it more lovely. However, Ovid has had the greatest character among the Learned in all ages: for, besides the many great names beforementioned, Vel-leius Paterculus, a curious judge, joins him with Tibullus, as the two persons that had brought their Poems to perfection. By Martial and others he is placed with Virgil, as being both con-summate in their way. The Fathers Lactantius, St. Jerom, and St Austin, have not denied his "Metamorphosis" its just com-mendation. Planudes* translated it into Greek, to restore that Learning, part of which had been brought from thence back again to his own country. Stephens most justly esteems him the best Painter amongst the Poets. Heinsius thought, that whoever would be drawn to the life must sit to him. And Raphael Regius says, that his commanders, their stratagems, and their battles, are so touched by his pencil, that whoever views them attentively will imagine himself so engaged, as to take part in their conflicts. And then no Poet has more naturally described the manners of the persons he mentions, nor is more sententious, nor better expati-

* A monk of Constantinople; who lived at the end of the third and the beginning of the fourth century, and suffered some persecution on account of his zeal for the Latin church. "That idiot of a Monk" (says Dr. Bentley, Diss. on Æsop, p. 147) "has given us a Book, which he calls *The Life of Æsop*, that perhaps cannot be matched in any lan-guage for ignorance and nonsense,—But of all his injuries to Æsop, that which can least be forgiven him is the making such a monster of him for ugliness; an abuse, that has found credit so universally, that all the modern Painters since the time of Planudes have drawn him in the worst shapes and features that fancy could invent.—I wish I could do that justice to the memory of the Phrygian, to oblige the Painters to change their pencil: for it is certain, he was no deformed person, and it is probable he was very handsome." In this particular, the Fabulist has had the fate of our English Richard III; who, what-ever other epithets he deserved, had no right to that of CROOKBACKED. One of the arguments, however, by which Dr. Bentley has vindicated the beauty of Æsop, is "because his fellow-slave was fair beyond ex-ception;" a topic, which (it has been pleasantly observed) may be of great use to all public societies, because it makes all the members of them plike wise and pretty. See "A short Account of Dr. Bentley's Humour," p. 94. And see above, p. 58.

as upon the common-places of morality; as temperance, friendship, love of his country, labour, valour, learning, honesty, contempt of wealth, decay of outward beauty, and hopes of a lasting reputation raised by virtue. It may from this small remark be seen what opinion the world had of this Author, and how acceptable he was to them, when the same Regius, who wrote the first Comment on the "Metamorphosis," vented fifty thousand of them in his life-time. His person was in so great favour in his prosperity, that his picture was cut in precious stones, and worn by them in their rings. He mentions one of them with a crown of ivy on his head, which, in one of his melancholy Letters, he says was no longer a fitting ornament for him; and he speaks of another set in a ring of gold. Our ingenious countryman Mr. Sandys^p tells us, he had seen his figure in a cornelian of exquisite workmanship, and an old medal of silver stamped with his image; and those he has placed before his Translation of the Metamorphosis. Hercules Ciofani^q gives it us as delineated from an antient marble found at Sulmo, and given him by his Friend Julius Agapetus. Ursinus has a head of him in his collections. There are several others; one from an antient medal in the Dutch edition; another in the Dauphin's: but the most excellent, and that seems to approach nearest to the character of the original, is that represented by Peter Bellori, Library-keeper and Antiquary to the Queen of Sweden, among his images of antient Philosophers, Poets, and Orators, set out in the year 1685; the esteem which his most learned Excellency Spanhemius has shewn

^p George Sandys, son of Edwin archbishop of York, born about 1578, published "Ovid's Metamorphosis, englished, mythologized, and represented in figures, Oxford, 1632," folio. Francis Cleyn was the inventor of the figures, and Solomon Sabang the engraver. He had before published part of this translation; and in the preface to this second edition he tells us, that he has attempted to collect out of sundry authors the philosophical sense of the fables of Ovid. Mr. Dryden pronounced him the best versifier of the last age. He was also an excellent geographer and critic; and published in 1615 his travels to Turkey, &c. He was of the privy-chamber to Charles I.; and died in March 1643-4. From the Ovid of Sandys, and the Homer of Ogilby, Mr. Pope first took his taste for poetry.

^q This learned Italian, who published his annotations in 1578, was induced to undertake that task from the honour he received in being the countryman of Ovid. He is commended by Scaliger, for having written well, and for being an honest man.

for it in his *Dissertations* * will make others regard it. The medal is of brass, with Ovid's Head on one side, and on the Reverse the Head of Menander Parrhasius, who caused this Monument to be made for posterity. Nicolaus Heinsius, in his last Edition of Ovid, prefixed this head to it, as he received it from that exquisite treasure of Medals collected by Felicia Rondonina, a most noble and learned Roman Matron. And the generosity and good-nature of Sir Andrew Fountain, in communicating it out of his great stock of learned curiosities, is gratefully to be acknowledged †.

There has been in this Preface so much said of Ovid, that there may be less room to speak of the following imitation. It is at least such a one as Mr. Dryden mentions, "to be an endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the same subject; that is, not to translate his words, or be confined to his sense, but only to set him as a pattern, and to write as he supposes that Author would have done, had he lived in our age and in our country. But he dares not say that Sir John Denham ‡, or Mr. Cowley, have carried this Liberty way, as the latter calls it, so far as this definition reaches." But, alas! the present Imitator has come up to it, if not perhaps exceeded it. Sir John Denham had Virgil, and Mr. Cowley had Pindar to deal with, who both wrote upon lasting foundations: but, the present subject being Love, it would be unreasonable to think of too great a confinement to be laid on it. And though the passion and grounds of it will continue the same through all ages; yet there will be many little modes, fashions, and graces, ways of complaisance and address, entertainments and diversions, which time will vary. Since the world will expect new things, and persons will write, and the Antients have so great

* De præstantia & usu numismatum antiquorum, Romæ, 1664, 4to. This learned writer and able statesman, after having been employed in embassies at most of the courts in Europe, died at London, Oct. 28, 1710, aged 81.

† Dr. King alludes to a Frontispiece prefixed to his first edition.

‡ Sir John Denham was born at Dublin in 1615; and died March 19, 1668. His "Poems and Translations" have been frequently printed in one volume. That which Mr. Dryden speaks of is called "The Description of the Destruction of Troy, &c."

§ See note on ver. 2040.

a fund of Learning; whom can the Moderns take better to copy than such originals? It is most likely they may not come up to them; but it is a thousand to one but their imitation is better than any clumsy invention of their own. Whoever undertakes this way of writing, has as much reason to understand the true scope, genius, and force of the expressions of his Author, as a literal Translator: and after all, he lies under this misfortune, that the faults are all his own; and if there is any thing that may seem pardonable, the Latin^w at the bottom shews to whom he is engaged for it. An Imitator and his Author stand much upon the same terms as Ben does with his Father in the Comedy^x: "What thof he be my Father, I an't bound Prentice to 'em." There were many reasons why the Imitator transposed several Verses of Ovid, and has divided the whole into Fourteen Parts rather than keep it in Three Books. These may be too tedious to be recited; but, among the rest, some were, that matters of the same subject might lie more compact; that too large a heap of precepts together might appear too burthenfome; and therefore (if small matters may allude to greater) as Virgil in his "Georgicks," so here most of the parts end with some remarkable Fable, which carries with it some Moral: yet, if any persons please to take the Six first Parts as the First Book, and divide the Eight last, they may make Three Books of them again. There have by chance some twenty lines crept into the Poem out of the "Remedy of Love," which (as inanimate things are generally the most wayward and provoking) since they would stay, have been suffered to stand there. But as for the Love here mentioned, it being all prudent, honourable, and virtuous, there is no need of any remedy to be prescribed for it, but the speedy obtaining of what it desires. Should the Imitator's style seem not to be sufficiently restrained, should he not have afforded pains for review or correction, let it be considered, that perhaps even in that he desired to imitate his Author, and would not peruse them; lest, as some of Ovid's Works were, so these might be committed to the flames. But he leaves that for the Reader to do, if he pleases, when he has bought them.

^w In the first editions of the "Art of Cookery" and of the "Art of Love," Dr. King printed the original under the respective pages of his translations.

^x Congreve's Love for Love.

THE ART OF LOVE.

~~PROLOGUE~~

PART I.

WHOEVER knows not what it is to LOVE,
 Let him but read these verses, and improve.
 Swift ships are rul'd by art, and oars, and sails :
 Skill guides our chariots, Wit o'er Love prevails.
 Automedon with reins let loose could fly, 5
 Tiphys with Argo's ship cut waves and sky.
 In Love-affairs I'm charioteer of Truth,
 And surest pilot to incautious youth.
 Love's hot, unruly, eager to enjoy ;
 But then consider he is but a boy. 10
 Chiron with pleasing harp Achilles tam'd,
 And his rough manners with soft musick fram'd :
 Tho' he'd in council storm, in battle rage,
 He bore a secret reverence for age.
 Chiron's command with strict obedience ties 15
 The sinewy arm by which brave Hector dies.
 That was his task, but fiercer Love is mine :
 They both are boys, and sprung from race divine.
 The stiff-neck'd bull does to the yoke submit,
 And the most fiery courser champs the bit : 20
 So Love shall yield. I own, I've been his slave,
 But conquer'd where my enemy was brave :
 And now he darts his flames without a wound,
 And all his whistling arrows die in sound.
 Nor will I raise my fame by hidden art, 25
 In what I teach sound reason shall have part :
 For Nature's passion cannot be destroy'd,
 But moves in Virtue's path when well employ'd. 30
 Yet

PART THE FIRST.

23

Yet still 'twill be convenient to remove
 The tyranny and plagues of vulgar love.
 May infant chastity, grave matrons' pride,
 A parent's wish, and blushes of a bride,
 Protect this Work, & so guard it, that no rhyme
 In syllable or thought may vent a crime!
 The Soldier that Love's armour would defy
 Will find his greatest courage is to fly:
 When Beauty's amorous glances parley beat,
 The only conquest then is to retreat:
 But, if the treacherous Fair pretend to yield,
 'Tis present death unless you quit the field.
 Whilst youth and vanity would make you range,
 Think on some beauty may prevent your change:
 But such by falling skies are never caught,
 No happiness is found but what is sought.
 The huntsman learns where does trip o'er the lawn,
 And where the foaming boar secures his brawn:
 The fowler's low-bell robs the lark of sleep,
 And they who hope for fish must search the deep:
 And he that fuel seeks for chaste desire
 Must search where Virtue may that flame inspire.
 To foreign parts there is no need to roam:
 The blessing may be met with nearer home.
 From India some, others from neighbouring France,
 Bring tawny skins, and puppets that can dance.
 The Seat of British Empire does contain
 Beauties that o'er the conquer'd globe will reign.
 As fruitful fields with plenty bless the sight,
 And as the milky way adorns the night:
 So that does with those graceful nymphs abound,
 Whose dove-like softness is with roses crown'd.
 There tenderest blooms inviting softness spread,
 Whilst by their smallest twine the captive's led.
 There youth advanc'd in majesty does shine,
 Fit to be mother to a race divine.
 No age in matrons, no decay appears;
 By prudence only there you guess at years.
 Sometimes you'll see these Beauties seek the shade
 By lofty trees in royal gardens made;

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Or

Or at St. James's, where a noble care
 Makes all things pleasing like himself appear ; 70
 Or Kensington, sweet air and blest retreat
 Of him, that owns a Sovereign, though most great &c.

Sometimes in wilder groves by chariots drawn
 They view the noble stag and tripping fawn.
 On Hyde-Park's circles if you chance to gaze, 75
 The lights revolving strike you with amaze.

To Bath and Tunbridge they sometimes retreat,
 With waters to dispel the parching heat ;
 But youth with reason there may oft admire
 That which may raise in him a nobler fire ; 80
 Till the kind Fair relieves what he endures,
 Caus'd at that water which all others cures.

Sometimes at marriage rites you may espy
 Their charms protected by a mother's eye,
 Where to blest musick they in dances move, 85
 With innocence and grace commanding love.
 But yearly when that solemn night returns,
 When grateful incense on the altars burns,
 For closing the most glorious day e'er seen,
 That first gave light to happy Britain's Queen ; 90
 Then is the time for noble youth to try
 To make his choice with a judicious eye.

Not truth of foreign realms, not fables told
 Of Nymphs ador'd, and Goddesses of old,
 Equal those beauties who that circle frame ; 95
 A subject fit for never-dying fame :
 Whose gold, pearl, diamonds, all around them thrown,
 Yet still can add no lustre to their own.

But when their Queen does to the Senate go,
 And they make up the grandeur of the show ; 100

George Prince of Denmark, consort to the Queen, greatly admired these fine gardens.—They were purchased by King William from Lord Chancellor Finch ; were enlarged by Queen Mary ; and improved by Queen Anne, who was so pleased with the place, that she frequently supped during the summer in the Green-house, which is very beautiful. Queen Caroline extended the gardens to their present size, three miles and a half in compass.

Then

PART THE FIRST.

Then guard your hearts, ye makers of our laws,
 For fear the judge be forc'd to plead his cause;
 Lest the submissive part should fall to you,
 And they who suppliants help be forc'd to sue.
 Then may their yielding hearts compassion take,
 And grant your wishes for your country's sake.
 Ease to their beauties wounds may goodness give;
 And since you make all happy, let you live.

Sometimes these Beauties on New-market plains,
 Ruling their gentle pads with silken reins,
 Behold the conflicts of the generous steeds,
 Sprung from true blood, and well-attested breeds.
 There youth may justly with discerning eye
 Through riding Amazonian habit spy
 That which his swiftest courser cannot fly.

It is no treacherous or base piece of art,
 T'approve the side with which the Fair takes part:
 For equal passion equal minds will strike,
 Either in commendation or dislike.

For, when two fencers ready stand to fight,
 And we're spectators of the bloody fight,
 Our nimble passion Love has soon design'd
 The man to whom we must and will be kind.

We think the other is not fit to win:
 This is our conqueror ere fight begin.
 If danger dares approach him, how we start!
 Our frighted blood runs trembling to our heart:
 He takes the wounds, but we endure the smart.

And Nature by such instances does prove,
 That we fear most for that which most we love.
 Therefore, if chance should make her saddle slide,
 Or any thing should slip, or be untied,

Oh, think it not a too officious care
 With eagerness to run and help the fair.
 We offer small things to the powers above:
 'Tis not our merit that obtains their love.

So when Eliza, whose propitious days
 Revolving Heaven does seem again to raise;
 Whose ruling genius shew'd a master-stroke
 In every thing she did, and all she spoke;

Was stepping o'er a passage, which the rain
 Had fill'd, and seem'd as stepping back again ;
 Young Raleigh scorn'd to see his Queen retreat,
 And threw his velvet cloak beneath her feet.
 The Queen approv'd the thought, and made him great ². 145 }

Mark when the Queen her thanks divine would give
 Midst acclamations, that *she long may live* ;
 To whom kind Heaven the blessing has bestow'd,
 To let her arms succeed for Europe's good.
 No tyranny throughout the triumph reigns, 150
 Nor are the captives dragg'd with ponderous chains :
 But all declares the British subjects' ease,
 And that their war is for their neighbours' peace.
 Then, whilst the pomp of Majesty proceeds
 With stately steps, and eight well-chosen steeds, 155
 From every palace beauties may be seen,
 That will acknowledge none but Her for Queen.
 Then, if kind chance a lovely Maid has thrown
 Next to a Youth with graces like her own,
 Much she would learn, and many questions ask : 160
 The answers are the Lover's pleasing task.

" Is that the *man* who made the French to fly ?

" What place is Blenheim ? is the Danube nigh ?

" Where was't that he with sword victorious stood,

" And made their trembling squadrons chuse the flood ? 165

" What is the *gold* adorns this royal state ?

" Is it not hammer'd all from Vigo's plate ?

" Don't it require a most prodigious care

" To manage treasures in the height of war ?

" Must he not be of calmest truth possess 170

" Presides o'er councils of the Royal breast ?

" Sea-fights are surely dismal scenes of war !

" Pray, Sir, were ever you at Gibraltar ?

" Has not the Emperor got some Envoy here ?

" Won't Danish, Swedish, Prussian Lords appear ? 175 }

" Who represents the Line of Hanover ?

² Sir Walter Raleigh is well known to have been indebted to this little mark of gallantry for his rise at court. See above, p. 127.

" Don't.

PART THE FIRST.

" Don't The States General affist them all ?	129
" Should we not be in danger, if they fall ?	
" If Savoy's Duke and Prince Eugene could meet	
" In this solemnity, 'twould be complete.	130
" Think you that Barcelona could have stood	
" Without the hazard of our noblest blood ?	
" At Ramillies what ensigns did you get ?	
" Did many towns in Flanders then submit ?	
" Was it the Conqueror's business to destroy,	135
" Or was he met by all of them with joy ?	
" Oh, could my wish but fame eternal give,	
" The laurels on those brows should ever live !"	
The British worth in nothing need despair,	
When it has such assistance from the Fair.	140
As Virtue merits, it expects regard ;	
And Valour flies, where Beauty's the reward.	



PART II.

I N Love affairs the Theatre has part,	
That wife and most instructing scene of art,	
Where Vice is punish'd with a just reward,	195
And Virtue meets with suitable regard ;	
Where mutual Love and Friendship find return,	
But treacherous Insolence is hiss'd with scorn,	
And Love's unlawful wiles in torment burn.	
This without blushes whilst a virgin sees,	
Upon some brave spectator Love may seize,	
Who, till <i>he</i> sends it, never can have ease.	
As things that were the best at first	
By their corruption grow the worst ;	
The modern Stage takes liberties	205
Unseen by our forefathers eyes.	
As bees from hive, from mole-hill ants,	
So swarm the females and gallants,	
All crowding to the Comedy,	
For to be seen, and not to see,	210
Vol. III.	But
K	

But, though these females are to blame,
 Yet still they have some native shame :
 They all are silent till they're ask'd,
 And ev'n their impudence is mask'd :
 For Nature would be modest still,
 And there's reluctancy in will. 215
 Sporting and Plays had harmless been,
 And might by any one be seen,
 Till Romulus began to spoil them,
 Who kept a Palace, call'd ASYLUM ; 220
 Where Bastards, Pimps, and Thieves, and Pandars,
 Were list'd all to be commanders.
 But then the rascals were so poor,
 They could not change a Rogue for Whore ;
 And neighbouring Jades resolv'd to tarry, 225
 Rather than with such Scrubs they'd marry.
 But, for to cheat them, and be wiv'd,
 They knavishly a farce contriv'd.
 No gilded pillars there were seen,
 Nor was the cloth they trod on green. 230
 No Ghosts came from the cellar crying,
 Nor Angels from the garret flying.
 The House was made of sticks and bushes,
 And all the Floor was strew'd with rushes :
 The Seats were rais'd with turf and sods, 235
 Whence Heroes might be view'd and Gods.
 Paris and Helen was the Play,
 And how both of them ran away.
 Romulus bad his varlets go
 Invite the Sabines to his show. 240
 Unto this Opera no rate is ;
 They all were free to come in gratis :
 And they, as girls will seldom miss
 A merry meeting, came to this.
 There was much wishing, sighing, thinking, 245
 Not without whispering and winking.
 Their pipes had then no shaking touch :
 Their song and dance were like the Dutch :
 The whole performance was by men,
 Because they had no Eunuchs then. 250
 But

PART THE SECOND.

But, whilst the musick briskly play'd, Romulus at his cue display'd The sign for each man to his maid. "Huzza!" they cry; then seize: some tremble In real fact, though most dissemble, Some are attempting an escape, And others softly cry, "A rape!" Whilst some bawl out, "That they had rather Than twenty pound lose an old father." Some look extremely pale, and others red, Some wish they'd ne'er been born, or now were dead, And others fairly with themselves a-bed. Some rant, tear, run; whilst some sit still, To shew they're ravish'd much against their will. Thus Rome began; and now at last, After so many ages past, Their rapes and lewdness without shame; Their vice and villany's the same. Ill be their fate who would corrupt the Stage, And spoil the true corrector of the age!	131 } 255 } 265 270
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PART III.

NOW learn those arts which teach you to obtain Those beauties which you see divinely reign. Though they by Nature are transcendent bright, And would be seen ev'n through the gloom of night; Yet they their greatest lustre still display In the meridian pitch of calmest day. 'Tis then we purple view, and costly gem, And with more admiration gaze on them. Faults seek the dark; they who by moon-light woo, May find their Fair-one as inconstant too. When Modesty supported is by Truth, There is a boldness that becomes your youth, In gentle sounds disclose a Lover's care, 'Tis better than your sighing and despair,	275 280
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K 2

Birds

Birds may abhor their groves, the flocks the plain,
The Hare grown bold may face the Dogs again,
When Beauty don't in Virtue's arms rejoice,
Since Harmony in Love is Nature's voice.

285

But harden'd Impudence sometimes will try
At things which Justice cannot but deny.
Then, what that says is Insolence and Pride,
Is Prudence with firm Honour for its guide.

290

The Lady's counsels often are betray'd
By trusting secrets to a servile Maid,
The whole intrigues of whose insidious brain
Are base, and only terminate in gain.

295

Let them take care of too diffusive mirth;
Suspicious thence, and thence attempts, take birth.
Had Ilium been with gravity employ'd,
By Sinon's craft it had not been destroy'd.
A vulgar air, mean songs, and free discourse,
With sly insinuations, may prove worse
To tender Females than the Trojan Horse.

300

Take care how you from Virtue stray;

For Scandal follows the same way,
And more than Truth it will devise.
Old Poets did delight in lies,

305

Which modern ones now call *surprize*.

Some say that Myrrha lov'd her Father,
That Byblis lik'd her Brother rather.

310

And in such tales old Greece did glory:
Amongst the which, pray take this Story.

Crete was an Isle, whose fruitful nations
Swarm'd with an hundred corporations,

And there upon Mount Ida stood

315

A venerable spacious wood,

Within whose centre was a grove

Immortaliz'd by birth of Jove:

In vales below a Bull was fed,

Whom all the Kine obey'd as head;

320

Betwixt his horns a tuft of black did grow,

But all the rest of him was driven snow.

(Our tale to truth does not confine us.)

At the same time one Justice Minos,

That

PART THE THIRD.

That liv'd hard by, was married lately ;
 And, that his bride might shew more stately,
 When through her pedigree he run,
 Found she was daughter to the Sun.
 Her name Pasiphaë was hight,
 And, as her Father, she was bright. 339
 This Lady took up an odd fancy,
 That with this Bull she fain would dance ye.
 She'd mow him grafs, and cut down boughs,
 On which this stateliness might browse.
 Whilst thus she hedges breaks and climbs, 333
 Sure Minos must have happy times !
 She never car'd for going fine,
 She'd rather trudge among the Kine.
 Then at her Toilet she would say,
 " Metlunks I look *bizarre* to-day. 340
 " Sure my glass lies, I'm not so fair :
 " Oh, were this face o'ergrown with hair !
 " I never was for top-knots born ;
 " My favourites should each be horn.
 " But now I'm liker to a Sow
 " Than, what I wish to be, a Cow—
 " What would I give that I could lough !
 " My Bull-y cares for none of those
 " That are afraid to spoil their cloaths ;
 " Did he but love me, he'd not fail 350
 " To take me with my draggle-tail."
 Then tears would fall, and then she'd run,
 As would the Devil upon Dun.
 When she some handsome Cow did spy,
 She'd scan her form with jealous eye. 355
 Say, " How she frisks it o'er the plain,
 " Runs on, and then turns back again !
 " She seems a Bear resolv'd to dance,
 " Or a She-ass that tries to dance.
 " In vain she thinks herself so fine : 360
 " She can't please Bull-y ; for he's mine.
 " But 'tis revenge alone asswages
 " My envy when the passion rages.

" Here, Rascal, quickly yoke that Cow,
 " And see the shrivel'd carrion plough. 365
 " But second counsel's best: she dies:
 " I'll make immediate sacrifice,
 " And with the victim feast my eyes.
 " 'Tis thus my Rivals I'll remove,
 " Who interpose 'twixt me and what I love. 370
 " Io in Egypt's worship'd now,
 " Since Jove transform'd her to a Cow.
 " 'Twas on a Bull Europa came
 " To that blest land which bears her name.
 " Who knows what Fate's ordain'd for me
 " The languishing Pasiphaë,
 " Had I a Bull as kind as she!"
 When madness rages with unusual fire,
 'Tis not in Nature's power to quench desire;
 Then Vice transforms man's reason into beast,
 And so the monster's made the Poet's jest. 380



P A R T IV.

LET Youth avoid the noxious heat of Wine:
 Bacchus to Cupid bears an ill design.
 The grape, when scatter'd on the wings of Love,
 So clogs the down, the feathers cannot move. 385
 The boy, who otherwise would fleeting stray,
 Reels, tumbles, lies, and is enforc'd to stay.
 Then courage rises, when the spirit's fir'd,
 And rages to possess the thing desir'd:
 Care vanishes through the exalted blood,
 And sorrow passes in the purple flood; 390
 Laughter proceeds; nor can he want a soul,
 Whose thoughts in fancied heaps of plenty roll.
 Uncommon freedom lets the lips impart
 Plain simple truth from a dissembling heart. 395
 Then to some wanton passion he must run,
 Which his discreeter hours would gladly shun;

Where

- Where he the time in thoughtless ease may pass,
 And write his *billet-doux* upon the glass;
 Whilst sinking eyes with languishment profess
 400 Follies his tongue refuses to confess.
 Then his good-nature will take t'other sup,
 If she'll first kiss, that he may kiss the cup.
 When something nice and costly he could eat,
 Supposing still that she will carve the meat.
 405 But, if a Brother or a Husband's by,
 Whom the ill-natur'd world may call a spy,
 He thinks it not below him to pretend
 The open-heartedness of a true friend;
 Gives him respect surpassing his degree:
 410 The person that is meant by all is *she*.
 'Tis thought the safest way to hide a passion,
 And therefore call'd the friendship now in fashion.
 By secret signs and enigmatic stealth
 She is the toast belongs to every health:
 415 And all the Lover's business is to keep
 His thoughts from anger, and his eyes from sleep,
 He'll laugh ye, dance ye, sing ye, vault, look gay,
 And ruffle all the Ladies in his play.
 But still the Gentleman's extremely fine,
 420 There's nothing apish in him but the wine.
 Many a mortal has been bit,
 By marrying in a drunken fit.
 To lay this matter plain before ye,
 Pray hearken whilst I tell my story.
 425 It happen'd about break of day
 Gnossis a girl had lost her way,
 And wander'd up and down the Strand,
 Whereabouts now York Buildings stand:
 And half awake she roar'd as bad
 430 As if she really had been mad;
 Unlac'd her boddice, and her gown
 And petticoats hung dangling down:
 Her shoes were slip'd, her ankles bare,
 And all around her flew her yellow hair.
 435 Oh, cruel Theseus! can you go,
 And leave your little Gnossis so?

You in your scull' did promise carriage,
 And gave me proofs of future marriage;
 But then last night away did creep, 440
 And basely left me fast asleep.

Then she is falling in a fit;
 But don't grow uglier one bit.
 The flood of tears rather supplies
 The native rheum about her eyes. 445

The bubbies then are beat again:
 Women in passion feel no pain.
 What will become of me? oh, what
 Will come of me? oh, tell me that!

Bacco was Drawer at the Sun, 450
 And had his belly like his tun:
 For blubber lips and cheeks all bloated,
 And frizzled pate, the youth was noted.

He, as his custom was, got drunk,
 And then went stroling for a punk. 455

Six links and lanterns, 'cause 'twas dark yet,
 He press'd from Covent-Garden Market:

Then his next captives were the Waits,
 Who play'd lest he should break their pates.
 But, as along in state he passes, 460
 He met a fellow driving asses:

For there are several folks, whose trade is
 To milk them for consumptive ladies.
 Nothing would serve but get astride,
 And the old Bell-man too must ride. 465

What with their houting shouting yell,
 The scene had something in't of hell.

And who should all this rabble meet,
 But Gnoffy drabbling in the street?
 The fright destroy'd her speech and colour, 470
 And all remembrance of her sculler.

Her conduct thrice bad her be flying:
 Her fears thrice hinder'd her from trying.
 Like bullrushes on side of brook,
 Or aspin leaves, her joints all shook. 475

Bacco

PART THE FOURTH.

337

Bacco cry'd out, " I'm come, my dear,

" I'll soon disperse all thoughts of fear :

" Nothing but joys shall revel here."

Then, hugging her in brawny arm,

Protested, " She should have no harm :

" But rather would assure her, he

" Rejoic'd in opportunity

" Of meeting such a one as she :

" And that, encircled all around

" With glafs and candles many a pound,

" She should with bells command the bar,

" And call her rooms Sun, Moon, and Star :

" That the good company were met,

" And should not want a wedding treat."

In short, they married, and both made ye,

He a free Landlord, she a kind Landlady.

The Spartan Lords their Villains would invite

To an excess of drink in childrens fight.

The parent thus their innocence would save,

And to the load of Wine condemn the slave.

}

480

}

485

490

495



P A R T V.

THE season must be mark'd for nice address :

A grant ill-tim'd will make the favour less.

Not the wise Gardener more discretion needs

To manage tender plants and hopeful seeds,

To know when rain, when warmth, must guard his flowers, 500

Than Lovers do to watch their most auspicious hours.

As the judicious pilot views from far

The influences of each rising star,

Where signs of future calms or storms appear,

When fitting to be bold, and when to fear ;

500

So Love's attendant by long art descries

The rise of growing passion from the eyes.

Love has its Festival as well as Fast,

Nor does its Carnival for ever last.

What

What was a visit, now is to intrude;

310

What's civil now, to-morrow will be rude.

Small signs denote great things: the happy man

That can retrieve a Glove, or falling Fan,

With grateful joy the benefit receives,

Whilst with desponding care his Rival grieves.

315

Whene'er it may seem proper you should write,

Let Ovid the prevailing words endite:

By Scrope^a, by Duke^b, by Mulgrave^c, then be taught,

And Dryden's^d equal numbers tune your thought,

Submissive

^a Sir Car Scrope, one of those writers in the reign of King Charles the Second, that Mr. Pope calls

"The Mob of Gentlemen who write with ease."

He was created a Baronet, January 16, 1666. The greater part of his writings consist of Translations from Ovid, Virgil, and Horace, with some Love Songs and Lampoons. They are to be found in the volumes of Dryden's Miscellanies. He died some time in the year 1680.

^b A writer of the same class, and with about the same degree of merit, as Sir Car Scrope. He appears to have been of Cambridge, and a friend to Mr. Otway, who has addressed a Poetical Epistle to him. His Works are also printed in Dryden's Miscellanies. "Dr. Duke (says Swift) died suddenly two or three weeks ago: he was one of the *Wits* when we were children; but turned parson, and left it, and never wrote further than a prologue or recommendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the bishop of Winchester about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too." Journal to Stella, Feb. 14, 1710-11. It appears by Le Neve that Dr. Duke was a prebendary of Gloucester.

^c John Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave, born about 1650, succeeded his father in that title in 1658. He was a man of uncommon wit and spirit, and of no less gallantry and politeness. He cultivated an early acquaintance with Dryden and other men of genius; to whom he was indebted for a much greater share of his reputation than was derived from his personal merit. He distinguished himself early as a naval commander; lived in great familiarity with the duke of York; and served him with the sincerest attachment after he ascended the throne. He was installed knight of the Garter, May 29, 1674; made a gentleman of the bedchamber, colonel of the old Holland regiment, governor of Hull, and commander of the forces sent against Tangier; lord chamberlain of the household, Oct. 20, 1685; created marquis of Normandy, May 10, 1694; on the accession of queen Anne, lord privy seal; duke of Buckingham and Normanby, March 23, 1702; lord steward of the household, Sept. 1710; president

PART THE FIFTH.

139

Submissive voice and words do best agree
To their hard fortune who must suppliants be.
It was by speech like this great Priam won
Achilles' soul, and so obtain'd his fon.

520

HOPE is an useful Goddeſs in your caſe,
And will increaſe your ſpeed in Cupid's race.
Though in its promiſes it fail ſometimes,
Yet with freſh reſolution ſtill it climbs.

525

Though much is loſt at play; yet HOPE at laſt
Drives on, and meets with ſome ſucceſſful caſt.
Why then make haſte; on paper ting'd with gold,
By quill of dove, thy love-ſick tale unfold.
Move ſprightly, knowing 'tis for life you puſh:
Your Letter will not, though yourſelf might bluſh.

530

'Tis no ignoble maxim I would teach
The Britiſh Youth—to ſtudy rules of ſpeech.
That governs cities, that enacts our laws,
Gives ſecret ſtrength to juſtice in a cauſe.
To that the crowd, the judge, the ſenate, yield:
'Gainſt that ev'n Beauty can't maintain the field.
Conceal your art, and let your words appear
Common, not vulgar; not too plain, tho' clear.
Shew not your eloquence at the firſt ſight;
But from your ſhade riſe by degrees of light.
Dreſs thoughts as if Love's ſilence firſt were broke,
And wounded heart with trembling paſſion ſpoke.

555

540

545

preſident of the council, June 12, 1711. He died Feb. 24, 1720-21.
His writings were ſplendidly printed in 2 volumes, 4to in 1723; and again
(but much caſtrated) in 2 vols. 8vo, 1729. His poetry, though commended
by Roſcommon, Dryden, Lanſdown, Prior, Garth, and Pope, has incurred
the cenſure of Warton and of Walpole. The duke's only ſon (by his
third wife Catharine daughter to the counteſs of Dorcheſter) dying at
Rome, 1735, juſt when he had entered his twentieth year, left the family
eſtate to be inherited by natural children, of which the duke had ſeveral.

See above, p. 62. This truly great poet,

"Dryden, the great high prieſt of all the Nine,"

after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent funeral beſtowed on
him by the contribution of ſeveral perſons of quality. His *Prefaces*; Dr.
Swift ſays, vol. VII. p. 64. have been of great uſe to modern Criticks;

"Though merely writ at firſt for filling

"To raiſe the volume's price a ſhilling."

Suppoſe

Suppose that your first Letter is sent back ;
 Yet she may yield upon the next attack.
 If not ; by art a Diamond rough in hue
 Shall brighten up all-glorious to the view.
 Soft water-drops the marble will destroy,
 And ten years siege prove conqueror of Troy.

550

Suppose sh' has read, but then no answer gave :
 It is sufficient she admits her slave.
 Write on ; for time the freedom may obtain
 Of having mutual love sent back again.

555

Perhaps she writes, but 'tis so bid you cease,
 And that your lines but discompose her peace.
 This is a stratagem of Cupid's war :

She'd, like a Parthian, wound you from afar,
 And by this art your constancy would try :
 She's nearest much when seeming thus to fly.
 Pursue the fair disdain through every place
 That with her presence she vouchsafes to grace.
 If to the Play she goes, be there, and see
 How Love rewarded makes the Comedy.

560

565

Fly to the Park, if thither she'd retire ;
 Perhaps some gentle breeze may fan the fire.
 But if to Court, then follow, where you'll find
 Majestic Truth with sacred Hymen join'd.

It is in vain some study to profess
 Their inclination by too nice a dress,
 As not content with manly cleanliness.
 Mien, shape, or manner, no addition needs :

}

There's something careless that all art exceeds.
 Adonis from his lonely solitudes,
 Rough Theseus landing from the briny floods,
 Hippolytus fresh hunting from the woods,
 O'er Heroines of race divine prevail'd,
 Where powder'd wig and snuff-box might have fail'd.

}

580

No youth that's wife will to his figure trust,
 As if so fine to be accosted first.
 Distress must ask, and gratefully receive :
 'Tis Heaven and Beauty's honour, they can give.
 There's some have thought that looking pale and wan,
 With a submission that is less than man,

585
Might

PART THE FIFTH.

143

Might gain their end; but sunk in the attempt,
And found, that which they merited, contempt.

Gain but admittance, half your story's told :
There's nothing then remains but to be bold.

Venus and Fortune will assist your claim,
And Cupid dart the breast at which you aim.

590

No need of studied speech, or skilful rules :
Love has an eloquence beyond the schools ;

Where softest words and accents will be found
All flowing in to form the charming sound.

595

Of her you love bright images you'll raise :
When just, they are not flattery, but praise.

What can be said too much of what is good,
Since an immortal fame is Virtue's food ?

For nine years space Egypt had fruitless flood,
Without the aid of Nile's prolific flood,

600

When Thraſius said, " That blessing to regain,
" The Gods require a stranger should be slain."

" Be thou the man," (the fierce Busris cries :)
" I'll make th' adviser his own sacrifice ;

" Nor can he blame the voice by which he dies."

}

Perillus, first and last of's trade,

For Phalaris a Bull had made :

With fire beneath, and water hot,

He put the brasier in the pot,

610

And gave him, like an honest fellow,

Precedence in his Bull to bellow.

The Tyrants both did right : No law more just
Than, " He that thinks of ill, should feel it first."

Curst be their arts, unstudied be their trade,
Who female truth by falsehood would invade :

615

That can betray a friend or kinsman's names,

And by that covert hide unlawful flames :

Whose eager passion finds its sure relief,

When terminating in another's grief :

620

Careless hereafter what they promise now,

To the Æolian winds commit their vow ;

Then cite th' example of the faithless Jove,

Who laughs, they say, at perjury in Love.

They

They think they have a thousand ways to please,
 Ten thousand more to rob the mind of ease.
 For, as the earth in various birth abounds,
 Their humour dances in fantastic rounds;
 Like Proteus, can be Lion, River, Bear,
 A Tree, or any thing that's fram'd of air.
 Thus they lay snares, thus they set off their bait
 With all the fine allurements of deceit.
 But they who through this course of mischief run
 Will find that fraud is various, Virtue ONE.

625

630

635

Achilles, a gigantic boy,
 Was wanted at the siege of Troy :
 His country's danger did require him,
 And all the generals did desire him :
 For Discord, you must know, had thrown
 An Apple where 'twas two to one
 But, if a stir was made about it,
 Two of the three must go without it :
 And so it was ; for Paris gave it
 To Venus, who resolv'd to have it.
 (The story here would be too long ;
 But you may find it in the Song.)
 Venus, although not over-virtuous,
 Yet still designing to be courteous,
 Resolved to procure the varlet
 A flaming and triumphant harlot ;
 First stol'n by one she would not stay with,
 Then married to be run away with.
 Her Paris carried to his mother,
 And thence in Greece arose that pothor,
 Of which old Homer, Virgil, Dante,
 And Chaucer, make us such a cant.

640

645

650

655

It was a just and noble cause,
 The breach of hospitable laws :
 Though done to one, yet common grief
 Made all unite to seek relief.
 But, when they fought the country round,
 There's no Achilles could be found.
 His mother was afraid t' have lost him,
 And therefore thus she did accost him :

660

" My

PART THE FIFTH.

"My pretty dear, let me persuade ye
 " This once for to become a lady.
 " This petticoat and mantua take,
 " And wear this night-trail for my sake.
 " I've made your knots all of the smallest,
 " "Because you're something of the tallest.
 " I'd have you never go unlac'd,
 " For fear of spoiling of your waist.
 " Now languish on me—scorn me now—
 " Smile—frown—run—laugh—I see 'twill do.
 " You'd perfect all you now begin,
 " Only for poking out your chin."
 Him thus instructed soon she sends
 To Lycomedes, and there pretends
 It was a daughter of a Friend's,
 Who, grown full large by country feeding,
 Was sent to her to mend her breeding.
 Herself had now no child, nor no man
 To trust but him, poor lonely woman!
 That might reward him well hereafter,
 If he would use her as his daughter.
 In choice of names, as Iris, Chloe,
 Psyche and Phillis, she took Zoe.
 Th' old man receiv'd her, and express'd
 Much kindness for his topping guest:
 Shew'd her his girls; said, " Whilst she'd stay,
 " His Zoe should be us'd as they."
 At first there much reserv'dness pass'd;
 But, when acquaintance grew at last,
 They'd jest, and every one would shew
 Her works, which she could never do.
 One said, her fingers were most fitting
 For the most fiddling work of knitting.
 Then one her wedding-bed would make,
 And all must help her for love's sake.
 Zoe undrest in night-gown tawdry
 With clumsy fist must work embroidery;
 Whilst others try her greasy clunches
 With stoning currants in whole bunches.

143

665

670

675

680

685

690

695

700

But

But there was one, call'd Dedamy,
 Mistrusted something by the by,
 And, sighing, thus one night she said,
 "Why, Zoe, mayn't we go to bed?"—
 "Soon as you please, good Mistress Ded."

705
 }

The fleeting months soon roll about;
 Time came when murder all must out.
 Zoe, for fear of the old man,
 Into the army quickly ran;
 And sav'd the sitting of his nose,
 By timely changing of her cloaths.

710

Thus, whilst we Glory's dictates shun,
 Into the snares of Vice we run:
 And he that should his country serve,
 And beauty by his worth deserve,
 In female softness wanton stays,
 And what he should adore betrays.

715

720



P A R T VI.

BUT now, O happy Youth; thy prize is found,
 And all thy wishes with success are crown'd.

Not Lo Pœans, when Apollo's prais'd;
 Not trophies to victorious Grecians rais'd;
 Not acclamations of exalted Rome,
 To welcome Peace with her Augustus home;
 Can more delight a brave and generous mind,
 Than it must you to see a Beauty kind:
 The bays to me with gratitude you'll give,
 Like Hesiod and like Homer make me live.
 Thus Pelops on triumphant chariot brought
 Hippodamy with his life's danger bought.
 Thus prosperous Jason, rich with golden fleece,
 On Argos' vocal timber sail'd to Greece.

[725

730

But stay, fond Youth, the danger is not past:
 You're not arriv'd in port, nor anchor cast.

735

From

PART THE SIXTH.

145

From you my art may still more bays deserve,
If what by me you gain'd, by me you shall preserve.

Nor than the conquest is the glory less

To fix the throne on that which you possess.

740

Now, Erato, divinest, softest Muse,

Whose name and office both do Love infuse,

Assist my great design: If Venus' Son,

That vagabond, would from his Mother run,

And then, with soaring wings and body light,

745

Thro' the vast world's extent would take his flight;

By artful bonds let me secure his stay,

And make his universal Power obey.

Whilst I my art would thus improve,

And fondly thought to shackle Love,

750

Two neighbours that were standing by,

Tormented both with jealousy,

Told me it was in vain to try.

}

When one began his tale, as thus:

"Perhaps you've heard of Dædalus,

755

"When Minos would have made him stay,

"How through the clouds he found his way.

"He was a workman wise and good,

"Building was what he understood.

"Like to the house where we act Plays,

760

"He made a turning winding maze,

"Fitting to harbour acts of sin,

"And put a Whore and Bastard in.

"I've done your work; and now my trust is,

"Good Sir, that you will do me justice.

765

"Tis true I hither fled for murder;

"Let my misfortunes go no further:

"Some end all punishments should have.

"Birth to the wretch my country gave:

"Let it afford me now a grave.

}

"Dismiss my son; at least, if rather

"You'd keep the boy, dismiss his Father.

"This he might say, and more, or so;

"But Minos would not let him go.

"At this he was enrag'd, and cried,

775

"It is in danger wit is tried:

VOL. III.

L

"Minos

" Minos possesses Earth and Sea ;

" The sky and fire are left for me.

" Pardon my fond attempt, great Jove,

" If I approach your seats above.

780

" It is necessity that draws

" A new-invented rule for Nature's laws.

" Thus he began : Full many a feather

" With twine of thread he stitch'd together :

785

" (Abundance more than are enough

" To make your wife and mine a stuff.)

" Thus he frames wings, and nothing lacks

" To fix the whole, but melted wax :

" That was the work of the young boy

" Pleas'd at the fancy of the toy ;

790

" Not guessing, ere he was much older,

" He should have one upon each shoulder.

" To whom his Father : Here's the Ship

" By which we must from Minos slip.

795

" Child, follow me just as I fly on,

" And keep your eye fix'd on Orion :

" I'll be your guide ; and never fear,

" Conducted by a Father's care.

" The Virgin and Bootes shun.

" Take heed lest you approach the Sun ;

800

" His flaming influence will be felt,

" And the diffusive wax will melt.

" The sea by rising fogs discover ;

" O'er that, be sure, you never hover.

" It would be difficult to drag

805

" Your wetted pinions, should they flag.

" Between them both, the sky is fair,

" No winds or hurricanes are there,

" But you may fan the fleeting air.

810

" Thus speaking, he with whipscord strings

" Fallsen, and then extends, the wings :

" And, when the youth's completely dress'd,

" Just as the Eagle from her nest

" By gentle flights her Eaglet tries

" To dare the sun, and mount the skies ;

815

" The

PART THE SIXTH.

247

- " The Father to his Boy prepares,
 " Not without kifs and falling tears.
 " In a large plain, a rising height
 " Gives some assistance to their flight.
 " With a quick spring and fluttering noise,
 " They in the sky their bodies poise.
 " Back on his Son the Father looks,
 " Praising his swift and even strokes.
 " Now dreadful, with bold art supplied,
 " He does on airy billows ride,
 " And soar with an ambitious pride.
 " Mortals, who by the limpid flood
 " With patient angle long have stood,
 " On the smooth water's shining face
 " See the amazing creatures pass,
 " Look up astonish'd, whilst the reed
 " Drops from the hand whose sense is dead.
 " Roll'd by the wind's impetuous haste
 " They Samos now and Naxos pass,
 " Paros, and Delos blest abide
 " And parent of the Clarian God.
 " Lebinthus on their right hand lies;
 " And sweet Calydræ's Groves arise,
 " And fam'd Aftypæa's Fens
 " Breeds shoals of fish in owzy dens;
 " When the unwary Boy, whose growing years
 " Ne'er knew the worth of cautious fears,
 " Mounts an æthereal hill, whence he might spy
 " The lofty regions of a brighter sky.
 " Far from his Father's call and aid
 " His wings in glittering fire display'd,
 " Whose ambient heat their plume involves,
 " And all their liquid bands dissolves.
 " He sees his loos'n'd pinions drop;
 " On naked arms lies all his hope.
 " From the vast concave precipice he finds
 " A swift destruction sinking with the winds.
 " Beneath him lies a gaping deep,
 " Whose womb is equally as steep.

820

830

835

840

845

850

"Then, "Father! Father!" he'd have cried:
 "Tempests the trembling sounds divide,
 "Whilst dismal fear contracts his breath,
 "And the rough wave completes his death.
 "My Son! my Son!" long might the Father cry:
 "There is no track to seek him in the Sky. 855
 "By floating wings his body found
 "Is cover'd with the neighbouring ground.
 "His art, though not successful, has its fame,
 "And the Icarian seas preserve his name."
 If men from Minos could escape, 865
 And into Birds transform their shape,
 And there was nothing that could hold them,
 Provided feathers might be sold them;
 The thought from madness surely springs
 To fix a God that's born with wings. 870
 Quoth t'other man, "Sir, if you'll tarry,
 "I'll tell you a tale of my Boy Harry,
 "Would make a Man afraid to marry.
 "This Boy does off from paper white
 "In miniature produce a Kite. 875
 "With tender hands the wood he bends,
 "On which the body he extends:
 "Paste made of flour with water mix'd
 "Is the cement by which 'tis fix'd:
 "Then scissors from the maid he'll borrow, 880
 "With promise of return to-morrow.
 "With these he paper nicely cuts,
 "Which on the sides for wings he puts.
 "The tail, that's an essential part,
 "He manages with equal art; 885
 "With paper shreds at distance tied,
 "As not too near, nor yet too wide,
 "Which he to fitting length extends,
 "Till with a rust the fabrick ends.
 "Next packthread of the evenest twine, 890
 "Or sometimes silk, he'll to it join,
 "Which, by the guidance of his hand,
 "Its rise or downfall may command;

PART THE SIXTH.

149

- " Or carry messengers, to see
- " If all above in order be. 895
- " Then wanton Zephyrs fan it till it rise,
- " And through æthereal rills ploughs up the azure skies.
- " Sometimes in silent shade of night
- " He'll make it shine with wondrous light
- " By lantern with transparent folds, 900
- " Which flaming wax in safety holds.
- " This glittering with mysterious rays
- " Does all the neighbourhood amaze.
- " Then comes the Conjurer o'th' place,
- " With legs askint and crooked face, 905
- " Who with his spying-pole from far
- " Pronounces it a Blazing-star :
- " That wheat shall fall, and oats be dear,
- " And barley shall not spring that year :
- " That murrain shall infect all kine, 910
- " And measles will destroy the swine :
- " That fair maids sweethearts shall fall dead
- " Before they lose their maidenhead ;
- " And widows shall be forc'd to tarry
- " A month at least before they marry. 915
- " But, whilst the fool his thought enjoys,
- " The whole contrivance was my Boy's.
- " Now, mark me, 'twas from such like things
- " The Roets fram'd out Cupid's wings.
- " If a Child's nature thus can soar,
- " And all this lies within his power,
- " His Mother surely can do more. }
- " Pray tell me what is to be done,
- " If she'll with Cuckold-makers run.
- " No watchful care of jealous eye
- " Can hinder, if escape she'll try ; }
- " The Kite will to her carrion fly."

Where native Modesty the mind secures,
 The Husband has no need of locks and doors ;
 The specious Comet fram'd by Jealousy
 Will prove delusion all, and all a lie.

930

P A R T VII.

NOT all the Herbs by sage Medea found,
 Not Marfan drugs, though mixt with magic found,
 Not philtres studied by Thessalian art,
 Can fix the mind, and constancy impart. 935
 Could these prevail, Jason had felt their charms;
 Ulysses still had died in Circe's arms.
 Continue lovely, if you'll be below'd:
 Virtue from Virtue's bands is ne'er remov'd.
 Like Nireus beautiful, like Hylas gay; 940
 By Time the blooming outside will decay.
 See Hyacinth again of forin bereft,
 And only thorns upon the rose-tree left.
 Then lay up stores of learning and of wit,
 Whose fame shall scorn the Acherontic pit, 945
 And, whilst those fleeting shadows vainly fly,
 Adorn the better part which cannot die.
 Ulysses had no magick in his face;
 But then his eloquence had charming grace,
 Such as could force itself to be believ'd, 950
 And all the watery Goddesses deceiv'd:
 To whom Calypso from her widow'd shore
 Sends him these sighs, which furious tempests bore.
 "Your passage often I by art delay'd;
 "Oblig'd you more, the more to be betray'd. 955
 "Here you have often on this rolling sand
 "Describ'd your scene of war with slender wand.
 "Here's Troy, and this circumference its walls:
 "Here Simois gently in the ocean falls:
 "Here lies my camp: these are the spacious fields 960
 "Where to this sword the crafty Dolon yields.
 "This of Sithonian Rhesus is the tent,—
 "On with the pleasing tale your language went,
 "When a tenth wave did with one flash destroy
 "The platform of imaginary Troy. 965
 "By fear like this I would enforce your stay,
 "To see what names the waters toss'd away.

"I took

PART THE SEVENTH.

151

"I took you cast up helpless by the sea:
 "Thousands of happy hours you pass'd with me;
 "No mention made of old Penelope.
 "On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
 "But write our benefits upon the wave.
 "Why then be gone, the seas uncertain trust;
 "As I found *you*, so may you find them just.
 "Dying Calypso must be left behind,
 "And all your vows be wasted with the wind!"

975

Fond are the hopes he should be constant now,
 Who to his tenderest part had broke his vow.
 By artful charms the Mistress strives in vain
 The loose inconstant wanderer to gain.
 Shame is her entrance, and her end is pain.



PART VIII.

INDULGENCE soon takes with a noble mind:

Who can be harsh that sees another kind?
 Most times the greatest art is to comply
 In granting that which justice might deny.
 We form our tender plants by soft degrees,
 And from a warping stem raise stately trees.
 To cut th' opposing waves we strive in vain;
 But, if we rise with them, and fall again,
 The wish'd-for land with ease we may attain.
 Such complaisance will a rough humour bend,
 And, yielding to one failure, save a friend.
 Mildness and temper have a force divine,
 To make ev'n passion with their nature join.
 The Hawk we hate, as living still in arms,
 And Wolves assiduous in the Shepherd's harms.
 The sociable Swallow has no fears:
 Upon our towers the Dove her nest prepares,
 And both of them live free from human snares.
 Far from loud rage and echoing noise of fights
 The softest Love in gentle sound delights.

985

995

1005

Smooth mirth, bright smiles, calm peace, and flowing joy,
 Are the companions of the Paphian boy :
 Such as when Hymen first his mantle spread
 All o'er the sacred down which made the bridal bed. 1005
 These blandishments keep Love upon the wing,
 His presence fresh, and always in the spring :
 This makes a prospect endless to the view,
 With light that rises still, and still is new.
 At your approach find every thing serene, 1010
 Like Paphos honour'd by the Cyprian Queen,
 Who brings along her daughter Harmony,
 With Muses sprung from Jove and Graces Three.
 Birds shot by you, Fish by your angle caught,
 The Golden Apples from Hesperia brought, 1015
 The blushing Peach, the fragrant Nectareens,
 Laid in fresh beds of flowers and scented greens,
 Fair Lilies strew'd with bloody Mulberries,
 Or Grapes whose juice made Bacchus reach the skies,
 May oftentimes a grateful present make, 1020
 Not for the value, but the giver's sake.

Perhaps she may at vacant hours peruse
 The happy product of your easy Muse.
 Far from intrigue and scandal be your verse ;
 But praise of virgin modesty rehearse : 1025
 Mausolus by his consort deified :
 How for Admetus blest Alcestis died.
 Since Overbury's " Wife " , no Poets seem
 T' have chose a wiser or a nobler theme.

You'd

e This poem, supposed to have been written for the earl of Somerset, is the character of a good woman ; just the reverse of the lady that his friend married. It is printed with his Characters, &c. and had gone through sixteen editions in 1638 ; the last, a very accurate one, was published by Mr. Capell, with other pieces of antient Poetry, in 8vo, 1770.—Sir Thomas Overbury, a gentleman of eminent parts and learning, and of judgement and experience beyond his years, was long the friend and confidant of Robert Car, earl of Somerset. His abilities were of singular service to that favourite, who did nothing without his advice and direction ; and was accustomed to make use of his pen in his addresses to the king and to his mistress. Overbury, who was naturally haughty and overbearing, presumed to oppose the earl's marriage with the countess

You'd help a neighbour, would a friend prefer,
 Pardon a servant, let all come from her.
 Thus what you grant if she must recommend,
 'Twill make a mutual gift and double friend.
 So, when pale want is craving at the door,
 We send our favourite son to help the poor;
 Pleas'd with their grateful prayers that he may live,
 And find what heavenly pleasure 'tis to give.
 Praise all her actions, think her drefs is fine;
 Embroideries with gold, pearl, diamonds, join:
 Your wealth does best, when plac'd on beauty, shine.
 If she in tabby waves encircled be,
 Think Amphytrite rises from the sea.
 If by her the purpureal velvet's worn,
 Think that she rises like the blush of morn;

1030

1035

}

countess of Essex, and expected the same deference to be paid to his judgment on this as upon every other occasion. This opposition drew upon him the rage of the earl, and the fury of the countess; who determined on his ruin, and speedily effected it. In the guise of friendship, Car represented to the king that it was necessary to remove Overbury from the court by some honourable employment, and advised his being sent ambassador to Muscovy. The king consented. But the perfidious minion prevailed on his credulous friend to decline the appointment; and then requested the monarch to punish him for his refusal. He was committed to The Tower; where his death, which was several times in vain attempted, was at last effected, by a poisoned clyster, Sept. 15, 1613. A tragedy founded on this sad event, is among the works of Mr. Savage.—Mrs. Turner, who has been mentioned vol. I. p. 162, was an active accomplice in this murder. We are told by Mr. Oldmixon, in "The Life and Posthumous Works of Arthur Maynwaring, esq." p. 3, that she was a known mistress of that gentleman's grandfather, Sir Arthur; who was a courtier in the reign of James I, a favourite of Prince Henry, and a man of gallantry. When the Countess and Mrs. Turner intended to practise their infernal experiments on the Earl of Essex by powders and philtres, they were assisted with drugs by Dr. Foreman, of Lambeth, an eminent Quack; and Mrs. Turner, to try how effectually they would operate, gave them first to Sir Arthur Maynwaring, who was so enamoured by them, that he rode fifteen miles, through a storm of rain and thunder, to Turner's house. Wilson, in his Life of King James, says, he scarce knew where he was, till he was there.

And

And when her silks afar from Indus come,
Wrought in Chinese or in the Persian loom,
Think that she then like Pallas is array'd,

1045

By whose mysterious art the wheel was made.
Each day admire her different graceful air,
In which the winds her bright and flowing hair,
With her when dancing let your genius fly :
When in her song the note expires, then die.

1050

If in the Autumn, when the waning year
Its plenty shews, that soon must disappear ;
When swelling Grape and Peach with lovely hue,
And Pear and Apple, fresh with fragrant dew,
By tempting look and taste perhaps invite
That which we seldom rule, our appetite ;

1055

When noxious heat and sudden cold divides
The time o'er which bale influence presides ;
Her feverish blood should pulse unusual find,
Or vaporous damps of spleen should sink her mind ;
Then is the time to shew a Lover's cares :

1060

Sometimes enlarge her hopes, contract her fears.
Give the salubrious draughts with your own hand :
Persuasion has the force of a command.

1065

Watch and attend ; then your reward will prove,
When she recovers, full increase of Love.

Far from this Love is haughty pride,

Which ancient Fables best deride :

1070

Women imperious, void of shame,

And careless of their Lovers' fame,

Who of tyrannic follies boast,

Tormenting him that loves them most,

When Hercules, by labours done,

1075

Had prov'd himself to be Joye's son ;

By peace which he to Earth had given,

Deserv'd to have his rest in Heaven ;

Envy, that strives to be unjust,

Resolv'd to mortify him first ;

1080

And that he should enamour'd be

Of a proud jilt call'd Omphale,

Who should his Herodship expose

By spinning hemp in womens cleathe.

Her

PART THE EIGHTH

135

Her mind she did vouchsafe one day

108;

Thus to her Lover to display :

" Come quickly, Sir, off with this Skin :

" Think you I'll let a Tanner in ?

" If you of Lions talk, or Boars,

" You certainly turn out of doors,

1090

" Your club's abundantly too thick

" For one shall move a fiddle-stick.

" What should you do with all those arrows ?

" I will have nothing kill'd but Sparrows.

" Heccy, this day you may remember ;

1095

" For you shall see a Lady's chamber.

" Let me be rightly understood :

" What I intend is for your good.

" In boddice I design to lace ye,

" And so among my Maids I'll place ye.

1100

" When you're genteeler grown, and thinner,

" May be I'll call you up to dinner.

" With arms so brawny, fists so red,

" You'll scrub the rooms, or make the bed.

" You can't stick pins, or frieze my hair.

1105

" Bless me ! you've nothing of an air.

" You'll ne'er come up to working point :

" Your fingers all seem out of joint.

" Then besides, Heccy, I must tell ye

" An idle hand has empty belly :

1110

" Therefore this morning I'll begin,

" Try how your clumsiness will spin.

" You are my shadow, do you see :

" Your hope, your thought, your wish all be,

" Invented and control'd by me.

" Look up whene'er I laugh ; look down

" With trembling horror, if I frown.

" Say as I say : servants can't lie.

" Your truth is my propriety.

" Nay, you should be to torture brought,

1120

" Were I but jealous you transgress in thought ;

" Or if from Jove your fingle wish should crave

" The fate of not continuing still my slave.

" There

- " There is no Lover that is wise
 " Pretends to win at cards or dice. 1125
 " 'Tis for his Mistress all is thrown :
 " Th' ill-fortune his, the good her own.
 " Melanion, whilom lovely youth,
 " Fam'd for his valour and his truth,
 " Whom every beauty did adorn 1130
 " Fresh as Aurora's blushing morn,
 " Into the horrid woods is run,
 " Where he ne'er sees the ray of sun,
 " Nor to his palace dares return,
 " Where he for Psyche's love did burn,
 " And found correction at her hands 1135
 " For disobeying just commands ;
 " But must his silent penance do
 " For once not buckling 'of her shoe :
 " A good example, child, for you.
 " Which shews you, when we have our fool,
 " We've policy enough to rule :
 " I might have made you such a fellow,
 " As should have carried my umbrella,
 " Or bore a flambeau by my chair, 1145
 " And bad the mob not come too near ;
 " Or lay the cloth, or wait at table ;
 " Nay been a helper in the stable.
 " To my commands obedience pay
 " At dead of night, or break of day. 1150
 " Speed is your province ; if 'tis I
 " That bid you run, you ought to fly.
 " He that Love's nimble passion feels
 " Will soon outstrip my chariot wheels.
 " Thro' Dog-star's heat he'll tripping go,
 " Nor leaves he print upon the snow.
 " The wind itself to him is slow.
 " He that in Cupid's wars would fight,
 " Grief, winter, dirty roads, and night,
 " A bed of earth midst showers of rain, 1160
 " After no supper, are his gain.
 " Bright Phœbus took Admetus' pay,
 " And in a little cottage lay :
 " All

PART THE EIGHTH.

1157

" All this he did for fear of Jove ;
 " And who would not do more for Love ?

1165

" If entrance is by locks denied,
 " Then through the roof or window slide,
 " Leander each night swam the seas,
 " That he might thereby Hero please.

1170

" Perhaps I may be pleas'd to see
 " Your life in danger, when for me.

" You'll find my servants in a row ;
 " Remember then you make your bow ;
 " For they are your superiors now.

}

" No matter if you do engage
 " My Porter, Woman, favourite Page,
 " My Dog, my Parrot, Monkey, Black,

1175

" Or any thing that does partake
 " Of that admittance which you lack.

}

" But after all you mayn't prevail,
 " And your most glittering hopes may fail :

1180

" For Ceres does not always yield
 " The crop entrusted to the field.

" Fair gales may bring you to a coast
 " Where you'll by hidden rocks be lost.

1185

" Love is tenacious of its joys,
 " Gives small reward for great employs ;

" But has as many griefs in store
 " As Shells by Neptune cast on shore.

" As Athos Hares, as Hybla Bees,
 " Olives on the Palladian trees.

1190

" And, when his angry arrows fall,
 " They're not found ting'd with common gall.

" You're told I'm not at home, 'tis true :
 " I may be there, but not for you ;

}

" And I may let you see it too.
 " Perhaps I had you come at night :

" If the door's shut, stay till 'tis light.
 " Perhaps my Maid shall bid you go :

1200

" A thing she knows you dare not do.
 " Your rival shall admission gain,

" And laugh to see his foe in pain.

" All

" All this and more you must endure,
 " If you from me expect a cure.
 " 'Tis fitting I should search the wound;
 " Left all your danger be not found."

1205

When easy fondness meets with woman's pride,
 Nothing which *that* can ask must be denied.
 He that enjoy'd the names of great and brave
 Is pleas'd to seem a female and a slave:
 The Hero, number'd with the gods before,
 Is to debas'd as to be man no more.

1210



P A R T IX.

NOT by the sail with which you put to sea
 Can you where Thetis swells conducted be,
 To the same port you'll different passage find
 And fill your sheets ev'n with contrarious wind.
 You nurs'd the Fawn, now grown Stag wondrous big,
 And sleep beneath the shade you knew a twig.
 The bubbling spring, increas'd by floods and rain,
 Rolls with impetuous stream, and foams the main:
 So Love augments in just degrees; at length
 By nutrimental fires it gains its strength.
 Daily till midnight let kind looks or song,
 Or tales of love, the pleasing hours prolong.
 No weariness upon their bliss attends
 Whom marriage vows have render'd more than friends.
 So Philomels of equal mates possess,
 With a congenial heat, and downy rest,
 And care incessant, hover o'er their nest:
 Hence from their eggs (small worlds whence all things spring)
 Produce a race by nature taught to sing;
 Who ne'er to this harmonious air had come,
 Had their parental love stray'd far from home.
 By a short absence mutual joys increase:
 'Tis from the toils of war we value peace.
 When Jove a while the fruitful shower restrains,
 The field on his return a brighter verdure gains.

1215

1220

1225

1230

1235

So]

PART THE NINTH

1239

So let not grief too much afflict those hearts,
Which for a while the war or business parts.

'Twas hard to let Procustes go,
Who did his death by oracles foreknow.

1240

Ulysses made indeed a tedious stay,
His twenty winters absence was delay;
But happiness revives with his return,
And Hymen's altars with fresh sacrifice burn:
Tales of his ship, her web, they both recount;

1245

Pleas'd that their wedlock faith all dangers could surmount.
Make thou speed back; haste to her longing arms:

She may have real or impending harms.

There are no minutes in a Lover's fears:

1250

They measure all their time by months and years.

Poets are always Virtue's friends,

'Tis what their Muse still recommends:

But then the fatal track it shows

Where devious vice through trouble goes.

1255

They tell us, how a husband's care

Neglected leaves a wife too fair

In hands of a young spark call'd Paris;

And how the beautiful fruit missecurities.

With kindness he receives the youth,

1260

Whose modest looks might promise truth:

Then gives him opportunity

To throw the specious vizard by.

The man had things to be adjusted,

With which the wife should not be trusted;

1265

And, whilst he gave himself the loss,

Left her at home to keep the house.

When Helen saw his back was turn'd,

The devil a bit the gipsy thought.

Says she, "'Tis his fault to be gone;

1270

"It sha'n't be mine to lie alone.

"A vacant pillow's such a jest,

"That with it I could never rest.

"He ne'er consider'd his own danger,

"To leave me with a handsome stranger.

1275

"Wolves would give good account of Sheep,

"Left to their vigilance to keep.

"Pray

- " Pray who, except 'twere Geese or Widgeons,
 " Would hire a Hawk to guard their Pidgeons?
- " Supposing then it might be said 1280
 " That Menelaus now were dead:
 " A pretty figure I should make
 " To go in mourning for his sake.
 " She that in widow's garb appears,
 " Especially when at my years, }
 " May seem to be at her last prayers,
 " But I'll still have my heart divided
 " Twixt one to lose, and one provided.
 " He that is gone, is gone: less fear
 " Of wanting him that I have here." 1290
- The sequel was the Fire of Troy
 Brought to destruction by this Boy.
They tell us, How a Wife provok'd,
 And to a brutish Husband yok'd,
 Who, by distracting passion led, 1295
 Scorns all her charms, and flies her bed,
 When on her Rival she has seiz'd,
 Seems with a secret horror pleas'd.
 They then describe her like some Boar
 Plunging his tusk in Mastiff's gore; 1300
 Or Lionses, whose ravish'd whelp
 Roars for his Mother's furious help;
 Or Basilisk when rous'd, whose breath,
 Teeth, sting, and eye-balls, all are death;
 Like franticks struck by magic rod 1305
 Of some despis'd avenging God:
 Make her through blood for vengeance run,
 Like Progne sacrifice her son,
 And like Medea dart those fires
 By which Creüsa's ghost expires. 1310
 Then let her with exalted rage
 Her grief with the same crimes assuage.
 To heighten and improve the curse,
 Because he's bad, they make her worse.
 So Tyndaris dissolves in tears, 1315
 When first she of Chryseis hears;
- But

PART THE NINTH.

But when Lyrnessis captive's led,
And ravish'd to defile her bed,
Her patience lessens by degrees ;
But when at last she Priameïs sees,
Revenge does to Ægyptus fly for ease ;
In his adulterous arms does plots disclose,
Which fill Mycenæ with stupendous woes,
And parricide and hell around her throws.
Ye Heavenly Powers, the female truth preserve,
And let it not from native goodness swerve ;
And let no wanton toys become the cause
Why men should break Hymen's eternal laws ;
But let such fables and such crimes remain
Only as fictions of the Poet's brain :
Yet marks set up to shun those dangerous shelves
On which deprav'd mankind might wreck themselves !

1321

1325

1330



PART X.

AT first, the stars, the air, the earth, and deep,
Lay all confus'd in one unorder'd heap.
Till Love Eternal did each being strike
With voice Divine to march, and seek its Like.
Then seeds of Heavens, then Air of vapourous sound,
Then fertile Earth circled with Waters round,
On which the Bird, the Beast, the Fish, might move,
All center'd in that universal Love.
Then Man was fram'd with soul of godlike ray,
And had a nobler share of Love than they :
To him was Woman crown'd with virtue given,
The most immediate work and care of Heaven.
Whilst thus my darling thoughts in raptures sung,
Apollo to my sight in vision sprung.
His lyre with golden strings his touch commands,
And wreaths of laurel flourish in his hands.
Says he, " You Bard that of Love's precepts treat,
" Your art at Delphi you will best complete.

1335

1340

1345

1350

Vol. III.

M

" There's

" There's a short maxim, prais'd when understood,
 " Useful in practice, and divinely good,
 " LET EACH MAN KNOW HIMSELF : strive to excel :
 " The pleasure of the blest is doing well.
 " 'Tis wisdom to display the ruling grace. 1355
 " Some men are happy in a charming face :
 " Know it, but be not vain. Some manly show
 " By the exploded gun and nervous bow.
 " There let them prove their skill ; perhaps some heart
 " May find that every shot is Cupid's dart. 1360
 " The prudent Lover, if his talent lies
 " In cloquence, e'at talkative, but wise ;
 " So mixes words delicious to the ear,
 " That all must be perswaded who can hear.
 " He that can sing, let him with pleasing sound, 1365
 " Though 'tis an air that is not mortal, wound.
 " Let not a Poet my own art refuse :
 " I'll come, and bring assistance to his Muse."
 But never by ill means your fortune push,
 Nor raise your credit by another's blush. 1370
 The secret rites of Ceres none profane,
 Nor tell what Gods in Samo-thracia reign.
 'Tis virtue by grave silence to conceal
 What talk without discretion would reveal.
 For fault like this now Tantalus does lie 1375
 In midst of fruits and water, starv'd and dry.
 But Cytherea's modesty requires
 Most care to cover all her lambent fires.
 Love has a pleasing turn, makes that seem best,
 Of which our lawful wishes are possest. 1380
 Andromeda, of Libyc hue and blood,
 Was chain'd a prey to monsters of the flood :
 Wing'd Perseus saw her beauty through that cloud.
 Andromache had large majestic charms ;
 Therefore was fittest grace to godlike Hector's arms. 1385
 Beauties in smaller airs bear like commands,
 And wondrous Magick acts by slenderest wands.
 Like Cybele some bear a mother's sway,
 Whilst infant Gods and Heroines obey.

Some

PART THE TENTH.

163

Some rule like stars by guidance of their eyes,
And others please when like Minerva wife.
Love will from Heaven, Art, Nature, Fancy raise
Something that may exalt its Confort's praise.

1390

There will be little jealousies,

By which Love's art its subjects tries.

1395

They think it languishes with rest;

But rises, like the palm, oppress'd.

And as too much prosperity

Often makes way for luxury,

Till we, by turn of fortune taught,

1400

Have wisdom by experience bought :

So when the hoary ashes grow

Around Love's coals, 'tis time to blow :

And then its craftiness is shown,

To raise your cares, to hide its own ;

1405

And have you by a rival cross'd,

Only in hopes you mayn't be lost.

Sometimes they say that you are faulty,

And that they know where you were naughty ;

And then perhaps your eyes they'd tear,

Or else dilacerate your hair,

Not so much for revenge as fear.

But she perhaps too far may run,

And do what she would have you shun,

Of which there's a poetic story

1415

That, if you please, I'll lay before you.

Old Juno made her Jove comply

For fear, not asking when or why,

Unto a certain sort of matter,

Marrying her son unto his daughter :

1420

And so to bed the couple went,

Not with their own, but friends consent.

This Vulcan was a Smith, they tell us;

That first invented tongs and bellows ;

For breath and fingers did their works

1425

(We'd fingers long before we'd forks) ;

Which made his hands both hard and brawny,

When wash'd, of colour orange-tawny.

His whole complexion was a fallow,
 Where black had not destroy'd the yellow.
 One foot was clump'd, which was the stronger,
 T'other was spiny, though much longer;
 So both to the proportion come
 Of the fore-finger and the thumb.
 In short, the whole of him was nasty,
 Ill-natur'd, vain, imperious, hasty:
 Deformity alike took place
 Both in his manners and his face.
 Venus had perfect shape and size;
 But then she was not over-wise:
 For sometimes she her knee is crimping
 To imitate th' old man in limping.
 Sometimes his dirty paws she scorns,
 Whilst her fair fingers shew his horns.
 But Mars, the Bully of the place, is
 The chieftest spark in her good graces.
 At first they're shy, at last grow bolder,
 And conjugal affection colder.
 They car'd not what was said or done,
 Till impudence defied the Sun.
 Vulcan was told of this; quoth he,
 "Is there such roguery? I'll see!"
 He then an iron net prepar'd,
 Which he to the bed's tester rear'd;
 Which, when a pully gave a snap,
 Would fall, and make a cuckold's trap.
 All those he plac'd in the best room,
 Then feign'd that he must go from home;
 For he at Lemnos forges had,
 And none but he to mind the trade.
 Love was too eager to beware
 Of falling into any snare.
 They went to bed, and so were caught;
 And then they of repentance thought.
 The show being ready to begin,
 Vulcan would call his neighbours in.
 Jove should be there, that does make bold
 With Juno, that notorious scold;

1434

1435

1442

1445

1450

1453

1456

1459

Neptune

PART THE TENTH.

285

Neptune first Bargeman on the water ;
 Thetis the Oyster-woman's daughter ;
 Pluto that Chlunney-sweeping floven,
 With Proserpine hot from her oven ;
 And Mercury, that's sharp and cunning,
 In stealing customs and in running ;
 And Dy the Midwife, though a Virgin ;
 And Æsculapius the Surgeon ;
 Apollo, who might be Physician,
 Or serve them else for a Musician ;
 The Piper Pan, to play her up ;
 And Bacchus, with his chirping cup ;
 And Hercules should bring his club in,
 To give the Rogue a lusty drubbing ;
 And all the Cupids should be by,
 To see their Mother's infamy.

2470

2475

2480

One Momus cried, " You're hugely pleas'd ;
 " I hope your mind will soon be eas'd :
 " For, when so publicly you find it,
 " People, you know, will little mind it.
 " They love to tell what no one knows,
 " And they themselves only suppose,
 " Not every husband can afford
 " To be a Cuckold on record ;
 " Nor should he be a Cuckold sty'd,
 " That once or so has been beguil'd ;
 " Unless he makes it demonstration,
 " Then puts it in some proclamation,
 " With general voice of all the nation."

2485

2490

The company were come, when Vulcan hopping
 And for his key in left-side pocket groping,
 Cries, " 'Tis but opening of that door
 " To prove myself a Cuckold, her a Whore."

2500

They all desir'd his leave that they might go ;
 They were not curious of so vile a show :
 Persons concern'd might one another see,
 And they'd believe since witnesses were three.
 And they, thus prov'd to be such foolish elves,
 Might hear, try, judge, and e'en condemn themselves.

2505

Diferetion covers that which it would blame,
 Until some secret blush and hidden shame
 Have cur'd the fault without the noise of fame.

The work is done : and now let Ovid have
 Some gratitude attending on his grave ;
 Th' aspiring palm, the verdant laurel strow,
 And sweets of myrtle wreaths around it throw.
 In Phyfick's Art as Podalirius skill'd,
 Nestor in Court, Achilles in the Field ;
 As Ajax had in single Combat force,
 And as Automedon best rul'd the Horse ;
 As Chalcas vers'd in Prophecies from Jove :
 So Ovid has the Mastership of Love.

The Poet's honour will be much the less
 Than that which by his means you may possess
 In choice of Beauty's lasting happiness,
 But, when the Amazonian quits the field,
 Let this be wrote on the triumphant shield,
 That she by Ovid's Art was brought to yield.

When Ovid's thoughts in British style you see,
 Which mayn't so sounding as the Roman be ;
 Yet then admittance grant : 'tis fame to me.



P A R T . XI.

I Who the art of war to Danaans gave,
 Will make Penthesilea's force as brave :
 That both, becoming glorious to the fight,
 With equal arms may hold a dubious fight.
 What though 'twas Vulcan fram'd Achilles' shield,
 My Amazonian darts shall make him yield.
 A myrtle crown with victory attends
 Those who are Cupid's and Dione's friends.
 When Beauty has so many arms in store,
 (Some men will say) why should you give it more ?
 Tell me who, when Penelope appears
 With constancy maintain'd for twenty years ;

Who,

Who can the fair Laodamia see
 In her Lord's arms expire as well as he;
 Can view Alcestis, who with joy removes
 From earth, instead of him the so much loves; 1545
 Can hear of bright Evadne, who in fires
 For her lov'd Capaneus prepar'd, expires;
 When Virtue has itself a female name,
 So Truth, so Goodness, Piety, and Fame;
 Would headstrong fight, and would not conquer'd be, 1550
 Or stoop to so much generosity?
 'Tis not with sword, or fire, or strength of bow,
 That Female warriors to their battle go:
 They have no stratagem, or subtle wile;
 Their native innocence can ne'er beguile: 1555
 The Fox's various maze, Bear's cruel den,
 They leave to fierceness and the craft of men.
 'Twas Jason that transferr'd his broken vows
 From kind Medea to another spouse:
 Theseus left Gnosſus on the sands, to be 1560
 Prey to the birds, or monsters of the sea:
 Demophoon, nine times recall'd, forbore
 Return, and let his Phillis name the shore,
 Æneas wrackt, and hospitably us'd,
 Fam'd for his piety, yet still refus'd 1565
 To stay where lov'd, but left the dangerous sword
 By which she died to whom he broke his word.
 Piteous examples! worthy better fate,
 If my instructions had not come too late:
 For then their art and prudence had retain'd 1570
 What first victorious rays of beauty gain'd.
 Whilst thus I thought, not without grief to find
 Defenceless Virtue meet with fate unkind,
 Bright Cytherea's sacred voice did reach
 My tingling ears, and thus she bad me teach: 1575
 "What had the harmless maid deserv'd from thee?
 "Thou hast given weapons to her enemy;
 "Whilst in the field she must defenceless stand,
 "With want of skill, and more unable hand.
 "Stesichorus, who would no subject find 1580
 "But harm to maids, was by the Gods struck blind:

"But, when his song did with their glories rise,
 "He had his own restor'd, to praise their eyes.
 "Be rul'd by me, and arms defensive give;
 "'Tis by the Ladies favours you must live."

1535

She then one mystic leaf with berries four
 (Pluckt from her myrtle crown) had me with speed devour.
 I find the power inspir'd; through purer sky
 My breath dissolves in verse, to make young Lovers die.
 Here Modesty and Innocence shall learn
 How they may truth from flattering speech discern.
 But come with speed: lose not the flying day.
 See how the crowding waves roll down away,
 And neither, though at Love's command, will stay.
 These waves and time we never can recal;

1597

1595

But, as the minutes pass, must lose them all,
 Nor like what's past are days succeeding good,
 But slide with warmth decay'd and thicker blood.
 Flora, although a Goddess, yet does fear
 The change that grows with the declining year;
 Whilst glistening snakes, by casting off their skin,
 Fresh courage gain, and life renew'd begin.
 The Eagles cast their bills, the Stag its horn;
 But Beauty to that blessing is not born.

1609

Thus Nature prompts its use to forward Love,
 Grac'd by examples of the Powers above.
 Endymion pierc'd the chaste Diana's heart,
 And cool Aurora felt Love's fiery dart.

1605



P A R T XII.

A Person of some quality
 Happen'd, they say, in Love to be
 With one who held him by delay,
 Would neither say him No nor Ay,
 Nor would she have him go his way.

1610

This Lady thought it best to send
 For some experienc'd trusty friend,

1615

To

[PART THE TWELFTH

169

To whom she might her mind impart,
T' unchain her own, and bind his heart.

A Tire-woman by occupation,

A useful and a choice vocation.

She saw all, heard all, never idle;

1620

Her fingers or her tongue would fiddle;

Diverting with a kind of wit,

Aiming at all would sometimes hit;

Though in her sort of rambling way

She many a serious truth would say.

1625

Thus in much talk among the rest

The oracle itself express:

"I've heard some cry, Well, I profess

"There's nothing to be gain'd by dress;

"They might as well say that a field,

1630

"Uncultivated, yet would yield

"As good a crop as that which skill

"With utmost diligence should till.

"Our vintage would be very fine,

"If nobody should prune their vine;

1635

"Good shape and air, it is confess,

"Is given to such as Heaven has blest;

"But all folks have not the same graces:

"There is distinction in our faces.

"There was a time I'd not repine

1640

"For any thing amiss in mine,

"Which, though I say it, still seems fair;

"Thanks to my art as well as care!

"Our grandmothers, they tell us, wore

"Their Fardingale and their Bandore,

1645

"Their Pinner, Forehead-cloth, and Ruff,

"Content with their own cloth and stuff;

"With Hats upon their pates like Hives,

"Things might become such Soldiers wives;

"Thought their own faces still would last them

1650

"In the same mould which Nature cast them.

"Dark Paper Buildings then stood thick;

"No Palaces of Stone or Brick:

"And then, alas! were no Exchanges:

"But see how time and fashion changes!

1655

"I hate

- " I hate old things and age. I see,
 " Thank Heaven, times good enough for me.
 " Your Goldsmiths now are mighty neat :
 " I love the air of Lombard-street.
 " Whate'er a Ship from India brings, 1660
 " Pearls, Diamonds, Silks, are pretty things.
 " The Cabinet, the Screen, the Fan,
 " Please me extremely, if Japan :
 " And, what affects me still the more,
 " They had none of them heretofore. 1665
 " When you're unmarried, never load ye
 " With Jewels ; they may incommode ye.
 " Lovers mayn't dare approach ; but mostly
 " They'll fear when married you'll be costly.
 " Fine Rings and Lockets best are tried 1670
 " When given to you as a Bride.
 " In the mean time you shew your sense
 " By going fine at small expence.
 " Sometimes your Hair you upwards curl,
 " Sometimes lay down in favourite curl. 1675
 " All must through twenty fiddlings pass,
 " Which none can teach you but your glass.
 " Sometimes they must dishevel'd lie
 " On neck of polish'd ivory.
 " Sometimes with strings of pearl they're fix'd, 1680
 " And the united beauty mix'd ;
 " Or, when you won't their grace unfold,
 " Secure them with a bar of gold.
 " Humour and fashions change each day ;
 " Not birds in forests, flowers in May,
 " Would sooner number'd be than they. }
 " There is a sort of negligence,
 " Which some esteem as excellence,
 " Your art with so much art to hide,
 " That nothing of it be descried ; 1690
 " To make your careless tresses flow
 " With so much air, that none should know
 " Whether they had been comb'd or no. }
 " But, in this so neglected Hair,
 " Many a heart has found its snare,
 1695
 " Nature

PART THE TWELFTH.

471

" Nature indeed has kindly sent
 " Us many things; more we invent:
 " Little enough, as I may say,
 " To keep our Beauty from decay.
 " As leaves that with fierce winds engage,
 " Our curling tresses fall with age.
 " But then by German herbs we find
 " Colour, for locks to grey inclin'd.
 " Sometimes we purchase hair; and why?
 " Is not all *that* our own we buy?
 " You buy it publicly, say they:
 " Why tell us that, when we don't pay.
 " Of French *pomades* the town is full:
 " Praise Heaven, no want of Spanish Wool!
 " Let them look flusht, let them look dead,
 " That can't afford the White and Red,
 " In Covent Garden you buy posies,
 " There we our Lilies and our Roses,
 " Who would a charming Eyebrow lack,
 " Who can get any thing that's black?
 " Let not these boxes open lie:
 " Some folks are too much given to pry.
 " Art not dissembled would disgrace
 " The purchas'd beauties of our face:
 " 'This if such persons should discover,
 " 'Twould rather lose than gain a Lover.
 " Who is there now but understands
 " Searcloths to flea the face or hands?
 " Though the idea's not so taking,
 " And the skin seems but odd in making,
 " Yet, when 'twill with fresh lustre shine,
 " Her spark will tell you 'tis divine.
 " That Picture there your eye does strike;
 " It is the work of great Van Dyck,
 " Which by a Roman would be fainter:
 " What was't but canvas till 'twas painted?
 " There's several things should not be known:
 " O'er these there is a curtain drawn,
 " 'Till 'tis their season to be shown.

1708

1709

1710

1715

1720

1723

1730

}

" Your

- " Your door on fit occasions keep
 " Fast shut: who knows but you're asleep?
 " When our teeth, colour, hair, and eyes,
 " And what else at the toilet lies,
 " Are all put on, we're said to rise.
 " There was a Lady whom I knew,
 " That must be nameless 'cause 'tis true,
 " Who had the dismaldest mischance
 " I've heard of since I was in France:
 " I do protest, the thought of it
 " Have almost put me in a fit.
 " Old Lady Mountrill's chamber-door,
 " Just on the stairs of the first floor,
 " Stood open: and pray who should come,
 " But Knowall bounding in the room?
 " No single hair upon her head:
 " I thought she would have fell down dead.
 " At last she found a cap of hair,
 " Which she put on with such an air,
 " That every look was out of place,
 " And all hung dangling down her face,
 " I would not mortify one so,
 " Except some twenty that I know.
 " Her carelessness and her defect
 " Were laid to Mistress Pease's neglect;
 " And much ill-nature was betray'd
 " By noise and scolding with the maid.
 " The young look on such things as stuff,
 " Thinking their bloom has art enough,
 " When smooth, we matter it not at all;
 " 'Tis when the Thames is rough, we squawl:
 " But what'er 'tis may be pretended,
 " No face or shape but may be mended;
 " All have our faults; and must abide them;
 " We therefore should take care to hide them.
 " You're short; sit still, you'll taller seem:
 " You're only shorter from the stem.
 " By looser garb your leaner's is conceal'd;
 " By want of stays the greater shape reveal'd.

2735

2740

2745

2750

2755

2760

2765

2770

The

PART THE TWELFTH

- " The more the blame ~~is~~ upon the feet,
 " The greater care the lace and shoes be meet.
 " Some backs and sides are wav'd like billows.
 " These holes are best made up with pillows.
 " Thick fingers always should command
 " Without the stretching out the hand.
 " Who has bad teeth should never see
 " A play, unless a Tragedy.
 " For we can teach you how to snaper,
 " And when 'tis proper you should whimper.
 " Think that your grate and wit is now
 " Not in your laughing at a thing, but how.
 " Let room for something more than breath
 " Just shew the ends of milk-white teeth.
 " There is a *jeu de gai que* is found
 " In a soft smooth affected sound:
 " But there's a shrieking crying tone,
 " Which I ne'er lik'd, when all is done:
 " And there are some, who laugh like men,
 " As ne'er to shut their mouths again;
 " So very loud and *mal-proper*,
 " They seem like hautboys to a show.
 " But now for the reverse: 'tis still
 " To let your tears flow when you will.
 " It is of use when people dye;
 " Or else to have the spleen, and cry,
 " Because you have no Reason why.
 " Now for your talk.—Come, let me see
 " Here lose your *H*, here drop your *T*;
 " Despise that *R*: your speech is better
 " Much for destroying of one letter.
 " Now lift, and have a sort of pride
 " To seem as if your tongues were tied.
 " This is such a becoming fault,
 " Rather than want, it should be taught,
 " And now that you have learnt to talk,
 " Pray let me see if you can walk.
 " There's many dancing-masters treat
 " Of management of ladies feet,

" There"

- " There's some their mincing gait have chose;
 " Treading without their heel or toes.
 " She that reads Tasso, or Malherbe, 1815
 " Chuses a step that is *superbe*.
 " Some giddy creatures, as if shunning
 " Something dislik'd, are always running.
 " Some prance like Frenchwomen, who ride
 " As our Life-guard-men, all astride. 1820
 " But each of these have decoration
 " According to their affectation,
 " That dance is grateful, and will please,
 " Where all the motions glide with ease.
 " We to the skilful theatre 1825
 " This seeming want of art prefer.
 " 'Tis no small art to give direction
 " How to suit knots to each complexion,
 " How to adorn the breast and head,
 " With blue, white, cherry, pink, or red. 1830
 " As the morn rises, so that day
 " Wear purple, sky-colour, or grey :
 " Your black at Lent, your green in May,
 " Your samot with leaves decay.
 " All colours in the summer shine : 1835
 " The nymphs should be like gardens fine.

† Torquato Tasso, the celebrated epic poet of Italy, was born March 11, 1544, and died April 25, 1595. His works have been often printed separately at various places; but the whole together, with his life, and several pieces for and against his *Gierusalemme Liberata*, were printed at Florence, 1724, in six vols. folio. The English version of the "*Jerusalem Delivered*," published in 1763, by Mr. Hoole, in 2 vols. 8vo. will extend the fame of Tasso in this country.

‡ Francis de Malherbe, considered by his countrymen as the father of the French poetry, was born about 1555, and died in 1628. His poetical works, though divided into six books, make but a small volume. They consist of paraphrases upon the Psalms, odes, sonnets, and epigrams; and were published in several forms to the year 1666, when a very complete edition of them came out at Paris, with the notes of M. Menage. Malherbe also translated some works of Seneca, and some books of Livy.—By the manner in which Tasso and Malherbe are mentioned by Dr. King, they seem not to have been the most fashionable authors of that age. Our Author has translated what he calls "an admirable Ode of Malherbe," which will be inserted in this volume.

PART THE TWELFTH.

175

- " It is the fashion now-a-days,
 " That almost every Lady plays.
 " Basset and Piquet grow to be
 " The subject of our Comedy : 1840
 " But whether we diversion seek
 " In these, in Comet, or in Gleeke,
 " Or Ombre, where true judgement can
 " Disclose the sentiments of man ;
 " Let's have a care how we discover, 1845
 " Especially before a Lover,
 " Some passions which we should conceal,
 " But heats of play too oft reveal.
 " For, be the matter small or great,
 " There's like abhorrence for a cheat. 1850
 " There's nothing spoils a Woman's graces
 " Like peevishness and making faces :
 " Then angry words and rude discourse,
 " You may be sure, become them worse.
 " With hopes of gain, when we're beset, 1855
 " We do too commonly forget
 " Such guards as screen us from those eyes
 " Which may observe us, and despise.
 " I'd burn the cards, rather than know
 " Of any of my friends did so : 1860
 " I've heard of some such things; but I,
 " Thanks to my stars, was never by.
 " Thus we may pass our time : the men
 " A thousand ways divert their spleen,
 " Whilst we sit peevishly within ; }
 " Hunting, cocking, racing, joking,
 " Fuddling, swimming, fencing, smoaking :
 " And little thinking how poor we
 " Must vent our scandal o'er our tea.
 " I see no reason but we may 1870
 " Be brisk, and equally as gay.
 " Whene'er our Gentlemen would range,
 " We'll take our chariot for the Change :
 " If they're disposing for the Play,
 " We'll hasten to the Opera : 1875
 " Or

" Or when they'll lustily carouse,
 " We'll surely to the Indian House :
 " And at such cost whilst thus we roach,
 " For cheapness sake they'll stay at home.
 " Few wise mens thoughts e'er yet pursued
 " That which their eyes had never view'd :
 " And so our never being seen
 " Is the same thing as not t'have been.
 " Grandeur itself and Poverty
 " Were equal if no witness by :
 " And they who always sing alone
 " Can ne'er be prais'd by more than one.
 " Had Danaë been shut up still,
 " She'd been a Maid against her will,
 " And might have grown prodigious old,
 " And never had her story told.
 " 'Tis fit fair maids shou'd run a-gadding
 " To set the amorous Beaux a-madding.
 " To many a Sheep the Wolf has gone
 " Ere it can neatly seize on one,
 " And many a Partridge scapes away
 " Before the Hawk can pounce its prey :
 " And so, if pretty Damsels rove,
 " They'll find out one perhaps may love ;
 " If they no diligence will spare,
 " And in their dressing still take care.
 " The Fisher baits his hook all night,
 " In hopes by chance some Bel may bite.
 " Each with their different grace appears,
 " Virgins with blush, Widows with tears,
 " Which gain new Husbands tender-hearted,
 " To think how such a couple parted.
 " But then there are some foppish Beaux
 " Like us in all things but their cloaths.
 " That we may seem the more robust,
 " And fittest to accost them first,
 " With powder, paint, false locks, and hair,
 " They give themselves a female air ;
 " Who, having all their tale by rote,
 " And harping still on the same note,

1886

1889

1890

1895

1900

1905

1910

 1915
 " Will

PART THE TWELFTH.

177

" Will tell us that, and nothing more
 " Than what a thousand heard before.
 " Though they all marks of Love pretend,
 " There's nothing which they less intend :
 " And, 'midst a thousand hideous oaths,
 " With jewels false and borrow'd cloaths,
 " Our easiness may give belief
 " To one that is an errant thief."

1910

The spark was coming ; she undrest
 Scuttles away as if posselt.
 The Governess cries, " Where d'ye run ?"
 " Why, Madam, I've but just begun."
 She bawls ; the other nothing hears,
 But leaves her prattling to the chairs. •

1915

Virtue, without these little arts,
 At first subdues, then keeps, our hearts ;
 And though more gracefully it shows
 When it from lovely persons flows ;
 Yet often Goodness most prevails
 When Beauty in perfection fails.
 Though every feature mayn't be well,
 Yet all together may excel.
 There's nothing but will easily prove,
 When all the rest's made up by Love.

1930

1935



PART XIII.

VIRGINS should not unskill'd in Music be ;

1940

For what's more like themselves than Harmony ?
 Let not Vice use it only to betray,
 And Syrens by their Songs entice their prey.
 Let it with sense, with voice, and beauty join,
 Grateful to eyes and ear, and to the Mind Divine :
 For there's a double grace when pleasing strings
 Are touch'd by her that more delightful sings.
 Thus Orpheus did the rage of deserts quell,
 And charm'd the monstrous instruments of Hell.
 VOL. III. N

1945

New.

New walls to Thebes Amphion thus began,
 Whilst to the work officious marble ran.
 Thus with his harp and voice Arion rode
 On the mute Fish safe through the tolling flood.

1950

"Nor are the essays of the Female wit
 Less charming in the verses they have writ.
 From antient ages, Love has found the way
 Its bashful thoughts by Letters to convey;
 Which sometimes run in such engaging strain,
 That pity makes the Fair write back again.
 What's thus intended, some small time delay:
 His passion strengthens rather by our stay.
 Then with a cautious wit your pen with-hold,
 Lest a too free expression make him bold.

1955

Create a mixture 'twixt his hope and fear,
 And in reproof let tendernefs appear.
 As he deserves it, give him hopes of life:
 A cruel Mistress makes a froward Wife.
 Affect not foreign words: Love will impart
 A gentle style more excellent than art.

1965

Astrea's^b lines flow on with so much ease,
 That she who writes like them must surely please.
 Orinda'sⁱ works, with courtly graces stor'd,
 True sense in nice expressions will afford:

1970

While

^b Astrea was a name assumed by Mrs. Aphra Behn, a lady well known in the gay and poetical world, in the licentious reign of King Charles II. She was Authoress of seventeen Plays, besides two volumes of Novels, several Translations, and many Poems. She died April 16, 1689. Mr. Pope, speaking of her dramatic pieces, says,

"The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,

"Who fairly puts all characters to bed!"

ⁱ Orinda, the poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips. She was the daughter of John Fowler, merchant, and born in London 1631; was married to James Philips, of the Priory of Cardigan, *resq.* about the year 1647; and died in Fleet-street, in the month of June, 1664. Her poems have been several times printed. She was also the writer of a volume of Letters, published many years after her death, to Sir Charles Catterel, intituled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus;" which have been admired.—Mrs. Philips was as much famed for her friendship, as for her poetry; and had the good fortune to be equally esteemed by the

best

Whilst Chudleigh's ^k words seraphic thoughts express
 In lofty grandeur, but without excess. 1973
 Oh, had not Beauty parts enough to wound;
 But it must pierce us with Poetic sound!
 Whilst Phœbus suffers female powers to tear
 Wreaths from his Daphne, which they justly wear!
 If greater things to lesser we compare; 1980
 The skill of Love is like the art of War.
 The General says, "Let him the Horse command:
 "You by that Ensign, you that Cannon stand:
 "Where danger calls, let t'other bring supplies."
 With Pleasure all obey, in hopes to rise: 1985
 So, if you have a servant skill'd in Laws;
 Send him with moving speech to plead your cause.
 He that has native unaffected voice,
 In singing what you bid him; will rejoice.
 And wealth, as beauty orders it, bestow'd, 1990
 Would make ev'n Misers in expences proud:
 But they, o'er whom Apollo rules, have hearts
 The most susceptible of Lovers smarts,
 And like their God so they feel Cupid's darts. }
 The Gods and Kings are by their labours prais'd; 1995
 And they again by them to honour rais'd:
 For none to Heaven or Majesty express
 Their duty well, but in return were blest.
 Nor did the mighty Scipio think it scorn
 That Ennius, in Calabrian Mountains born, 2000
 His wars, retirements, councils, should attend;
 In all distinguish'd by the name of Friend.
 He that, for want of worlds to conquer, wept,
 Without consulting Homer never slept.

best poet and the best divine of her age. Dr. Jeremy Taylor addressed his discourse "on the nature and effects of friendship" to this lady; and Mr. Cowley has celebrated her memory, in an Ode preserved amongst his "Select Works."

^k This lady was daughter to Richard Lee, of Winslade, in the county of Devon, esq. She was born in the year 1656; became the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, of Ashton, in the same county, Bart.; and died Dec. 15, 1710. Her Poems were twice printed in her life-time in one volume, 8vo; the second edition in 1709.

The Poets' cares all terminate in fame ; 2003
 As they obtain, they give, a lasting name.
 Thus from the dead Lucrece and Cynthia rise,
 And Berenice's hair adorns the skies.

The sacred Bard no treacherous craft displays,
 But virtuous actions crowns with his own bays. 2010
 Far from Ambition and Wealth's fordid care
 In him good-nature and content appear :

And far from Courts, from studious parties free,
 He sighs forth Laura's charms beneath some tree ;
 Despairing of the valued prize he loves, 2015
 Commits his thoughts to winds and echoing groves.

Poets have quick desire and passion strong ;
 Where once it lights, there it continues long.
 They know that Truth is the perpetual band,
 By which the world and heaven of Love must stand. 2020

The Poet's art softens their tempers so,
 That manners easy as their verses flow.
 Oh could they but just retribution find,
 And as themselves what they adore be kind !
 In vain they boast of their celestial fire, 2025
 Whilst there remains a Heaven to which they can't aspire !

Apelles first brought Venus to our view,
 With blooming charms and graces ever new,
 Who else unknown to mortals might remain
 Hid in the caverns of her native main : 2030

And with the Painter now the Poets join
 To make the Mother and her Boy divine.
 Therefore attend, and from their musick learn
 That which their minds inspir'd could best discern.

First see how Sidney¹, then how Cowley^m mov'd, 2035
 And with what art it was that Wallerⁿ lov'd.

Forget

¹ See an account of Sir Philip Sidney, vol. II. p. 89.

^m Mr. Abraham Cowley was born in 1618 ; and died July 28, 1667.
 His " Poetical Blossoms," which are an abundant proof of his talent for poetry, were generally regarded as an earnest of that fame to which he afterwards rose, and which, in the opinion of some of his contemporaries, eclipsed that of every other English poet.—Cowley, who helped to corrupt the taste of the age in which he lived, and had himself been corrupted by it,

PART THE THIRTEENTH.

Forget not Dorset^o, in whose generous mind
Love, sense, wit, honour, every grace combin'd :

And

It, was a remarkable instance of true genius, seduced and perverted by false wit. But this wit, false as it was, raised his reputation to a much higher pitch than that of Milton. There is a want of elegance in his words, and of harmony in his versification ; but this was more than atoned for by, his greatest fault, the redundancy of his fancy. His Latin poems, which are esteemed the best of his works, are written in the various measures of the ancients, and have much of their unaffected beauty. He was more successful in imitating the ease and gaiety of Anacreon, than the bold and lofty flights of Pindar. His metaphors, which are not only beyond, but contrary to nature, were generally admired in the reign of Charles II. To the merit of a good poet, may be added that of his being an admirable prose writer ; and his "Cutter of Coleman Street," a comedy which might even have claimed a place in the late judicious selection of his writings, where it is commended and the Preface to it preserved, is a striking instance of dramatic merit. See Granger.

^a Edmund Waller, esq. born March 3, 1605 ; died Oct. 1, 1687. He is commonly styled the English Tibullus, and was the first who shewed our tongue had beauty and numbers in it. The best edition of his works is in 4to, 1730, with elegant and useful notes by Mr. Fenton.—Mr. Waller excelled all his predecessors in harmonious versification. His love verses have all the tenderness and politeness of the Roman poet he so much resembled ; and his panegyrick on Cromwell has been ever esteemed a master-piece in its kind. His vein is never redundant, like that of Cowley : we frequently wish he had said more, but never that he had said less. His personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical ; and he was equally formed to please the witty and the fair. He not only retained all his faculties, but much of his usual vivacity, at eighty years of his age.

^b Charles lord Buckhurst, who was created earl of Middlesex in the lifetime of his father, April 4, 1674, succeeded to the earldom of Dorset in August, 1677.—This noble lord was the just admiration of the age he lived in. The sprightliness of his wit recommended him to the esteem and intimacy of King Charles II. He was a bountiful patron to poets and to men of parts ; and had a particular character for universal generosity. In the reign of James II, he atoned for the follies of his youth, by a firm adherence to the Protestant religion ; for which he shewed his concern, by conveying the princess Anne into Derbyshire, from the tumult of those times ; and, having been further instrumental in the happy Revolution, was made lord chamberlain of the household to king William, and knight

And if for me you one kind wish would spare,
Answer a Poet to his friendly prayer.

2949

Take Stepney's P verse, with candour ever blest;
For Love will there still with his ashes rest.
There let warm spice and fragrant odours burn,
And everlasting sweets perfume his urn.

Not that the living Muse is to be scorn'd :
Britain with equal worth is still adorn'd.

2945

See Halifax's, where sense and honour mixt
Upon the merits just reward have fixt :

And read their works, who, writing in his praise,
To their own verse immortal laurels raise.

2959

Learn

of the Garter. He had the honour of being appointed one of the lords justices four years successively; and died Jan. 29, 1705-6. His works, consisting chiefly of sprightly songs, are printed with the Minor Poets.

^p George Stepney, esq. a man more famous as a Statesman than a Poet. He was born 1663, became acquainted at Cambridge with the celebrated Charles Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax; and through his interest was employed in several foreign negotiations, which he conducted with great reputation and success. He died in the year 1707, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works are amongst those of the Minor Poets.

^q Mr. Charles Montague was constituted one of the lords commissioners of the treasury, March 2, 1691-2; chancellor of the exchequer, in May, 1694. The coin being exceedingly debased and diminished, he formed the design of calling in the money, and re-coining it, in 1695; and effected it in two years: to supply the immediate want of cash, he projected the issuing of exchequer bills. For this service, he had the thanks of the house of commons in 1697. He was next year appointed first lord commissioner of the treasury; and, resigning that post in June 1700, obtained a grant of the office of auditor of the receipt of the exchequer; and the same year, Dec. 13, was created baron Halifax. On the accession of king George I, he was a member of the regency; was appointed first lord commissioner of the treasury, Oct. 5, 1714; created viscount Sunbury and earl of Halifax, Oct. 15; and died May 15, 1715. He was a magnificent patron of learning; and was himself an elegant writer, as may be seen by his works in the Minor Poets.

^r Matthew Prior has been reputed a native of London; but was born at Winburn in Dorsetshire, July 21, 1664. (Hutchins's Hist. vol. II. p. 75.) His father dying while he was very young, his uncle (a vintner near Charing Cross) had the charge of him, sent him to Westminster School, and afterward took him into his own business. In this situation,

he

Learn Prior's ^r lines ; for they can teach you more
Than sacred Ben^t, or Spenser^t, did before *

And

he was accidentally distinguished by Charles earl of Dorset ; who, determining to place him in a situation more suited to his fine parts, sent him to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682 ; where he proceeded bachelor of arts in 1686, and was shortly after chosen fellow. At the university, he contracted an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Charles Montagu^d, afterward earl of Halifax. On the Revolution, he was brought to court by his great patron the earl of Dorset. In 1690, he was secretary to the plenipotentiaries at The Hague ; and king William was so satisfied with his services, that, in the resolution to keep him near his person, he appointed him a gentleman of the bed-chamber. He was again employed as secretary, at Ryswick, in 1697 ; having been the same year nominated principal secretary of state in Ireland. In 1697, he went secretary to the earl of Portland, in his embassy to France. In 1699, he was made under-secretary in the office of the earl of Jersey ; and in a few days was ordered back to Paris, to assist the ambassador in the Partition-treaty ; which he dispatched to the satisfaction of both Sovereigns. In 1700, he was appointed one of the lords commissioners for trade and plantations, and was elected member for East Grinstead. In 1704 and 1706, he exerted his poetical talent in honour of his country, on the success of her Majesty's arms. In July, 1711, he was employed in a secret negotiation at Paris. In August 1712, being sent again to France, to accommodate such matters as then remained unsettled in the congress at Utrecht, he had the honour of being presented with the French king's picture set with diamonds. From the end of that month, he had the appointment and authority of an ambassador, till the death of the Queen ; and remained at Paris in a public character some months after the accession of king George I. On his arrival in England, March 25, 1715, he was taken into custody. In 1717, he was excepted out of the act of grace ; and, at the close of that year, being discharged from his confinement, retired from business, to Down Hall, in Essex ; where he died, of a lingering fever, Sept. 11, 1721.—“ One Prior (says Bp. Burnet), who had been Jersey's secretary, upon his death, was employed to prosecute that which the other did not live to finish. Prior had been a boy taken out of a tavern by the earl of Dorset, who accidentally found him reading Horace.”—This ill-natured reflection produced the following epigram by Mr. Dodley, “ Trifles,” p. 241.

“ One Prior ! and is this, this all the fame ;

“ The Poët from th' Historian can claim ?

“ No ; Prior's verse posterity shall quote,

“ When 'tis forgot *one Burnet* ever wrote !”

* See some account of Jonson, vol. II. p. 89.

And mark him " well that uncouth Physick's art
 Can in the softest tune of Wit impart.
 See Pastorella o'er Florello's grave " ,
 See Tamerlane " make Bajazet his slave ;
 And Phædra " with her antient vigour rave.

Through

* Edmund Spenser, the celebrated author of the " Fairy Queen," father of the English heroic poem, and of true pastoral poetry in England, was born in London, and educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; B. A. 1571; M. A. 1576. His " Shepherd's Calendar," introducing him to that great judge of merit Sir Philip Sidney, raised him from a sort of obscurity to the office of poet laureat to Elizabeth; but for some time he only wore the barren laurel, without receiving any pension. Burghley, it is said, prevented his receiving an hundred pounds which the queen intended for him. We find him, however, in considerable esteem with many eminent men in his time. He was sent abroad by Leicester; and was secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton when deputy of Ireland. The queen also at last rewarded his services with a considerable grant of lands in Ireland. In the Irish rebellion under Desmond, he was plundered, and deprived of his estate, and spent the latter part of his life with much grief of heart under the disappointment of a broken fortune: he died in 1598-9.—Spenser stands distinguished from almost all other poets in that faculty by which a poet is distinguished from other writers, namely, invention; and excelled all his contemporaries in harmonious versification.

• Dr. Samuel Garth, the celebrated author of " The Dispensary."—The first edition of this admirable poem came out in 1694; and it went through three impressions in a few months. This extraordinary encouragement put him upon making several improvements in it; and in 1706, he published the fourth edition, with several additions. It was dedicated to Anthony Henley, esq. and had commendatory verses before it by Charles Boyle afterward earl of Orrery, Col. Christ. Codrington, Thomas Choeke, esq. and Col. Henry Blount.—Major Pack (Miscell. p. 102.) observes, that " The Dispensary had lost and gained in every edition; almost every thing that Sir Samuel left out being a robbery from the publick, whilst every thing that he added was an embellishment to his poem."—On the accession of king George I, he had the honour of being knighted with the duke of Marlborough's sword. He died Jan. 18, 1718-19. His other pieces are printed in the collection of the Minor Poets.

" Characters which the Editor acknowledges he does not recollect.

x See Rowe's Play of Tamerlane.—Mr. Nicholas Rowe was born in 1673; was bred to the law, but seduced by the Muses. Besides " Tamerlane," he wrote six other tragedies, a comedy, and several poems published

Through Rapin's * nurseries and gardens walk,
 And find how Nymphs transform'd by amorous colours talk.
 Pomona * see with Milton's grandeur rise, 2060
 The most delicious fruit of Paradise,
 With Apples might the first-born man deceive,
 And more persuasive voice than tempting Eve,
 Not to confine you here; for many more
 Britain's luxuriant wealth has still in store, 2065

lished in one volume under the title of "*Miscellaneous Works*."—He was appointed poet laureat on the accession of king George I; and died Dec. 6, 1713.—His translation of *Lucretius* was not published till ten years after his death; but a small specimen of it, which was printed by Mr. Collins in 1713, underwent a severe censure from Dr. Bentley, in his "*Remarks on a Discourse on Freethinking*."

γ *Phædra and Hippolitus*, a Tragedy, by Edmund Smith, first acted in 1707. Its excellence consists in the beauty and harmony of the versification. It was honoured with a prologue by Mr. Addison, to rally the taste of the publick for Italian operas.—This ingenious poet was the son of Mr. Neale; but, assumed the name of Smith in compliment to an uncle who was his guardian. He was born in 1686, and died in 1770. He was a good-natured man, a finished scholar, a great poet, and a discerning critic. From an affected carelessness in dress, he was distinguished by his friends by the name of "*Captain Rags*;" and was styled by the fair sex "*the handsome Sloven*." His Works, consisting of the abovementioned Tragedy, three or four odes, and a Latin oration, were published by Mr. Oldisworth in 1719.

* *Renatus Rapin*, a French Jesuit, born in 1621, died Oct. 27, 1687. He published "*Hortorum Libri Quatuor*," a work which has been much admired. An English translation of it was published by Mr. Evelyn in 1673; and another, in 1706, by James Gardener, M. A. of Jesus College, Cambridge.

* *John Philips*, born Dec. 30, 1676, was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. The first poem which distinguished him was his "*Splendid Shilling*," which the author of the *Taster* styles "*the finest burlesque poem in the British language*." His next was "*Blenheim*." The third, "*Upon Cyder*," founded upon the model of the *Georgics*, is a very excellent piece in its kind, and has been translated into Italian by a Florentine nobleman. A Latin Ode to Mr. St. John, which is also a master-piece, completes his works. He died at Hereford, Feb. 15, 1708. He was one of those few poets whose Muse and manners were excellent and amiable; and both were so in a very eminent degree.

Whom,

Whom would I number up, I must outrun
The longest course of the laborious sun.



P A R T XIV.

OUR manners like our countenance should be;
They always candid, and the other free:

But, when our mind by anger is possess'd, 2070

Our noble manhood is transform'd to beast.

No feature then its wonted grace retains,

When the blood blackens in the swelling veins:

The eye-balls shoot out fiery darts would kill

Th' opposer, if the Gorgon had its will. 2075

When Pallas in a river saw the flute

Deform'd her cheeks, she let the reed be mute.

Anger no more will mortify the face,

Which in that passion once consults her glass.

Let Beauty ne'er be with this torment seiz'd, 2080

But ever rest serene, and ever pleas'd.

A dark and fullen brow seems to reprove

The first advances that are made to Love,

To which there's nothing more averse than pride.

Men without speaking often are denied: 2085

And a disdainful look too oft reveals

Those seeds of hatred which the tongue conceals.

When eyes meet eyes, and smiles to smiles return,

'Tis then both hearts with equal ardour burn,

And by their mutual passion soon will know 2090

That all are darts, and shot from Cupid's bow.

But, when some lovely form does strike your eyes,

Be cautious still how you admit surprise,

What you would love, with quick discretion view:

The object may deceive by being new. 2095

You may submit to a too hasty fate,

And would shake off the yoke when 'tis too late.

We often into our destruction sink

By not allowing time enough to think.

Reft

PART THE FOURTEENTH.

287

Resist at first : for help in vain we pray,
 When ills have gain'd full strength by long delay. 2100
 Be speedy ; left perhaps the growing hour
 Put what is now within, beyond our power.
 Love, as a fire in cities finds encrease,
 Proceeds, and till the whole's destroy'd won't cease. 2105
 It with allurements does, like rivers, rise
 From little springs, enlarg'd by vast supplies.
 Had Myrrha kept this guard, she had not stood
 A monumental crime in weeping wood.
 Because that Love is pleasing in its pain, 2110
 We not without reluctance health obtain.
 Physick may tarry till to-morrow's sun,
 Whilst the curs'd poisons through the vitals run.
 The tree not to be shook has pierc'd the ground,
 And death must follow the neglected wound. 2115
 O'er different ages Love bears different sway,
 Takes various turns to make all sorts obey.
 The Colt unback'd we sooth with gentle trace :
 We feed the Runner destin'd for the race ;
 And 'tis with time and masters we prepare 2120
 The manag'd Coursers rushing to the war.
 Ambitious Youth will have some sparks of pride,
 And not without impatience be denied.
 If to his Love a Rival you afford,
 You then present a trial for his sword : 2125
 His eager warmth disdains to be perplex,
 And rambles to the beauty that is next.
 Maturer years proceed with care and sense,
 And, as they seldom give, so seldom take offence :
 For he that knows resistance is in vain, 2130
 Knows likewise struggling will increase his pain.
 Like wood that's lately cut in Paphian Grove,
 Time makes him a fit sacrifice for Love.
 By slow degrees he fans the gentle fire,
 Till perseverance makes the flame aspire. 2135
 This Love's more sure, the other is more gay ;
 But then he roves, whilst this is forc'd to stay.
 There are some tempers which you must oblige,
 Not by a quick surrender, but a siege ;

That most are pleas'd, when driven to despair 2140
By what they're pleas'd to call a cruel fair.

They think, unless their usage has been hard,
Their conquest loses part of its reward.
Thus some raise spleen from their abounding wealth,
And, clog'd with sweets, from acids seek their health. 2145
And many a boat does its destruction find
By having scanty sails, too full of wind.

Is it not treachery to declare
The feeble parts we have in war?

Is it not folly to afford 2150

Our enemy a naked sword?
Yet 'tis my weakness to confess
What puts men often in distress:
But then it is such Beaux^b as be

Possess with so much vanity, 2155

To think that wheresoe'er they turn,

Whoever looks on them must burn.

What they desire they think is true,

With small encouragement from you.

They will a single look improve, 2160

And take civilities for love.

"We all expected you at play:

"Was't not a Mistress made you stay?"

The Beau is fir'd, cries, "Now I find

"I out of pity must be kind: 2165

"She sigh'd, impatient till I came."

Thus, soaring to the lively flame,

We see the vain ambitious Fly

Scorch its gay wings, then unregarded die.

^b It is obvious that this word conveys at present a very different idea from its original signification; which was plainly that of an *accomplished gentleman*.—How different are the manly Beaux of Farquhar from the present Macaronies! and how many intermediate gradations have arisen between them! The genuine Beau appears to have been corrupted by a servile imitation of that ludicrous character the *petit-maitre* of our neighbourhood; a title affected by such of that vain people as had no other, in humble emulation of their *grand-maitre*, Louis the Fourteenth. From these came the Lord Foppingtons and Sir Harry Wildairs; and from them degenerated by degrees the Fribble and the Macarony!

PART THE FOURTEENTH.

189.

Both sexes have their jealousy,
And ways to gain their ends thereby,
But oftentimes too quick belief
Has given a sudden vent to grief,
Occasion'd by some persons lying,
To set an easy wife a-crying:
And Procris long ago, alas!
Experienc'd this unhappy case.

2170

There is a Mount, Hymettus styl'd,
Where Pinks and Rosemary are wild,
Where Strawberries and Myrtles grow,
And Violets make a purple show;
Where the sweet Bays and Laurel shine,
All shaded by the lofty Pine;
Where Zephyrs, with their wanton motion,
Have all the leaves at their devotion.
Here Cephalus, who Hunting lov'd,
When dogs and men were both remov'd,
And all his dusty labour done,
In the meridian of the sun,
Into some secret hedge would creep,
And sing, and hum himself asleep.
But commonly being hot and dry,
He thus would for some cooler cry:

2175

2180

2185

2190

"O now, if some

"Cooler would come!

2195

"Dearest, rarest,

"Loveliest, fairest,

"Cooler, come!

"Oh, Air,

"Fresh and rare;

2200

"Dearest, rarest,

"Loveliest, fairest,

"Cooler, come; Cooler, come; Cooler, come!"

A Woman, that had heard him sing,

Soon had her malice on the wing:

2205

For Females usually don't want

A Fellow Gossip that will cant;

Who still is pleas'd with others ails,

And therefore carries spiteful tales,

She

She thought that she might raise some strife

2216

By telling something to his Wife :

That once upon a time she stood

In such a place, in such a wood,

On such a day, and such a year,

There did, at least there did appear

2217

('Cause for the world she would not lie,

As she must tell her by the bye)

Her Husband; first more loudly bauling,

And afterwards more softly calling

A person not of the best fame,

2220

And Mistress Cooler was her name.

"Now, Gossip, why should she come thither?

"But that they might be naught together?"

When Cris heard all, her colour turn'd,

And though her heart within her burn'd,

2225

And eyeballs sent forth sudden flashes;

Her cheeks and lips were pale as ashes.

Then, "Woe the day that she was born!"

The nightrail innocent was torn:

Many a thump was given the breast,

2230

"And she, oh, she should never rest:

"She strait would heigh her to the wood,

"And he'd repent it—that he should."

With eager haste away she moves,

Never regarding scarf or gloves:

2235

Into the grotto soon she creeps,

And into every thicket peeps,

And to her eyes there did appear

Two prints of bodies—that was clear:

"And now (she cries) I plainly see

2240

"How time and place, and all agree:

"But here's a covert where I'll lie,

"And I shall have them by and by."

'Twas noon; and Cephalus, as last time,

2245

Heated and ruffled with his pastime,

Came to the very self-same place

Where he was us'd to wash his face;

And then he sung, and then he hum'd,

And on his knee with fingers thrum'd.

When

PART THE FOURTEENTH. 191

When Crissy found all matters fair, 2250
 And that he only wanted Air;
 Saw what device was took to fool her,
 And no such one as Mistress Cooler.
 Mistrusting then no future harms,
 She would have rush'd into his arms. 2255

But, as the leaves began to rustle,
 He thought some beast had made the bustle.
 He shot, then cried, "I've kill'd my Deer."—

○ Ay, so you have," (says Cris) "I fear."— }

"Why, Crissy, pray what made you here?"

"By Gossip Trot, I understood

"You kept a small Girl in this wood."

Quoth Ceph, "'Tis pity thou should'st die ○

"For this thy foolish jealousy :

"For 'tis a passion that does move 2265

"Too often from excess of love."

But, when they fought for wound full sore,

The petticoat was only tore,

And she had got a lusty thump,

Which in some measure bruise'd her rump. 2270

Then home most lovingly they went :

Neither had reason to repent. }

Their following years pass'd in content;

And Crissy made him the best wife

For the remainder of his life. 2275

The Muse has done, nor will more laws obtrude,
 Left she, by being tedious, should be rude.

Unbrace Love's swans, let them unharness'd stray,

And eat Ambrosia through the milky way.

Give liberty to every Paphian Dove, 2280

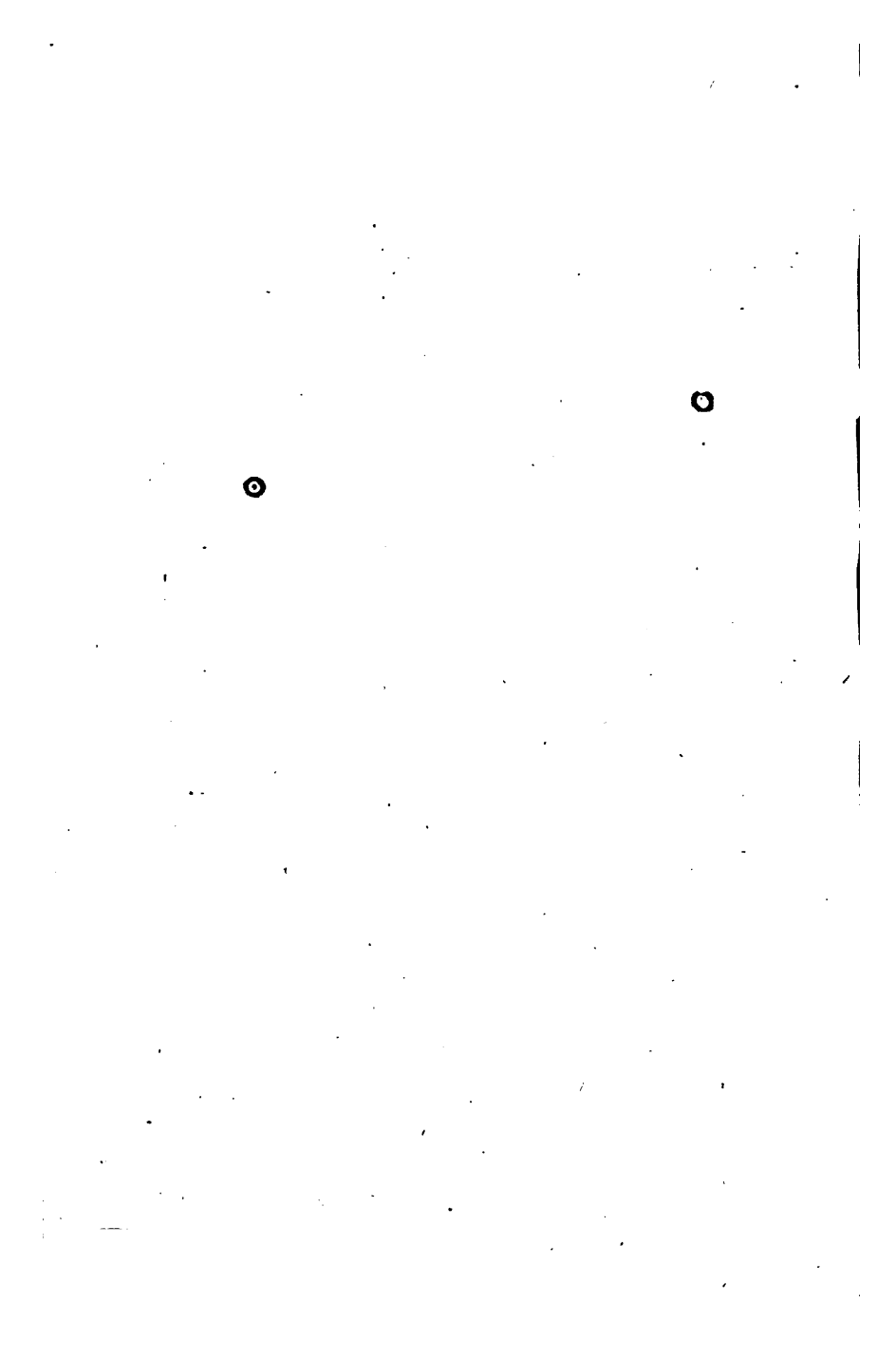
And let them freely with the Cupids rove.

But, when the Amazonian trophies rise

With monuments of their past victories;

With what discretion and what art they fought :

Let them record, "They were by OVID taught." 2285



P O E M S

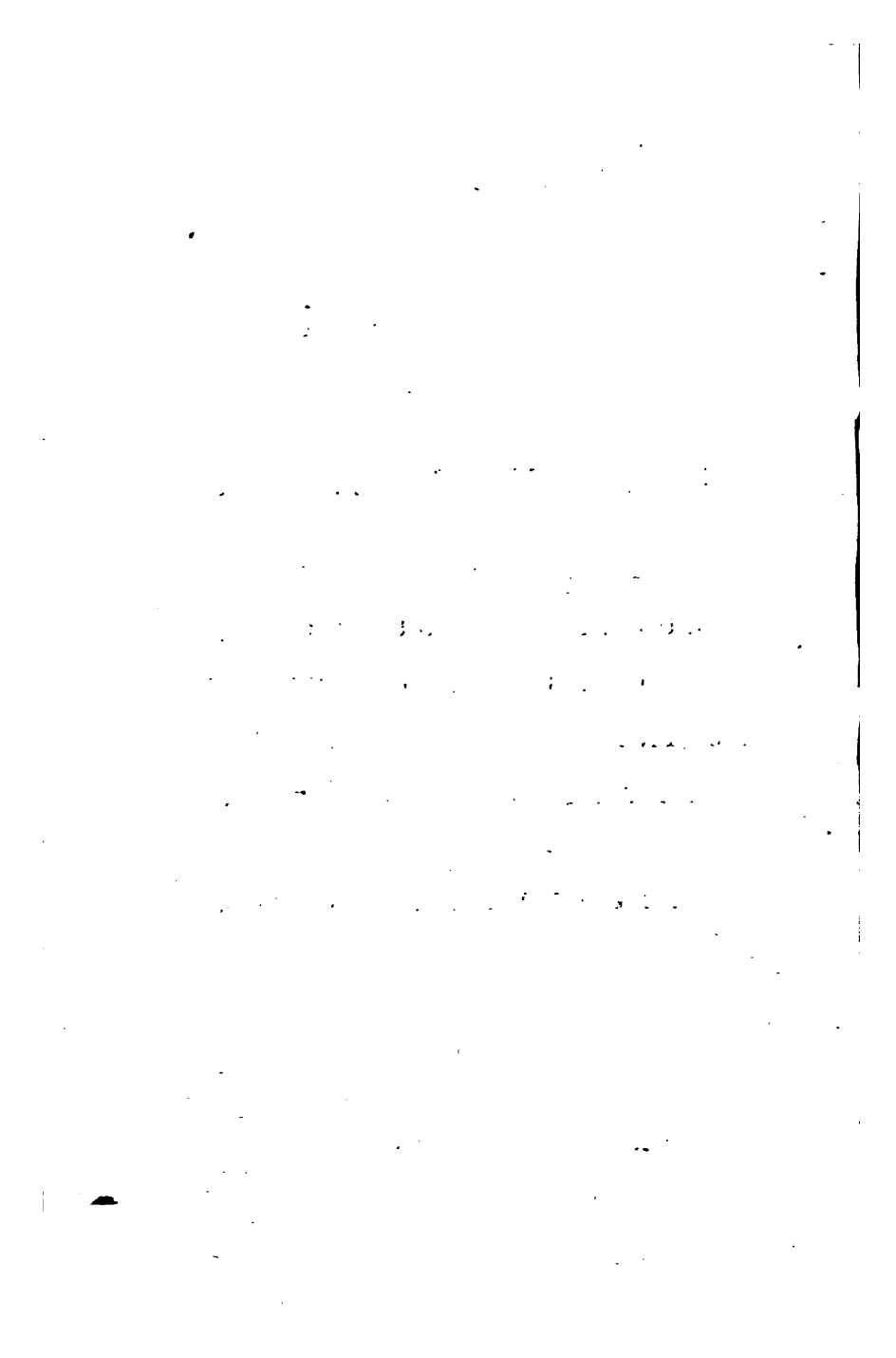
BY

DR. K I N G:

THE FURMETARY,
MULLY OF MOUNTOWN,
ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE,
RUFINUS, OR THE FAVOURITE,
BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM,
AND
MISCELLANY POEMS.

Vol. III.

Q



THE FURMETARY;

A very Innocent and Harmless P O E M,

IN THREE CANTO'S.

First printed in 1699.



P R E F A C E.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame, and the applause of the town: but he wholly disowns it; for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known, that *grave Senators* have often, at the Palace-yard, refreshed themselves with Barley-broth in a morning, which has had a very solid influence on their counsels; it is therefore hoped that other persons may use it with the like success. No man can be ignorant, how of late years Coffee and Tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, Cold Waters have obtained their commendation, and Wells are sprung up from Acton to Islington, and cross the water to Lambeth. These liquors have several eminent champions of all professions. But there have not been wanting persons, in all ages, that have shewn a true love for their country, and the proper diet of it, as Water-gruel, Milk-porridge, Rice-milk, and especially Furmetry both with Plums and without. To this end, several worthy persons have encouraged the eating such wholesome diet in a morning; and, that the poor may be provided, they have desired several Matrons to stand at Smithfield-

a "The Furmetry" was written to please a Gentleman, who thought nothing smooth or lofty could be written upon a mean subject; but had no intent of making any reflection upon "The Dispensary," which has deservedly gained a lasting reputation. Dr. King's Preface to his Miscellanies.—See an account of Sir Samuel Garth above, p. 184.

bars, Leaden-Hall-market, Stocks-market, and divers other noted places in the City, especially at Fleet-ditch; there to *dispense* Furmetry to labouring people, and the poor, at reasonable rates, at three-half-pence and two-pence a dish, which is not dear, the Plums being considered.

The places are generally stiled Furmetaries, because that food has got the general esteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the most remarkable, and therefore I have stiled it "The Furmetry:" and could easily have had a certificate of the usefulness of this Furmetry, signed by several eminent Carmen, Gardeners, Journeymen Taylors, and Basket-women, who have promised to contribute to the maintenance of the same, in case the Coffee-houses should proceed to oppose it.

I have thought this a very proper subject for an Heroic Poem; and endeavoured to be as smooth in my verse, and as inoffensive in my characters, as was possible. It is my case with Lucretius, that I write upon a subject not treated of by the Ancients. But, "the greater labour, the greater glory."

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I stand upon my own legs, without any support from abroad. I therefore shall have more occasion for the Reader's favour, who, from the kind acceptance of this, may expect the description of other Furmetaries about this City, from his most humble servant,

AND PER SE AND.



C A N T O I.

NO sooner did the grey-ey'd Morning peep,
 And yawning mortals stretch themselves from sleep;
 Finders of gold were now but newly past,
 And Basket-women did to Market haste;
 The Watchmen were but just returning home,
 To give the Thieves more liberty to roam;
 When from a hill, by growing beams of light,
 A stately pile was offer'd to the sight;
 Three spacious doors let passengers go through,
 And distant stones did terminate their view;

10
 Just

Just here, as ancient Poets sing, there stood,
 The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
 His image now appears in Portland stone,
 Each side supported by a god-like son^b.
 But, underneath, all the three heroes shine,
 In living colours, drawn upon a sign,
 Which shews the way to Ale, but not to Wine.

Near is a place enclos'd with iron-bars,
 Where many mortals curse their cruel stars,
 When brought by Usurers into distress,
 For having little, still must live on less:
 Stern Avarice there keeps the relentless door,
 And bids each wretch eternally be poor.
 Hence Hunger rises, dismally he stalks,
 And takes each single prisoner in his walks:
 This duty done, the meager monster stares,
 Holds up his bones, and thus begins his prayers:

"Thou, Goddess Famine, that canst send us blights,
 "With parching heat by day, and storm by nights,
 "Assist me now: so may all lands be thine,
 "And shoals of orphans at thy altars pine:
 "Long may thy reign continue on each shore,
 "Where-ever Peace and Plenty reign'd before!
 "I must confess, that to thy gracious hand,
 "I widows owe, that are at my command;

^b As Dr. King's description of Ludgate, though familiar to the present age, will be less intelligible to the rising generation, it may not be improper to observe, that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has ascribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its situation near the rivulet Flud, or Fleet, which ran near it.—So early as 1373, Ludgate was constituted a prison for poor debtors who were free of the city; and was greatly enlarged in 1454, by Sir Stephen Forster, who, from having been himself confined there, became lord mayor of London, and established several benevolent regulations for its government.—The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above described by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the statue of Queen Elizabeth on the West front, and those of the pretended King Lud and his two sons on the East. This was pulled down in 1760, and the statue of Elizabeth placed against the church of St. Dunstan in the West. Since that time, the city debtors have been confined in a part of the London workhouse in Bishopsgate street.

" I joy to hear their numerous childrens cries ;
 " And blefs thy power, to find they've no supplies.
 " I thank thee for those Martyrs, who would see
 " From superstitious rites and tyranny,
 " And find their fullness of reward in me.
 " But 'tis with much humility I own,
 " That generous favour you have lately shown,
 " When men, that bravely have their country serv'd,
 " Receiv'd the just reward that they deserv'd,
 " And are prefer'd to me, and shall be starv'd.
 " I can, but with regret, I can despise,
 " Innumerable of the London cries :
 " When Pease, and Maackarel, with their harsher sound,
 " The tender organs of my ears confound ;
 " But that which makes my projects all miscarry,
 " Is this inhuman, fatal FURMETARY.
 " Not far from hence, just by the Bridge of Fleet.
 " With Spoons and Porringers, and Napkin neat,
 " A faithless Syren does entice the sense,
 " By fumes of viands, which she does dispense,
 " To mortal stomachs, for rewarding pence.
 " Whilst each man's earliest thoughts would banish me,
 " Who have no other oracle but thee."

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C A N T O II.

WHILST such-like prayers keen Hunger would advance,
 Fainting and weakness threw him in a trance :
 Famine took pity on her careful slave,
 And kindly to him this assistance gave.
 She took the figure of a thin parch'd Maid,
 Who many years had for a Husband staid ;
 And, coming near to Hunger, thus she said :
 " My darling son, whilst Peace and Plenty smile,
 " And Happiness would over-run this isle,
 " I joy to see, by this thy present care,
 " I've still some friends remaining since the war :

" In

" In spite of us, A does on Venison feed,
 " And Bread and Butter is for B decreed;
 " C D combines with E F's generous soul,
 " To pass their minutes with the sparkling bowl;
 " H, I's good-nature, from his endless store,
 " Is still conferring blessings on the poor,
 " For none, except 'tis K, regards them more:
 " L, M, N, O, P, Q, is vainly great;
 " And squanders half his substance in a treat:
 " Nice eating by R, S, is understood,
 " T's supper, though but little, yet is good;
 " U's conversation's equal to his wine,
 " You sup with W, whene'er you dine:
 " X, Y, and Z, hating to be confin'd;
 " Ramble to the next Eating-house they find.
 " Pleasant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay,
 " Sometimes with musick, and sometimes with play;
 " Prolong their pleasures till th'approaching day.
 " AND PER SE AND alone, as Poets use,
 " The starving dictates of my rules pursues;
 " No swinging coachman does afore him shine,
 " Nor has he any constant place to dine;
 " But all his notions of a meal are mine.
 " Haste, haste, to him, a blessing give from me,
 " And bid him write sharp things on FURMETRY:
 " But I would have thee to Cossedro go,
 " And let Tobacco too thy business know;
 " With famous Teedrums in this case advise,
 " Rely on Sagoe, who is always wise:
 " Amidst such counsel, banish all despair;
 " Trust me, you shall succeed in this affair:
 " That project which they FURMETARY call,
 " Before next Breakfast-time shall surely fall!"
 This said, she quickly vanish'd in a wind
 Had long within her body been confin'd:
 Thus Hercules, when he his mistress found,
 Soon knew her by her scent, and by her sound.

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C A N T O III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the blest command,
That FURMETARY should no longer stand;
With speed he to Coffedro's mansion flies,
And bids the pale-fac'd mortal quickly rise.

"Arise, my friend; for upon thee do wait
"Dismal events and prodigies of Fate!
"Tis break of day, thy sooty broth prepare,
"And all thy other liquors for a war:
"Rouse up Tobacco, whose delicious sight,
"Illuminated round with beams of light,
"To my impatient mind will cause delight.
"How will he conquer nostrils that presume
"To stand th' attack of his impetuous fume!
"Let handsome Teedrums too be call'd to arms,
"For he has courage in the midst of charms:
"Sagoe with counsel fills his wakeful brains,
"But then his wisdom countervails his pains;
"Tis he shall be your guide, he shall effect
"That glorious conquest which we all expect:
"The brave Hectoryus shall command this force;
"He'll meet Tubcarrio's Foot, or, which is worse,
"Oppose the fury of Carmanniel's Horse.
"For his reward, this he shall have each day,
"*Drink Coffee, then strut out, and never pay.*"

It was not long e'er the Grandees were met,
And round *news-papers* in full order set;
Then Sagoe, rising, said, "I hope you hear
"Hunger's advice with an obedient ear;
"Our great design admits of no delay,
"Famine commands, and we must all obey:
"That Syren which does FURMETARY keep
"Long since is risen from the bands of sleep;
"Her Spoons and Porringers with art display'd,
"Many of Hunger's subjects have betray'd."
"To arms," Hectoryus cried: "Coffedro stout,
"Issue forth liquor from thy scalding spout!"

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Great

THE FURMETRY.

Great One-and-all-i gives the first alarm;
 Then each man flashes up offensive arms.
 To Ditch of Fleet courageously they run,
 Quicker than thought; the battle is begun:
 Hectorvus first Tubcarrio does attack,
 And by surprize soon lays him on his back;
 Thirfto and Drowtho then, approaching near,
 Soon overthrow two magazines of Beer.

The innocent Syrena little thought
 That all these arms against herself were brought;
 Nor that in her defence the drink was spilt:
 How could she fear, that never yet knew guilt?
 Her fragrant Juice, and her delicious Plums,
 She does *dispense* (with gold upon her thumbs):
 Virgins and Youths around her stood; she sate,
 Environ'd with a Wooden-chair of state.

In the mean time, Tobacco strives to vex
 A numerous Squadron of the tender sex;
 What with strong smoak, and with his stronger breath,
 He funks Basketia and her son to death.

Coffedro then, with Teedrums and the band
 Who carried scalding liquors in their hand,
 Throw watery ammunition in their eyes;
 On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
 Carmannio straight drives up a bulwark strong,
 And horse opposes to Coffedro's throng.
 Coledrivio stands for bright Syrena's guard,
 And all her rallied Forces are prepar'd;
 Carmannio then to Teedrum's squadron makes,
 And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
 Not Teedrum's arts Carmannio could beseech,
 But his rough valour throws him in the ditch.
 Syrena, though surpriz'd, resolv'd to be
 The great Bonduca of her FURMETRY:
 Before her throne courageously she stands,
 Managing ladles-full with both her hands.
 The numerous Plums like hail-shot flew about,
 And Plenty soon dispers'd the *meagre* rout.

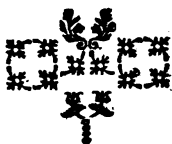
So have I seen, at Fair that's nam'd from Horn,
 Many a Ladle's blow by Prentice borne;

THE FURNETARY.

In vain he strives their passions to assuage,
With threats would frighten; with soft words engage;
And, through Milky gauntlet soundly beat,
His prudent heels secure a quick retreat.

185

*Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas!*



MULLY

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN^c.

First printed by the Author in 1704.

F.

MOUNTOWN^d! thou sweet retreat from Dublin cares,
 Be famous for thy Apples and thy Pears;
 For Turnips, Carrots, Lettuce, Beans, and Pease;
 For Peggy's Butter, and for Peggy's Cheese.
 May clouds of Pigeons round about thee fly;
 But condescend sometimes to make a Pye.
 May fat Geese gaggle with melodious voice,
 And ne'er want Gooseberries or Apple-sauce:
 Ducks in thy Ponds, and Chicken in thy Pens,
 And be thy Turkeys numerous as thy Hens:
 May thy black Pigs lie warm in little sty,
 And have no thought to grieve them till they die.
 Mountown! the Muses' most delicious theme;
 Oh! may thy Codlins ever swim in Cream!
 Thy Rasp- and Straw-berries in Bourdeaux drown,
 To add a redder tincture to their own!
 Thy White-wine, Sugar, Milk, together club,
 To make that gentle viand Syllabub^e.

^c It was taken for a State Poem, and to have many mysteries in it; though it was only made, as well as "Orpheus and Eurydice," for country diversion. Dr. King's Preface to his Miscellanies.

^d A pleasant villa to the South of Dublin, near the sea.

^e "Peace to thy gentle shade, sweet-smiling Hénriver!"—would have been our Author's ejaculation, if he had lived in 1773; when the admirers of this "gentle viand" lamented the irreparable loss of the foundress of the Lactarium.

Lac mihi non estate perit, non frigore desit;

"My milk in summer's drought, nor winter fails;
 was the Matron's invitation to the publick; whilst her happy cottage presented the liveliest reflection of its benignant owner:

Quam dives pecoris nobis, quam lactis abundans!

"What luscious milk; what rural stores are mine!"

Thy

Thy Tarts to Tarts, Cheese-cakes to Cheese-cakes join,
 To spoil the relish of the flowing Wine.
 But to the fading palate bring relief,
 By thy Westphalian Ham, or Belgic Beef;
 And, to complete thy blessings in a word,
 May still thy soil be generous as its Lord ^f !

25

II.

Oh ! Peggy, Peggy, when thou goest to brew,
 Consider well what you're about to do ;
 Be very wise, very sedately think
 That what you're going now to make is *drink* :
 Consider who must drink that drink, and then,
 What 'tis to have the praise of *honest* men :
 For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last,
 'Tis Peggy will be *toasted* or *disgrac'd*.
 Then, if thy Ale in *glass* thou would'st confine,
 To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine,
 Let thy clean Bottle be entirely dry,
 Left a white substance to the surface fly,
 And, floating there, disturb the curious eye.
 But this great maxim must be understood,
 " Be sure, nay very sure, thy *cork* be good !"
 Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
 That Nymph that *brew'd* and *bottled* Ale so well.

30

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40

III.

How fleet is air ! how many things have breath
 Which in a moment they resign to death ;
 Depriv'd of light, and all their happiest state,
 Not by their fault, but some o'er-ruling Fate !
 Although fair flowers, that justly might invite,
 Are cropt, nay torn away for man's delight ;
 Yet still those flowers, alas ! can make no moan,
 Nor has Narcissus now a power to groan !
 But all those things which breathe in different frame,
 By tie of common breath, man's pity claim.
 A gentle Lamb has rhetorick to plead,
 And, when she sees the Butcher's knife decreed,
 Her voice intreats him not to make her bleed :

45

50

^f Judge Upton.

But

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN.

299

But cruel gain, and luxury of taste,
With pride, still lays man's *fellow-mortals* waste :
What earth and waters breed, or air inspires,
Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.

300

MULLY, a Cow sprung from a beauteous race,
With spreading front, did Mountown's pastures grace.
Gentle she was, and, with a gentle stream,
Each morn and night gave Milk that equal'd Cream.
Offending none, of none she stood in dread,
Much less of persons which she daily *fed* :

301

" But Innocence cannot itself defend,
" 'Gainst treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of Friend."

ROBIN of Derby-shire, whose temper shocks
The constitution of his native rocks ;

302

Born in a place, which, if it once be nam'd,
Would make a blushing modesty *asham'd* :

He with indulgence kindly did *appear*

To make poor Mully his petular care,

But inwardly this sullen churlish thief

303

Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's Beef ;

His fancy fed on her, and thus he'd cry,

" Mully, as sure as I'm alive, you die !

" 'Tis a brave Cow. O, Sirs, when Christmas comes,

" These Shins shall make the Porridge grac'd with Plums,

304

" Then, midst our cups, whilst we profusely *dine*,

" This blade shall enter deep in Mully's Chine,

" What Ribs, what Rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, stew'd, and roast !

" There shan't one fingle Tripe of her be lost !"

When Peggy, Nymph of Mountown, heard these sounds,

305

She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.

" What crime," said she, " has gentle Mully done ?

" Witness the rising and the setting Sun,

" That knows what Milk she constantly would give !

" Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live."

306

Daniel, a sprightly Swain, that us'd to flash

The vigorous Steeds that drew his Lord's calash,

g The Devil's Arse of Peak ; described by Hobbes in a poem " De Mirabilibus Pecci," the best of his poetical performances. See an account of Hobbes, vol. II. p. 142.

To

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN.

To Peggy's side inclin'd, for 'twas well known
How well he lov'd those Cattle of his own.

Then Terence spoke, praeulous and sly,
H'd neither grant the question nor deny;
Pleading for Milk, his thoughts were on Mince-pye:
But all his arguments so dubious were,
That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.

"You've spoke," says Robin; "but now, let me tell ye, 100

" 'Tis not fair spoken words that fill the belly;

" Pudding and Beef I love, and cannot sleep

" To recommend your bonny-clapper Soup;

" You say she's innocent: but what of that?

" 'Tis more than crime sufficient that she's fat!

* And that which is prevailing in this case

" Is, there's another Cow to fill her place.

" And, granting Mully to have Milk in store,

" Yet still this other Cow will give us more.

" She dies."—Stop here, my Muse: forbear the rest:

And veil that grief which cannot be express'd!

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

First printed by the Author in 1704.

AS Poets say, one Orpheus went
To Hell upon an odd intent,
First tell the story, then let's know,
If any one will do so now.

This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
Born long before the Siege of Troy ;
His parents found the lad was sharp,
And taught him on the Irish Harp ;
And, when grown fit for marriage life,
Gave him Eurydice for wife,
And they, as soon as match was made,
Set up the Ballad-singing trade.

The cunning varlet could devise,
For country folks, ten thousand lies ;
Affirming all those monstrous things
Were done by force of *harp* and *strings* ;
Could make a Tiger in a trice
Tame as a Cat, and catch your Mice ;
Could make a Lion's courage flag,
And straight could animate a Stag,
And, by the help of pleasing ditties,
Make Mill-stones run, and build up Cities ;
Each had the use of fluent tongue,
If Dicé scolded, Orpheus sung.
And so, by discord without strife,
Compos'd one harmony of life ;
And thus, as all their matters stood,
They got an honest livelihood :

Happy were mortals, could they be
From any sudden danger free !
Happy were Poets, could their song
The feeble thread of life prolong !

But, as these two went stroling on,
Poor Dicé's scene of life was done ;

Away her fleeting breath must fly,
Yet no one knows wherefore, or why. 35

This caus'd the general lamentation,
To all that knew her in her station ;
How brisk she was still to advance,
The Harper's gain, and lead the dance, 40
In every tune observe her thrill,
Sing on, yet change the money still.

Orpheus best knew what loss he had,
And, thinking on't, fell almost mad,
And in despair to Linus ran, 45
Who was esteem'd a Cunning-man ;
Cried, " He again must Dicé have,
" Or else be buried in her grave."

Quoth Linus, " Soft, refrain your sorrow :
" What fails to-day, may speed to-morrow. 50

" Thank you the Gods for whate'er happens,
" But don't fall out with your fat capons.
" 'Tis many an honest man's petition,
" That he may be in your condition.
" If such a blessing might be had, 55

" To change a living wife for dead,
" I'd be your chapman ; nay, I'd do't,
" Though I gave forty pounds to boot.

" Consider first, you save her diet ;
" Consider next, you keep her quiet : 60

" For, pray, what was she all along,
" Except the burthen of your song ?

" What, though your Dicé's under ground,
" Yet many a woman may be found, 65

" Who, in your gains if she may part take,
" Trust me, will quickly make your heart ache :

" Then rest content, as widowers should—
" The Gods best know what's for our good !"

Orpheus no longer could endure
Such wounds where he expected cure. 70

" Is't possible ?" cried he ; " and can
" That noble creature, married man,
" In such a cause be so profane ?

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

104

" I'll fly thee far as I would death,

" Who from my Dicé took her breath."

75

Which said, he soon outstript the wind,

Whilst puffing Boreas lagg'd behind,

And to Urganda's cave he came,

A lady of prodigious fame;

80

Whose hollow eyes and hopper breech

Made common people call her Witch;

Down at her feet he prostrate lies,

With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.

" Tell me," said he, " for sure you know

" The Powers above, and those below,

85

" Where does Eurydice remain?

" How shall I fetch her back again?"

She smilingly replied, " I'll tell

" This easily without a spell:

" The wife you look for's gone to Hell—

}

" Nay, never start, man, for 'tis so;

" Except one ill-bred wife or two,

}

" The fashion is, for all to go.

" Not that she will be damn'd; ne'er feat

" But she may get preferment there.

95

" Indeed, she might be fried in pitch,

" If she had been a bitter bitch;

" If she had leapt athwart a sword,

" And afterwards had broke her word.

" But your Eurydice, poor soul!

100

" Was a good-natur'd harmless fool;

" Except a little cattervawling,

" Was always painful in her calling;

" And, I dare trust old Pluto for't,

" She will find favour in his Court:

105

" But then to fetch her back, that still

" Remains, and may be past my skill;

" For, 'tis too sad a thing to jest on,

" You're the first man e'er ask'd the question;

110

" For husbands are such selfish elves,

" They care for little but themselves.

" And then one rogue cries to another,

" Since this wife's gone, e'en get another:

" Though most men let such thoughts alone,
 " And swear they've had enough of *envy*. 113
 " But, since you are so kind to Dicé,
 " Follow the course which I advise ye;
 " E'en go to Hell yourself, and try
 " Th' effect of Musick's harmony;
 " For you will hardly find a friend, 116
 " Whom you in such a case might send;
 " Besides, their Proserpine has been
 " The briskest dancer on the green,
 " Before old Pluto ravish'd her,
 " Took her to Hell—and you may swear }
 " She had but little Musick there;
 " For, since she last beheld the sun,
 " Her merry dancing-days are done;
 " She has a colt's tooth still, I warrant,
 " And will not disapprove your errand. 120
 " Then your request does reason seem,
 " For what's one single ghost to them?
 " Though thousand *phantoms* should invade ye,
 " Pass on—Faint Heart ne'er won fair Lady!
 " The bold a way will find, or make, 123
 " Remember, 'tis for Dicé's sake."
 Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half so well,
 As news that he must go to Hell.
 Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
 As most folk seek their own undoing; 126
 Ne'er thought of what he left behind,
 Never consider'd he should find
 Scarce any passenger beside
 Himself, nor could he hire a guide.
 " Will Musick do't?" cried he. " Ne'er heed; 129
 " My harp shall make the marble bleed;
 " My harp all dangers shall remove,
 " And dare all flames, but those of Love."
 Then kneeling begs, in terms most civil,
 Urganda's passport to the Devil; 130
 Her pass she kindly to him gave,
 Then bad him noint himself with salve?

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. 215

Such as those hardy people use,
Who walk on fire without their shoes;
Who, on occasion, in a dark hole, 155
Can gormondize on lighted Charcoal;
And drink eight quarts of flaming Fuel,
As men in flux do Water-gruel.

She bad him then go to those caves,
Where Conjurers keep Fairy slaves, 160
Such sort of creatures as will baste ye
A Kitchen-wench for being nasty:
But, if she neatly scour her pewter,
Give her the money that is due t'her.

Orpheus went down a narrow hole, 165
That was as dark as any coal;
He did at length some glimmering spy,
By which, at least, he might descry
Ten thousand little Fairy elves,
Who there were solacing themselves. 170

All ran about him; cried, "Oh, dear!
"Who thought to have seen Orpheus here?"
"Tis that Queen's birth-day which you see,
"And you are come as luckily:
"You had no Ballad but we bought it, 175
"Paid Dicé when the little thought it;
"When you beneath the yew-tree sat,
"We've come, and all danc'd round your Hat;
"But whereabouts did Dicé leave ye?
"She had been welcome, Sir, believe me." 180
"These little chits would make one swear,"

Quoth Orpheus, "twixt disdain and fear.
"And dare these Urchins jeer my crosses,
"And laugh at mine and Dicé's losses.
"Hands off—the monkeys hold the faster; 185
"Sirrahs, I am going to your Master!"
"Good words," quoth Oberon: "don't flinch;
"For, every time you stir, I'll pinch;
"But, if you decently sit down,
"I'll first equip you with a crown; 190
"Then for each dance, and for each song,
"Our pence apiece the whole night long."

Orpheus, who found no remedy,
 Made virtue of necessity,
 Though all was out of tune, their dance 195
 Would only hinder his advance.
 Each note that from his fingers fell
 Seemed to be Dicé's passing-bell,
 At last, night let him ease his crupper,
 Get on his legs, to go to supper. 200
 Quoth Nab, " We here have strangers seldom,
 " But, Sir, to what we have you're welcome."
 " Madam, they seem of light digestion.
 " Is it not rude to ask a question?
 " What they may be, fish, flesh, or fruit? 205
 " For I ne'er saw things so minute."

" S I R,

" A roasted ant, that's nicely done,
 " By one small atom of the sun.
 " These are flies eggs, in moon-shine poach'd,
 " This a flea's thigh in collops scotch'd, 210
 " 'Twas hunted yesterday i' th' Park,
 " And like t' have scap'd us in the dark.
 " This is a dish entirely new,
 " Butterflies brains dissolv'd in dew;
 " These lovers vows, these courtiers hopes,
 " Things to be eat by microscopes : 215
 " These sucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
 " This a delicious rainbow-tart !"
 " Madam, I find, they're very nice,
 " And will digest within a trice;
 " I see there's nothing you esteem, 220
 " That's half so gross as our whipt-cream.
 " And I infer, from all these meats,
 " That such light suppers keep clean sheets."
 " But, Sir," said she, " perhaps you're dry !"
 Then, speaking to a Fairy by, 225
 " You've taken care, my dear Endia,
 " All's ready for my Ratifia."

" S I R,

"SIR,

"A drop of water, newly torn

"Fresh from the rosy-finger'd Morn;

"A pearl of milk, that's gently prest

230

"From blooming Hebe's early breast;

"With half a one of Cupid's tears;

"When he in embryo first appears;

"And honey from an infant bee

"Makes liquor for the Gods and Me!"

235

"Madam," says he, "an't please your Grace,

"I'm going to a drougthy place;

"And, if I an't too bold, pray charge her,

"The draught I have be somewhat larger."

"Fetch me," said she, "a mighty bowl,

240

"Like Oberon's capacious soul,

"And then fill up the burnish'd gold

"With juice that makes the Britons bold.

"This from seven barley-corns I drew,

"Its years are seven, and to the view

"'Tis clear, and sparkles fit for you.

"But stay —

"When I by Fate was last time hurl'd,

"To act my pranks in t'other world,

"I saw some sparks as they were drinking,

250

"With mighty mirth and little thinking,

"Their jests were *supernaculum*,

"I snatch'd the rubies from each thumb,

"And in this crystal have them here,

"Perhaps you'll like it more than Beer."

255

Wine and late hours dissolv'd the feast,

And Men and Fairies went to rest.

The bed where Orpheus was to lie

Was all stuff'd full of Harmony.

Purling streams and amorous rills,

260

Dying sound that never kills:

Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting,

Joy to slumber soft inviting:

Trembling sounds that make no noise,

And songs to please without a voice,

265

Were

214 ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Were mixt with down that fell from Jove,
When he became a Swan for love.

'Twas night, and Nature's self lay dead,
Nodding upon a feather-bed ;
The mountains seem'd to bend their tops,
And shutters clos'd the milleners shops,
Excluding both the punks and fops.
No ruffled streams to mill do come,
The silent fish were still more dumb ;
Look in the chimney, not a spark there,
And darkness did itself grow darker.

}

275

But Orpheus could not sleep a wink,
He had too many things to think :
But, in the dark, his harp he strung,
And to the listning Fairies sung.

280

Prince Prim, who pitied so much youth
Join'd with such constancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to understand ;

}

" Sir, I last night receiv'd command
" To see you out of Fairy Land,
" Into the Realm of Nosnotbocai ;
" But let not fear or sulphur choak ye ;
" For he's a Fiend of sense and wit,
" And has got many rooms to lett."

As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpse,
Out walk the Fidler and the Prince.
They soon arrive ; find Bocai brewing
Of Claret for a Vintner's stewing.

290

" I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim.

" 'Tis well," quoth Bocai : " what from him ?"

295

" Why, something strange ; this honest man
" Had his wife died ; now, if he can,
" He says, he'd have her back again."

}

Then Bocai, smiling, cried, " You see,
" Orpheus, you'd better stay with me.
" For, let me tell you, Sir, this place,
" Although it has an ugly face,
" If to its value it were sold,
" Is worth ten thousand ton of gold ;

300

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE. 215

" And very famous in all story, 305
 " Call'd by the name of Purgatory.
 " For, when some ages shall have run,
 " And Truth by Falsehood be undone, }
 " Shall rise the Whore of Babylon ;
 " And this same Whore shall be a Man, 310
 " Who, by his lies and cheating, can
 " Be such a trader in all evil,
 " As to outdo our friend the Devil :
 " He and his pimps shall say, that when
 " A man is dying, thither then 315
 " The Devil comes to take the soul,
 " And carry him down to this hole ;
 " But, if a man have store of wealth,
 " To get some prayers for his soul's health,
 " The Devil has then no more to do, 320
 " But must be forc'd to let him go ;
 " But we are no more fools than they,
 " Thus to be bubbled of our prey.
 " By these same pious Frauds and Lies,
 " Shall many Monasteries rise : 325
 " Friars shall get good meat and beer,
 " To pray folks out that ne'er came here ;
 " Pans, pots, and kettles, shall be given,
 " To fetch a man from hence to Heaven.
 " Suppose a man has taken purses, 330
 " Or stolen sheep, or cows, or horses,
 " And chances to be hang'd ; you'd cry,
 " Let him be hang'd, and so good by.
 " Hold, says the Friar ; let me alone,
 " He's but to Purgatory gone ; 335
 " And if you'll let our Convent keep
 " Those purses, cows, horses, and sheep ;
 " The fellow shall find no more pain,
 " Than if he were alive again."
 Here Orpheus sigh'd, began to take on,
 Cried, " Could I find the Whore you spake on,
 " I'd give him my best fitch of bacon :
 " I'd give him cake and sugar'd sack,
 " If he would bring my Dice back ;

116 ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

- " Rather than she should longer stay,
 " I'd find some lusty man to pray. 345
 " And then poor Dicé, let him try her,
 " I dare say, would requite the Friar."
 Great Nosnotbocai smil'd to see
 Such goodness and simplicity. 350
 Then kindly led them to a cell,
 An outward granary of Hell;
 A filthy place, that's seldom swept,
 Where seeds of villainy are kept.
 " Orpheus," said he, " I'd have you take 355
 " Some of these seeds here, for my sake;
 " Which, if they are discreetly hurl'd
 " Throughout the parts of t'other world,
 " They may oblige the Fiend you sue to,
 " And fill the palace of old Pluto. 360
 " Sow *pride-seed* uppermost; then above
 " *Envy* and *scandal* plant *self-love*.
 " Here take *revenge*, and *malice without cause*,
 " And here *contempt of honesty and laws*;
 " This hot seed's *anger*, and this hotter *lust*, 365
 " Best sown with *breach of friend/bip*, and of *trust*;
 " These *storm*, *bail*, *plague*, and *tempest* seeds,
 " And this a quintessence of weeds,
 " This the worst sort of artichoke,
 " A plant that Pluto has himself bespoken; 370
 " Nourish it well, 'tis useful *treachery*.
 " This is a choicè-though little seed, a *lye*:
 " Here take some now from these prodigious loads,
 " Of tender things that look like Toads.
 " In future times, these, finely dress'd, 375
 " Shall each invade a Prince's breast;
 " 'Tis *flattery* seed, though thinly sown,
 " It is a mighty plant when grown,
 " When rooted deep, and fully blown;
 " Now see these things like bubbles fly, 380
 " These are the seeds of *vanity*.
 " Take *tyrant acorns*, which will best advance,
 " If sown in Eastern climates, or in France;

" But

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

217

" But these are things of most prodigious hopes,
 " They're *Jesuit bulbs* tied up with ropes,
 " And these the Devil's grafts for future popes,
 " Which with Fanaticism are join'd so clean,
 " You'd scarce believe a knife had pass'd between :
 " *False-witness* seed had almost been forgot,
 " 'Twill be your making, should there be a plot :
 " And now, dear Orpheus, scatter these but well ;
 " And you'll deserve the gratitude of Hell."

}

390

Quoth Orpheus, " You shall be obey'd

" In every thing that you have said,
 " For mischief is the Poet's trade :
 " And whatsoever they shall bring,
 " You may assure yourself, I'll sing.
 " But pray what Poets shall we have,
 " At my returning from the grave ?"

}

" Sad dogs !" quoth Bocai — " let me see —

395

" But, since what I say cannot shame them,

" I'll e'en resolve to never name them."

" But now," says Bocai, " Sir, you may

" Long to be going on your way,
 " Unless you'll drink some Arsenick Claret :
 " 'Tis burnt, you see; but Sam can spare it.

400

Orpheus replied, " Kind Sir, 'tis neither

" Brandy nor whets that brought me hither ;

" But Love, and I an instance can be,

" Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy ;

405

" Yet, gentle Sir, you may command

" A tune from a departing hand ;

" The style and passion both are good,

" 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood*."

He sang ; and pains themselves found ease ;

410

For griefs, when well express'd, can pleas'd.

When he describ'd the childrens loss,

And how the Robins cover'd them with moss ;

To hear the pity of, those birds,

E'en Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words,

415

&c,

RUFINUS;

R U F I N U S ;

O R,

T H E F A V O U R I T E .

Imitated from CLAUDIAN.

OFT, as I wondering stand, a secret doubt
 Puzzles my reason, and disturbs my thought,
 Whether this lower world by Chance does move,
 Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.
 When I survey the world's harmonious frame,
 How Nature lives immutably the same ;
 How stated bounds and ambient shores restrain
 The rowling surges of the briny main ;
 How constant Time revolves the circling year ;
 How Day and Night alternately appear ;
 Then am I well convinc'd some secret soul,
 Some First Informing Power directs the whole ;
 Some great Intelligence, who turns the Spheres,
 Who rules the steady motion of the Stars,
 Who decks with *borrow'd light* the waning Moon,
 And fills with *native light* th' unchanging Sun,
 Who hangs the Earth amidst surrounding skies,
 And bids her various Fruits in various Seasons rise.
 But, soon as I reflect on human state,
 How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate ;
 How *ill men*, crown'd with blessings, smoothly pass
 A golden circle of delightful days ;
 How *good men* bear the rugged paths of life,
 Condemn'd to endless cares, to endless strife :
 Then am I lost again ; Religion fails,
 Then Epicurus' bolder *scheme* prevails ;

* This was written in 1711, and seems to be a harsh satire on the duke
 of Marlborough ; but was perhaps dictated rather by party rage than truth.
 Which

R U F I N U S.

Which through the void makes wandering *atoms* dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance;
Which God's eternal Providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the distant skies.

30

At length RUFINUS' fate my doubt removes,
And God's *existence* and his *justice* proves.
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain,
The Wicked flourish, and triumphant reign;
Since they to Fortune's heights are rais'd alone,
To rush with greater ruin headlong down.

35

But

b The Reader (if such an one by chance there be) who has received no entertainment from the preceding lines may spare himself the trouble of perusing a masterly imitation of the same original; which we are tempted to annex, as a rich repast for the Literati. To the very learned and now right reverend author of them our best excuse is suggested by his own motto—*Licet interdum NOTISSIMA eligere.*

“ Oft have these thoughts my anxious soul oppress'd,

“ With fluctuating fury tore my breast,

“ Whether Omniscient Powers, all good, bestow

“ Their care and blessing on mankind below;

“ Or doth sole arbiters, blind Chance, preside.

“ And things at random drive the giddy guide.

“ When this harmonious whole I wondering found

“ By laws directed, strictest union bound;

“ How circling seasons in their turns appear,

“ To pour their products, and complete the year;

“ How Night and Day in grateful change move round;

“ How straggling deeps, unwilling, own a bound;

“ The tumult ceas'd.—Yet, though repress'd my fears,

“ My mind still labours with the lessening cares.

“ As when retiring storms forsake the deep,

“ Pant to the shore, and o'er the billows creep;

“ While Ocean yet not all his peace regains,

“ Nor baffled Boreas quits the heaving plains,

“ Thick fluttering blasts die in a distant roar,

“ And fainter murmurs fall along the shore.

“ But now a conscious guidance I descry,

“ Now see a Mind Almighty, thron'd on high:

“ Who points the planets their unvaried way;

“ Fills the fair womb of Earth with offspring gay;

“ Gives changing Phoebe splendours not her own;

“ And stores with unlent light the constant Sun;

“ On central axes hangs the steady ball,

“ Secure in air, and gives it laws to roll.

“ When

But here instruct thy Bard, Pierian Dame,
Whence, and of whom, the dire contagion came.

Alesto's breast with rage and envy glows,
To see the world possess'd of sweet repose. 40
Down to the dreary realms below she bends,
There summons a *cabal* of Sister Fiends.
Thither unnumber'd Plagues direct their flight,
The cursed progeny of Hell and Night.
First, Discord rears her head, the nurse of War; 45
Next, Famine fiercely stalks with haughty air;
Then Age scarce drags her limbs, scarce draws her breath,
But, tottering on, approaches neighbouring Death;
Here grows Disease, with inbred tortures worn;
There Envy snarls, and others good does mourn;
There Sorrow sighs, her robe to tatters torn;
Fear skulks behind, and trembling hides her face,
But Rashness headlong thrusts her front of brass;
Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profusely shines,
Whilst Want, attending in a *cloud*, repines. 55

“ When lo ! again —

“ My views no more a certain prospect boast,

“ And all the promise of a God is lost.

“ Black gathering clouds my ruffled mind o'er-spread,

“ Bewilder'd in the maze of life I tread,

“ See the successful Villain ride the state;

“ The Patriot sinking in the storms of Fate.

“ Sudden Religion's strong supports decay,

“ And all the towering fabrick falls away;

“ With mournful eyes the fleeting form I view,

“ And forc'd, unwilling, other guides pursue;

“ That through the void teach sloping atoms rain'd,

“ By Chance associate, and by Chance detain'd.

“ While lucky jumbles of a thoughtless rout

“ A world produce, and at an heat strike out.

“ Exists the whole, ungovern'd, self-combin'd,

“ Nor wants the stay of an immortal Mind.

“ But all my doubts RUFINUS' fall remov'd;

“ Absolv'd the Gods, and Providence approv'd.

“ Of tardy Vengeance now no more I rave,

“ When prostituted Purple courts the Slave;

“ Hoisted aloft, just shewn, then headlong flung,

“ To deck the dunghill whence the insect sprung.”

Miscellaneous Translations in Prose and Verse, 1724.

A train

A train of sleepless self-tormenting cares,
 Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears ;
 Who, as around her wither'd neck they cling,
 Confess the parent *bug* from whence they spring.
 Here ills of each malignant kind resort,
 A thousand monsters guard the dreadful court.
 Amidst th' *infernal crowd*, Alecto stands,
 And a deep silence awfully commands ;
 Then, in tumultuous terms like these, express'd
 A passion long had swell'd within her breast :
 " Shall we supine permit these *peaceful days*,
 " So smooth, so gay, so undisturb'd, to pass ?
 " Shall Pity melt, shall Clemency controul,
 " A Fury's fierce and unrelenting *soul* ?
 " What do our iron whips, our brands, avail ;
 " What all the horrid implements of Hell ;
 " Since mighty Jove debars us of his *skies*,
 " Since Theodosius too his *earth* denies ?
 " Such were the days, and so their tenor ran,
 " When the first happy Golden Age began :
 " Virtue and Concord, with their heavenly train,
 " With Piety and Faith, securely reign ;
 " Nay, Justice, in imperial pomp array'd,
 " Boldly explores this everlasting shade ;
 " Me she, insulting, menaces and awes ;
 " Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws,
 " And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
 " From every region banish'd, idly mourn ?
 " Assert yourselves ; know what, and whence, you are :
 " Attempt some glorious mischief worth your care ;
 " Involve the Universe in endless war.
 " Oh ! that I could in Stygian vapours rise,
 " Darken the *sun*, pollute the balmy *skies* ;
 " Let loose the *rivers*, deluge every plain,
 " Break down the *barriers* of the roaring main,
 " And shatter Nature into Chaos once again !"
 So rag'd the Fiend, and toss'd her *vipers* round,
 Which hissing pour'd their poison on the ground.

c This is an instance in which Dr. King, in common with greater
 Poets, has sacrificed Grammar to (even a very indifferent) Rhyme.

A murmur

A murmur through the jarring audience rung,
 Different resolves from different reasons sprung.
 So when the fury of the storm is past,
 When the rough winds in softer murmurs waste;
 So sounds, so fluctuates, the troubled sea,
 As the expiring *tempest* plows its way.

Megara, rising then, address'd the throng,
 To whom Sedition, Tumult, Rage, belong;
 Whose food is entrails of the guiltless dead,
 Whose drink is childrens blood by parents shed.
 She scorch'd Alcides with a frantic flame,
 She broke the bow, the savage world did tame;
 She nerv'd the arm, she flung the deadly dart,
 When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart:
 She prompted Agamemnon's monstrous Wife
 To take her injur'd Lord's devoted life:
 She breath'd revenge and rage into the Son,
 So did the Mother's blood the Sire's atone:
 She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
 Forc'd him incestuous to a Mother's arms:
 She stung Thyestes, and his fury fed;
 She taught him to pollute a Daughter's bed.
 Such was her dreadful speech:

"Your *schemes* not practical nor lawful are,
 "With Heaven and Jove to wage unequal war;
 "But, if the peace of Man you would invade,
 "If o'er the ravag'd Earth *destruction* spread,
 "Then shall RUFINUS, fram'd for every ill,
 "With your own vengeance execute your will;
 "A prodigy from savage parents sprung,
 "Impetuous as a Tigress new with young;
 "Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the Flood,
 "And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.
 "Soon as the infant drew the vital air,
 "I first receiv'd him to my nursing care;
 "And often he, when tender yet and young,
 "Cried for the teat, and on my bosom hung:
 "Whilst my *born'd serpents* round his *visage* play'd;
 "His features form'd, and there their *venom* shed.

"Whilst

OR, THE FAVOURITE.

" Whilst I, infusing, breath'd into his heart	212
" <i>Deceit and craft</i> , and every hurtful art;	213
" Taught him t'involve his soul in secret clouds,	
" With false dissembling smiles to veil his frauds.	
" Not dying patriots' tortures can assuage	
" His inborn cruelty, his native rage :	
" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can suffice	214
" His boundless and unfated <i>avarice</i> :	
" Nor all the metal of Pactolus' streams, ,	
" Nor Hermus glittering as the solar beams.	
" If you the stratagem propos'd approve,	
" Let us to Court this <i>bane</i> of <i>crowns</i> remove.	215
" There shall he soon, with his intriguing art,	
" Guide uncontroll'd the willing Prince's <i>heart</i> .	
" Not Numa's wisdom shall that <i>heart</i> defend,	
" When the false <i>Favourite</i> acts the faithful <i>Friend</i> ."	
Soon as she ended, the surrounding crowd	216
With peals of joy the black design applaud.	
Now with an <i>adamant</i> her hair she bound,	
With a blue <i>serpent</i> girt her vest around ;	
Then hastes to Phlegethon's impetuous stream,	
Whose pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame ;	217
There lights a torch, and straight, with wings display'd,	
Shoots swiftly through the <i>dark</i> Tartarian glade.	
A place on Gallia's utmost verge there lies,	
Extended to the sea and Southern skies ;	
Where once Ulysses, as old Fables tell,	218
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of Hell ;	
Where oft, with staring eyes, the trembling <i>kind</i>	
Sees airy <i>phantoms</i> skim before the wind :	
Hence springs the Fury into upper skies,	
Infesting all the region as she flies :	219
She roars, and shakes the atmosphere around,	
And Earth and Sea rebellow to the sound.	
Then straight transform'd her snakes to silver hairs,	
And like an old decrepid <i>sage</i> appears ;	
Slowly she creeps along with trembling gait,	220
Scarce can her languid limbs sustain her weight.	
At length, arriving at RUFINUS' cell,	
Which, from his monstrous birth, she knew so well,	221

She mildly thus Hell's *darling hope* address'd,
 Sodh'd his ambition, and inflam'd his breast :

175

“ Can Sloth dissolve RUFINUS ? canst thou pass
 “ Thy sprightly youth in soft inglorious ease ?
 “ Know, that thy better Fate, thy kinder Star,
 “ Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.
 “ If thou an *old* man's counsel canst obey,
 “ The subject world shall own thy sovereign sway :
 “ For my enlighten'd soul, my conscious breast,
 “ Of Magic's *secret science* is possess'd.
 “ Oft have I forc'd, with *mythic midnight* spells,
 “ Pale *spirits* from their subterranean cells :
 “ Old Hecaté attends my powerful song,
 “ Powerful to hasten fate, or to prolong ;
 “ Powerful the rooted stubborn oak to move,
 “ To stop the thunder bursting from above,
 “ To make the rapid flood's descending stream
 “ Flow backward to the fountain whence it came.
 “ Nor doubt my truth — behold, with just surprize,
 “ An effort of my art—a *palace rift*.”

180

185

190

She said ; and, lo ! a *palace* towering seems,
 With Parian pillars and metallic beams.

195

RUFINUS, ravish'd with the vast delight,
 Gorges his *avarice*, and gluts his sight.
 Such was his transport, such his sudden pride,
 When Midas first his *golden wish* enjoy'd :
 But, as his stiffening food to metal turn'd,
 He found his rashness, and his ruin mourn'd.

200

“ Be thou or Man or God,” Rufinus said,
 “ I follow wheresoe'er thy dictates lead.”

Then from his *but* he flies, assumes the state
 Propounded by the Fiend, prepar'd by Fate.

205

Ambition soon began to lift her head,
 Soaring, she mounts with restless pinions spread ;
 But Justice, conscious, shuns the poison'd air,
 Where only *prostituted* tools repair ;
 Where STILICO and Virtue not avail ;
 Where *royal favours* stand expos'd to sale ;

210

Where

Where now RUFINUS ^d, scandalously great,
Leads labouring nations with oppressive weight ;

Keeps

^d To the elegant writer whom we have already quoted in p. 219, the
Curious are also indebted for the following valuable Fragment :

— Slow dastard Dulness is his native vice,
But Mischief quickens, and informs the mass,
From realm to realm as the Destroyer flies,
A following tract of bloody ruin lies :
Beneath the Line with fiercer fires he glows,
And adds new winter to Rhiphean snows.
An horrid respite chains and racks afford,
The cruel mercies of th' impending sword :
Worse than th' impending sword protracted breath,
A life prolong'd to wail the woes of death.

If any, bolder than the rest, deny
When call'd the Tyrant's coffers to supply ;
Stung with the dire disgrace, he foams with ire,
And his red eye-balls dart destructive fire.
So the struck Savage roves Getulia's plain,
Tries the barb'd javelin, and provokes the pain ;
Robb'd of her young, so the mad tigress roars,
Hangs on the parth, and thunders to the shores ;
So hisses fierce, so meditates her foe,
The trodden snake, while her big columns glow :
But still he thirsts, still pines amidst his store,
A wretch, that's always craving, always poor.

See great FABRICIUS, great in indigence,
Slight the deluding tribute of a prince ;
His small paternal plot SERRANUS plows,
While sweat bedews the toiling consul's brows.
Those lowly cots, the Curian names adorn,
On cloud-hid Palatine look down with scorn.
O sacred state ! where wealth or want ne'er come ;
To serve no motive, to enslave no ROME !
Let luxury thy o'er-charg'd nature load,
And with fantastic dainties heap thy board.
To her full breasts, me Mother Earth receives ;
Cheaply I'll riot on the wealth she gives.
There, figur'd walls betray the Tyrian loom,
Th' imperial *murix* * proudly paints thy dome.
Here, blooming meads their fragrant sweets dispense ;
Here, living pleasures court the ravish'd sense ;
Embroider'd carpets every field adorn,
Blows in the grove, and opens in the lawn ;

* A shell fish ; of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

VOL. III.

Q

The

Keeps the obsequious world depending still
 On the proud dictates of his lawless will ;
 Advances those, whose fierce and factious zeal
 Prompts ever to resist, and to rebel :
 But those *impaches*, who their Prince commend,
 Who, dauntless, dare his *sacred rights* defend.
 Expounds small *riots* into *highest crimes*,
 Brands *loyalty* as *treason* to the times.
 An *haughty Minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
 Enslaves the *subjects*, and insults the *Throne*.

A thousand disemboguing rivers pay
 Their everlasting homage to the sea ;
 The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
 Pour constant down their tributary streams :
 But yet the sea confesses no increase,
 For all is swallow'd in the deep abyfs.

In craving, still RUFINUS' soul remains,
 Though fed with showers of gold, and floods of gains ;
 For he despoils and ravages the land,
 No state is free from his rapacious hand ;
 Treasures immense he erects a tower,
 To lodge the plunder he collected store :
 Unmeasur'd is his voracity, unbounded is his power.

The flowery
 Lull to soft
 There, clamor
 And fawning
 Here, on smoo
 And every Mu
 A virtuous
 When Nature
 So live the W
 Who know to

murmuring
 oken drea
 long roo
 retched,
 ny Zeph
 calm re
 confess
 e mad
 heave
 to ul

* " Adeo tritum
 " cessum præponere
 " tatem, dulcedinem,
 " tatem, ut nemo tract
 " tibus in experiendo,
 de Augm. Scient.

Oh! whither would'st thou now, ambitious man?
 Vain are thy hopes, thy acquisitions vain:
 For now, suppose thy wishes possess'd
 Of all the splendour of the glancing East,
 Of CROESUS' mass of wealth, of CYRUS' crown,
 Suppose the ocean's treasure all thy own;
 Still would thy soul repine, still all the more,
 Unblest with plenty, with abundance poor.

FABRICIUS, in himself, is virtue great,
 Disdain'd a monarch's bribe, despis'd his state.
 SERRANUS, as he grac'd the Consul's chair,
 So could he guide the plough's laborious share.
 The fam'd, the warlike, CURIUS despis'd to dwell
 In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.
 Such a retreat to me's more glorious far,
 Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:
 Give me my solitary native home,
 Take thou thy rising tower, thy busy den;
 Though there, thy furniture of richest ore
 Adorns and ravishes the curious eye,
 Though each apartment, every spacious room,
 Be fill'd with the glories of the Tyrian loom;

More delightful home,

Still thine and thine's to keep

My good fellow-wagon

Keeps the obsequious world depending still
 On the proud dictates of his lawless will ;
 Advances those, whose fierce and factious zeal
 Prompts ever to *rebell*, and to *rebel* ;
 But those *impaches*, who their Prince commend,
 Who, dauntless, dare his *sacred rights* defend.
 Expounds small *riots* into *biggest crimes*,
 Brands *loyalty* as *treason* to the *times*.
 An *haughty Minion*, mad with *empire* grown,
 Enslaves the *subjects*, and insults the *Throne*.

215

220

A thousand dissembling *rivers* pay
 Their everlasting homage to the *sea* ;
 The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
 Pour constant down their tributary streams :
 But yet the *sea* confesses no increase,
 For all is swallow'd in the deep abyss.

225

In craving, still *Rufinus*' soul remains,
 Though fed with showers of gold, and floods of *grains* ;
 For he despoils and ravages the land,
 No state is free from his rapacious hand ;
 Treasures immense he hoards ; erects a tower,
 To lodge the plunder'd world's collected store :
 Unmeasur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his power.

230

The flowery couch and gently-murmuring streams
 Lull to soft slumbers and unbroken dreams.
 There, clamorous clients croud long rooms of state,
 And fawning levees call the Wretched, Great !
 Here, on smooth whispers, balmy Zephyr blows,
 And every Musick wakes from calm repose.

A virtuous Poverty's a good confess'd,
 When Nature made us men, she made us blest'd.
 So live the Wise, who hear her heavenly voice,
 Who know to make, and know to use, their choice *.

* " Adeo tritum thema est, atque ab omnibus jactatum, etiam & cessum præponere vitæ forensi, & occupatæ, propter securitatem, libertatem, dulcedinem, dignitatem, aut saltem ab indignitatibus immunitatem, ut nemo tractet hunc locum quin hunc tractet ; ita humanis conceptibus in experiendo, & consensibus in approbando consensat." Bacon, de Augm. Scient.

OR, THE FAVOURITE.

217

Oh! whither would'st thou rove, *mistaken man*?

Vain are thy hopes, thy acquisitions vain:

For now, suppose thy *avarice* possess'd

240

Of all the splendour of the glittering East,

Of CROESUS' mass of wealth, of CYAUS' crown,

Suppose the ocean's treasure all thy own;

Still would thy soul repine, still ask for more,

Unblest with plenty, with abundance poor.

245

FABRICIUS, in himself, in virtue great,

Disdain'd a monarch's bribe, despis'd his state.

SERRANUS, as he grac'd the Consul's chair,

So could he guide the plough's laborious share.

The fam'd, the warlike, CURII deign'd to dwell

250

In a poor lonely cot and humble cell.

Such a retreat to me's more glorious far,

Than all thy pomp, than all thy triumphs are:

Give me my solitary native home,

Take thou thy rising tower, thy lofty *dome*;

255

Though there, thy furniture of radiant die

Abstracts and ravishes the curious eye;

Though each apartment, every spacious room,

Shines with the glories of the Tyrian *loam*;

Yet here I view a more delightful scene,

260

Where Nature's freshest bloom and beauties *reign*;

Where the warm Zephyr's genial balmy wing,

Playing, diffuses an eternal spring:

Though there thy lewd lascivious limbs are laid,

On a rich downy couch, or *golden bed*;

265

Yet here, extended on the flowery grass,

More free from care, my guiltless hours I pass:

Though there, thy *scopbants*, a servile race,

Cringe at thy levees, and resound thy praise;

Yet here a murmuring stream, or warbling bird,

270

To me does sweeter harmony afford.

NATURE on all the power of bliss bestows,

Which from her bounteous source perpetual flows.

But he alone with happiness is blest,

Who knows to use it rightly when possess'd:

275

A doctrine, if well poiz'd in Reason's scale,

Nor Luxury nor Want would thus prevail.

Nor would our fleets so frequent plow the main,
Nor our embattled *armies* strew the plain.

But, oh ! RUFINUS is to reason blind !
A strange hydropic thirst inflames his mind.

No *bribes* his growing appetite can fete ;

For new possessions new desires create.

No sense of shame, no modesty, restrains,

Where Avarice or where Ambition reigns.

When with strict *oaths* his profer'd faith he binds,

False are his vows, and treacherous his designs.

Now, should a Patriot rise, his power oppose,

Should he assert a sinking *nation's* cause,

He stirs a vengeance nothing can controul,

Such is the rancour of his haughty soul ;

Fell as a lioness in Libya's plain,

When tortur'd with the javelin's pointed gain :

Or a spurn'd serpent, as she shoots along,

With lightening in her eyes, and poison in her tongue.

Nor will those families craz'd suffice ;

But provinces and cities he destroys :

Urg'd on with blind revenge and settled hate,

He labours the confusion of the *state* ;

Subverts the nation's old-establish'd frame,

Explodes her laws, and tramples on her fame.

If e'er in *mercy* he pretends to save

A man pursued by *fashion* from the *grave* ;

Then he invents new punishments, *new pains*,

Condemns to *silence*, and from *truth* restrains * :

Then *racks* and *pillories*, and *bonds* and *bars*,

Then *ruin* and *impeachments* he prepares.

O dreadful mercy ! more than death severe !

That doubly tortures whom it seems to spare !

All seem enslav'd, all bow to him alone ;

Nor dare their hate their just resentments own :

But inward grieve, their sighs and pangs confin'd,

Which with *convulsive sorrow* tear the *mind*.

* Alluding to the sentence then recently passed on Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a professed Advocate. See vol. II. p. 180.

OR, THE FAVOURITE.

229

Envy is mute—'tis treason to disclose
The baneful source of their eternal woes.

315

But *STATICO's* superior soul appears
Unshock'd, unmov'd, by base ignoble fears.
He is the Polar Star, directs the *State*,
When *parties* rage, and *public tempests* beat;
He is the safe *retreat*, the sweet repose,
Can sooth and calm afflicted Virtue's *woes*.
He is the solid, firm, unshaken force,

340

That only knows to stem th' invader's course.

So when a river, swell'd with Winter's rains,

The limits of its wonted shore, disdains;

345

Bridges, and stones, and trees, in vain oppose;

With unresisted rage the torrent flows:

But as it, rolling, meets a mighty rock,

Whose fix'd foundations can repel the shock,

Elided *surges* roar in *eddies* round,

350

The rock, *unmov'd*, reverberates the sound,

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM;

O R,

Lord BOLINGBROKE'S Welcome from FRANCE,

" Et thure, et fidibus juvat

" Placare, et vituli sanguine debito

" Custodes Numidæ Deos."

HOR. lib. I. Od. xxxvi. ad Pomponium
 Numidam, ob cujus ex Hispaniâ red-
 ditum gaudio exultat.

WHAT noise is this, that interrupts my sleep?
 What echoing shouts rise from the briny deep?

Neptune a solemn festival prepares;

And Peace through all his flowing orb declares:

That dreadful trident, which he us'd to shake,

Make Earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake,

Now, by his side, on ouzy couch reclin'd,

Gives a smooth surface and a gentle wind:

Innumerable Tritons lead the way,

And crouds of Nereids round his chariot play.

The ancient Sea-gods with attention wait,

To learn what's now the last result of Fate;

What earthly Monarch Neptune now decrees

Alone his great vicegerent of the seas.

By an auspicious gale, Britannia's fleet

On Gallia's coast this shining triumph meet;

These poms divine their mortal sense surprize,

Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes:

Whilst scaly Tritons, with their shells, proclaim

The names that must survive to future fame;

And Nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare

For monarchs who, to purchase peace, make war:

† Lord Bolingbroke set out for France, accompanied by Mr. Hare
 one of his under-secretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbé Gualtier, Aug. 2; Then
 and arrived again in London, Aug. 21, 1712. See the note, p. 234.

Then Neptune his majestic silence broke,
 And to the trembling sailors mildly spoke :
 " Throughout the world Britannia's flag display ;
 " 'Tis my command, that all the globe obey ;
 " Let British streamers wave their heads on high,
 " And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure sky ;
 " The rest let Nereus tell" —
 " If I have truth," says Nereus, " and foresee
 " The intricate designs of Destiny ;
 " I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode
 " With sharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood ;
 " I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,
 " Phœnician wealth, and Carthaginian doom ;
 " Must surely know what, in the womb of time,
 " Was fore-ordain'd for Britain's happy clime ;
 " How wars upon the watery realms shall cease,
 " And Anna give the world a glorious peace :
 " Restore the spicy traffick of the East,
 " And stretch her empire to the distant West :
 " Her fleets defy Aurora's purple bed,
 " And Phœbus' steeds after their labours fed.
 " The Southern coasts, to Britain scarcely known,
 " Shall grow as hospitable as their own :
 " No monsters shall be feign'd, to guard their shore,
 " When British trade secures their golden ore :
 " The fleecy product of the Cotswold field
 " Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield ;
 " Iron shall there intrinsic value show,
 " And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
 " Britannia's royal fishery shall be
 " Improv'd by a kind guardian deity ;
 " That mighty task to Glaucus we assign,
 " Of more importance than the richest mine ;
 " He shall direct them how to strike the Whale,
 " How to avoid the danger, when prevail ;
 " What treasure lies upon the frozen coast
 " Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.
 " In vast Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
 " Towns shall be built, sacred to Anna's name ;

§ Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

" The silver fir and lofty pines shall rise
 " From Britain's own united Colonies ;
 " Which to the mast shall canvas wings afford,
 " And pitch, to strengthen the unfaithful board ;
 " Norway may then her naval stores with-hold, 63
 " And proudly starve for want of British gold.
 " O happy Isle ! to such advantage plac'd,
 " That all the world is by thy counsels grac'd ;
 " Thy nation's genius, with industrious arts,
 " Renders thee lovely to remotest parts. 70
 " Eliza first the fable scene withdrew,
 " And to the ancient world display'd the new ;
 " When Burleigh ^h at the helm of state was seen,
 " The truest subject to the greatest Queen :
 " The Indians, from the Spanish yoke made free, 75
 " Bless'd the effects of English liberty ;
 " Drake ! round the world his Sovereign's honour spread,
 " Through straights and gulphs immense her fame convey'd ;
 " Nor rests enquiry here ; his curious eye
 " Descries new constellations in the sky, 80
 " In which vast space, ambitious mariners
 " Might place their names on high, and chuse their stars,
 " Raleigh ^k, with hopes of new discoveries fir'd,
 " And all the depths of human wit inspir'd,
 " Rov'd o'er the Western world, in search of fame, 85
 " Adding fresh glory to Eliza's name ;
 " Subdued new empires, that will records be
 " Immortal of a Queen's virginity !
 " But think not, Albion, that thy sons decay,
 " Or that thy princes have less power to sway ; 90

^h Sir William Cecil was made president of the court of wards Jan. 10, 1561, at which time he was also secretary of state ; and was created lord Burleigh, Feb. 25, 1570-1. He died Aug. 4, 1598, in his 78th year, after having had a principal share in the administration 40 years. He has been deservedly placed at the head of our English statesmen ; not only for his great abilities and indefatigable application, but also for his inviolable attachment to the interest of his sovereign. See more in Granger.

ⁱ See above, p. 92.

^k See vol. II. p. 93.

^l Alluding to the first settlement of Virginia.

" Whatever

- " Whatever in Eliza's reign was seen,
 " With a re-doubled vigour springs again :
 " Imperial Anna shall the seas controul,
 " And spread her naval laws from Pole to Pole :
 " Nor think her conduct or her counsels less, 95
 " In arts of war, or treaties for a peace ;
 " In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
 " Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by stealth.
 " No nation can fear want, or dread surprize,
 " Where Oxford's prudent Burleigh's loss supplies, 100
 " On him the publick most securely leans,
 " To ease the burthen of the best of Queens :
 " On him the merchants fix their longing eyes,
 " When war shall cease, and British commerce rise.
 " Alcides' strength and Atlas' firmer mind 105
 " To narrow streights of Europe were confin'd.
 " The British Sailors, from their Royal Change,
 " May find a nobler liberty to range.
 " Oxford shall be their Pole-star to the South,
 " And there reward the efforts of their youth : 110

■ Robert Harley, esq. was born Dec. 5, 1661. On the accession of king William, he was elected member for Tregony; and afterward for Radnor, which he represented till called to the upper house. Feb. 11, 1701-2, he was chosen speaker; as he was again, 31 Decr following; and a third time, in the first parliament of queen Anne. April 17, 1704, he was sworn of the privy council; and, May 18 following, appointed secretary of state, being still speaker of the house of commons. His office of secretary he resigned Feb. 12, 1707-8. Aug. 10, 1710, he was made a commissioner of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer; and three days after sworn again of the privy council; where, on the 8th of March following, his life was attacked by Guiscard. The address of both houses of parliament shews their great anxiety on that alarming occasion. Her majesty, in reward for his many services, advanced him to the peerage, by the title of baron Harley, earl of Oxford and earl Mortimer. On the 29th of May, he was appointed lord treasurer; Aug. 15, chosen governor of the South Sea company, of which he had been the founder; and, Oct. 26, 1712, was honoured with the Garter. July 27, 1714, he resigned the treasurer's staff. June 10, 1715, his lordship was impeached by the house of commons; and was committed to The Tower July 9, where he was confined till July 2, 1717, when the impeachment was dismissed. He died May 21, 1724.

" Whence,

" Whence, through his conduct, traffick shall encrease;
 " Ev'n to those Seas which take their name from *fears*."

" Peace is the sound must glad the Britons' ears

" But see! the noble Bolingbroke^o appears;

" Gesture compos'd and looks serene declare

215

" The approaching issue of a doubtful war.

" Now my cerulean race safe in the deep,

" Shall hear no cannons' roar disturb their sleep;

" But smoothest tides and the most haleyon gales

" Shall to their port direct Britannia's sails.

" Ye Tritons, sons of Gods! 'tis my command,

120

" That you see Bolingbroke in safety land;

" Your concave shells for softest notes prepare,

" Whilst Echo shall repeat the gentlest air;

" The River-gods shall there your triumphs meet,

" And, in old Ocean mix'd, your hero greet;

" Thames shall stand wondering, His shall rejoice,

125

" And both in tuneful numbers raise their voice.

" The Pacific Ocean.

" Henry St. John, esq. was secretary at war from April 20, 1704, to Feb. 12, 1707-8. He succeeded Mr. Boyle as secretary of state, Sept. 22, 1710; and July 7, 1712, was created baron St. John and viscount Bolingbroke: an honour he received reluctantly, having been disappointed of an earldom and of the Garter. On the accession of king George I, he was made lord lieutenant and custos rotulorum of the county of Essex. The seals were taken from him Oct. 13, 1715, and all the papers in his office secured. Soon after the meeting of the new parliament, perceiving himself in danger, he withdrew into France. In 1723, his majesty having granted him a full and free pardon, he returned to his native country; and in about two years obtained an act of parliament, to restore him to his family inheritance. He remained, however, still a mere titular lord, not being admitted to take his seat in parliament. Inflamed with this taint, he again entered upon the public stage, and embarked strongly in opposition against Sir Robert Walpole; which he carried on with inimitable spirit, till, in 1735, on a disagreement with his principal coadjutors, he retired to France, with a full resolution never more to engage in public business. On the death of his father, who lived to be extremely old, he settled at Battersea, the ancient seat of the family, where he passed the remainder of his days in the highest dignity; and died, Nov. 15, 1752, on the verge of fourscore. During the latter part of his life, he was much in the confidence of Frederick prince of Wales, and is supposed to have been the adviser of the most important steps in that prince's political conduct.

" The

"The rapid Medway, and the fertile Trent,
 "In swiftest streams, confess their true content.
 "Avon and Severn shall in raptures join,
 "And Fame convey them to the Northern Tine:
 "Tweed then no more the Britons shall divide,
 "But Peace and Plenty flow on either side;
 "Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feasts,
 "And all the world invite for welcome guests."
 Faction, that through the land so fatal spread,
 No more shall dare to raise her Hydra's head;
 But all her votaries in silence mourn
 The happiness of Bolingbroke's return;
 Far from the common pitth, he shall arise,
 With great designs, to dazzle Envy's eyes;
 Search deep, to know of Whiggish plots the source,
 Their ever-turning schemes, and restless course.
 Who shall hereafter British annals read,
 But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
 How artfully his conduct overcame
 A stubborn race, and quench'd a raging flame;
 Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate,
 And overthrew the Phaërons of state!
 These wise exploits through Gallia's nation ran,
 And fir'd their souls, to see the wondrous man:
 The aged counsellors, without surprize,
 Found wit and prudence sparkling in his eyes;
 Wisdom that was not gain'd in course of years,
 Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
 But struck by force of genius; such as drove
 The Goddess Pallas from the brain of Jove.
 The youth of France, with pleasure, look'd to see
 His graceful mien and beautiful symmetry:
 The virgins ran, as to unusual show,
 When he to Paris came, and Fontainebleau;
 Viewing the blooming minister desir'd,
 And still, the more they gaz'd, the more admir'd.
 Nor did the Court, that best true grandeur knows,
 Their sentiments by lesser facts disclose,
 By common pomp, or ceremonious train,
 Seen heretofore, or to be seen again;

130

135

140

145

150

155

160

165

But

236. BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM.

But they devis'd new honours, yet unknown,
Or paid to any subject of a crown.

The Gallic King, in age and counsels wife,
Sated with war, and weary of disguise,

170

With open arms salutes the British Peer,
And gladly owns his prince and character.

As Hermes from the throne of Jove descends,
With grateful errand, to Heaven's choicest friends;

As Iris from the bed of Juno flies,

175

To bear her Queen's commands through yielding skies,

Whilst o'er her wings fresh beams of glory flow,

And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;

So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' sight,

180

With message heavenly; and, with equal light,

Disperses all clouds of doubt, and fear of wars,

And in his Mistress' name for Peace declares:

Accents divine! which the great King receives

With the same grace that mighty Anna gives.

Let others boast of blood, the spoil of foes,

185

Rapine and murder, and of endless woes,

Deserted pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,

With spangled ensigns, streaming in the air:

Count how they made Bavarian subjects feel

The rage of fire; and edge of harden'd steel:

190

Fatal effects of soul insatiate pride,

That deal their wounds alike on either side:

No limit's set to their ambitious ends,

For who bounds them, no longer can be friends.

By different methods Bolingbroke shall raise

195

His growing honours and immortal praise.

He, fir'd with glory and the public good,

Betwixt the people and their danger stood:

Arm'd with convincing truths, he did appear;

And all he said was sparkling, bright, and clear.

200

The listening Senate with attention heard,

And some admir'd, while others trembling fear'd;

Not from the tropes of formal eloquence,

But Demosthenic strength, and weight of sense:

Such as fond Oxford to her Son supplied,

205

Design'd her own, as well as Britain's pride.

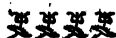
Who,

Who, lest beholden to the ancient strains,
Might shew a soldier blood in English veins;
Out-do whatever Homer sweetly sung
Of Nestor's counsels, or Ulysses' tongue.

210

Oh! all ye Nymphs, whilst time and youth allow,
Prepare the Rose and Lily for his brow.
Much he has done, but still has more in view;
To Anna's interest and his country true.
More I could prophesy; but must refrain:
Such truths would make another mortal vain!

215



TO THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

THE time will come (if Fate shall please to give
This feeble thread of mine more space to live)
When I shall you and all your acts rehearse,
In a much loftier and more fluent verse;
To Ganges' banks, and China farther East,
To Carolina, and the distant West,
Your name shall fly, and every where be blest;
Through Spain and tracts of Libyan sands shall go
To Russian limits, and to Zembla's snow.
Then shall my eager Muse expand her wing,
Your love of justice and your goodness sing;
Your greatness, equal to the state you hold;
In counsel wise, in execution bold:
How there appears, in all that you dispense,
Beauty, good-nature, and the strength of sense.
These let the world admire.—From you a smile
Is more than a reward of all my toil.

P A paraphrase on Nauderus's Address to Cardinal de Béni. Dr. King dedicated his English version of that work to the duke of Beaufort.

MISCELLANY POEMS.



S O N G.

YOU say you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing sound,
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The cure of every wound.

What you to thousands have denied,
'To me you freely give;
Whilst I in humble silence died
Your mercy bids me live.

So upon Latmos' top each night
Endymion fighting lay,
Gaz'd on the Moon's transcendent light;
Despair'd, and durst not pray.

But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
Th' effect of conquering charms:
Unask'd the Goddess brings relief,
And falls into his arms.



S O N G, T O C Æ L I A.

THE cruel Cælia loves, and burns
In flames she cannot hide;
Make her, dear Thyris, cold return,
Treat her with scorn and pride.

You know the captives she has made,
The torment of her chain:
Let her, let her be once betray'd,
Or rack her with disdain!

See

See tears flow from her piercing eyes,
 She bends her knee divine;
 Her tears for Damon's sake despise;
 Let her kneel still for mine.
 Pursue thy conquest, charming youth,
 Her haughty beauty vex,
 Till trembling virgins learn this truth—
 Men can revenge their sex.



An incomparable ODE of MALHERBE's*, written by
 him when the Marriage was on foot between the
 King of FRANCE† and ANNE of AUSTRIA.

Translated by a great Admirer of the Easiness of French Poetry.

*Cette Anne si belle,
 Qu'on vante si fort,
 Pourquoi ne vient elle ?
 Vrayment, elle a tort !
 Son Louis soupire
 Après ses appas :
 Que veut elle dire,
 Que elle ne vient pas ?
 Si il ne la possède,
 Il s'en va mourir ;
 Donnons y remède,
 Allons la guerir.*

This Anna so fair,
 So talk'd of by fame,
 Why don't she appear ?
 Indeed, she's to blame !
 Lewis sighs for the sake
 Of her charms, as they say ;
 What excuse can she make
 For not coming away ?
 If he does not possess,
 He dies with despair ;
 Let's give him redress,
 And go find out the Fair.

* The Translator proposed to turn this Ode with all imaginable exactness; and he hopes he has been pretty just to Malherbe: only in the sixth line he has made a small addition of these three words, "as they say," which he thinks is excusable, if we consider the French Poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's passion, as if the king himself had owned it to him. The Translator thinks it more properly and respectfully in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearsay.

KING.

† Lewis the Fourteenth.

THE

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were past,
 When men in bonfires did their firing waste;
 Yet still my monumental log did last!
 To begging boys it was not made a prey
 On the King's birth or coronation day.
 Why with those oaks, under whose sacred shade
 Charles was preserv'd, should any fire be made?
 At last a frost, a dismal frost, there came,
 Like that which made a market upon Thame:
 Unruly company would then have made
 Fire with this log, whilst thus its owner pray'd:
 "Thou that art worship'd in Dodona's grove,
 "From all thy sacred trees fierce flames remove:
 "Preserve this groaning branch, O hear my prayer,
 "Spare me this one, this one poor Billet spare;
 "That, having many fires and flames withstood.
 "Its ancient testimonial may last good
 "In future times to prove, I once had Wood!"



T O L A U R A,

In Imitation of PETRARCH.

AT sight of murder'd Pompey's head
 Cæsar forgets his sex and state,
 And, whilst his generous tears are shed,
 Wishes he had at least a milder fate.
 At Abſalom's untimely fall,
 David with grief his conquest views;
 Nay weeps for unrelenting Saul,
 And in soft verse the mournful theme pursues.

The

The mightier Laura, from Love's darts secure,
Beholds the thousand deaths that I endure,
Each death made horrid with most cruel pain;
Yet no frail pity in her looks appears,
Her eyes betray no careless tears,
But persecute me still with anger and disdain.



To the Right Honourable the late Earl of —, upon
his disputing publicly at Christ Church, Oxford.

MUSE, to thy master's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodness won't deny:
With due submission, tell him you are mine;
And that you trouble him with this design,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard just now from vanquish'd Truth:
"Conquer'd, undone! 'Tis strange that there should be
"In this confession pleasure ev'n to me.
"With well-wrought terms my hold I strongly barr'd,
"And rough distinctions were my furly guard.
"Whilst I, sure of my cause, this strength possess,
"A noble youth advancing with address,
"Led glittering falsehood on with so much art,
"That I soon felt sad omens in my heart.
"Words with that grace," said I, "must needs persuade;
"I find myself insensibly betray'd.
"Whilst he pursues his conquest, I retreat,
"And by that name would palliate my defeat.
"But here methinks I do the prospect see
"Of all those triumphs he prepares for me,
"When Virtue or when Innocence oppress
"Fly for sure refuge to his generous breast;
"When with a noble mien his youth appears,
"And gentle voice persuades the listening peers.
"Judges shall wonder when he clears the laws,
"Dispelling mists, which long have hid their cause:

* Probably James the third of Anglesea. See the *Memoirs* of Dr.
King, in our First Volume.

"Then, by his aid, aid that can never fail,
 "Ev'n I, though conquer'd now, shall sure prevail :
 "Thoufands of wreaths to me he shall repay
 "For that one laurel Error wears to-day."



A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wishes first I fought,
 'Twas in the dawn of youth :

I toasted you, for you I fought,
 But never thought of truth.

You saw how still my fire encreas'd ;

I griev'd to be denied :

You said, "till I to wander ceas'd

"You'd guard your heart with pride."

I, that once feign'd too many lies,

In height of passion swore

By you and other deities,

That I would range no more.

I've sworn, and therefore now am fix'd,

No longer false and vain :

My passion is with honour mix'd,

And both shall ever reign.



THE MAD LOVER.

I'LL from my breast tear fond desire,
 Since Laura is not mine :

I'll strive to cure the amorous fire,

And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling shade

Soft slumbers I may find :

There all the vows to Laura made

Shall vanish with the wind.

The speaking strings and charming song
 My passion may remove :
 Oh, Musick will the pain prolong,
 And is the food of love.

I'll search heaven, earth, hell, seas, and air,
 And that shall set me free :
 Oh, Laura's image will be there
 Where Laura will not be.

My soul must still endure the pain,
 And with fresh torment rave :
 For none can ever break the chain
 That once was Laura's slave.



THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING.

A Soliloquy by NAN THRASHERWELL, being Part
 of a Play called "The New Troop."

O MY dear Thrasherwell, you're gone to sea,
 And happiness must ever banish'd be
 From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me !
 Perhaps he is on land at Portsmouth now
 In the embraces of some Hampshire Sow,
 Who, with a wanton pat, cries, " Now, my Dear,
 " You're wishing for some Wapping doxy here."—
 " Pox on them all ! but most on bouncing Nan,
 " With whom the torments of my life began :
 " She is a bitter one !"—You lye, you Regue ;
 You are a treacherous, false, ungrateful deg.
 Did not I take you up without a shirt ?
 Woe worth the hand that scrubb'd off all your dirt ?
 Did not my interest lift you in the Guard ?
 And had not you ten shillings, my reward ?
 Did I not then, before the Serjeant's face,
 Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with disgrace ?

R 2

And

And Thrasherwell before all others chuse,
 When I had the whole Regiment to louse.
 Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your sword,
 The just revenger of your injur'd word:
 The martial Youth round in a circle stood,
 With envious looks of love, and itching blood.
 You, with some oaths that signified consent,
 Cried "Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the sword you went.
 Then I with some more modesty would step:
 The Ensign thump'd my bum, and made me leap.
 I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
 Leave us no power of leaping back again.



THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the Farmer had a jolly Wife,
 That knew all the conveniencies of life,
 Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
 The wit which Nature had to him denied:
 But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
 And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
 This made censorious persons of the town
 Say, Slouch could hardly call his soul his own:
 For, if he went abroad too much, she'd use
 To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
 Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
 Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted:
 Yet still into his story she would break
 With, "'Tis not so—pray give me leave to speak."
 His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
 Not differing much from calling of him fool;
 Told him, he must exert himself, and be
 In fact the master of his family.

He said, "That the next Tuesday noon would show
 Whether he were the lord at home, or no;

"When

"When their good company he would entreat
 "To well-brew'd ale, and clean, if homely, meat."
 With aking heart home to his wife he goes,
 And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
 And prays dear Sukey, that one day, at least,
 He might appear as master of the feast.
 "I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see
 "Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."
 The guests upon the day appointed came,
 Each bowfy Farmer with his simpering dame.
 "Ho! Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou appear?"
 "Are these thy manners when Aunt Snap is here?"
 "I pardon ask," says Sue; "I'd not offend
 "Any my dear invites, much less his friend."
 Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
 To entertain his friends with finding fault,
 And make the main ingredient of his treat
 His saying, "There was nothing fit to eat :
 "The boil'd Pork stinks, the roast Beef's not enough,
 "The Bacon's rusty, and the Hens are tough ;
 "The Veal's all rags, the Butter's turn'd to Oil;
 "And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil.
 "Tis we are the first Slouches ever fate
 "Down to a Pudding without Plums or Fat.
 "What Teeth or Stomach's strong enough to feed
 "Upon a Goose my Grannum kept to breed ?
 "Why must old Pidgeons, and they stale, be drest,
 "When there's so many squab ones in the nest ?
 "This Beer is sour, this musty, thick, and stale,
 "And worse than any thing, except the Ale."

Sue all this while many excuses made,
 Some things she own'd, at other times she laid
 The fault on chance, but oftener on the maid. }
 Then Cheese was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'en shall roll :
 "I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a Bowl :
 "This is Skim-milk, and therefore it shall go ;
 "And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."
 But now Sue's patience did begin to waste,
 Nor longer could dissimulation last.

"Pray let me rise," says Sue, "my dear: I'll find
 "A Cheese perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."

Then in an entry, standing close, where he
 Alone, and none of all his friends might see;
 And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
 And far enough on this occasion smelt;

"I'll try, my joy," she cried, "if I can please
 "My Dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese."

Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vigorous hand
 Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
 Knew well the twang: "Is't the Old Cheese, my Dear?
 "No need, no need of Cheese," cries Slouch: "I'll swear,
 "I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"



THE SKILLET,

TWO neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would married be;
 But did not in their choice of Wives agree.

Clod thought a Cuckold was a monstrous beast
 With two huge glaring eyes and spreading crest:
 Therefore, resolving never to be such,

Married a Wife none but himself could touch,

Jolt, thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
 Which shews us whom to love, and whom to hate,
 To a young handsome jolly lass made court,
 And gave his friends convincing reason for't,
 That, since in life such mischief must he had,
 Beauty had something still that was not bad.

Within two months, Fortune was pleas'd to send
 A Tinker to Clod's house, with "Brass to mend."

The good old wife survey'd the brawny spark,
 And found his chine was large, though countenance dark.

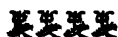
First she appears in all her airs, then tries
 The squinting efforts of her amorous eyes.

Much time was spent, and much desire express'd:
 At last the Tinker cried, "Few words are best;

"Give

"Give me that Skillet then; and, if I'm true,
 "I dearly earn it for the work I do."
 They 'greed; they parted. On the Tinker goes,
 With the same stroke of pan and twang of nose,
 Till he at Jolt's beheld a sprightly dame
 That set his native vigour all on flame.
 He looks, sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,
 "And can you then let a young Tinker die?"
 Says she, "Give me your Skillet then, and try."
 "My Skillet! Both my heart and Skillet take;
 "I wish it were a Copper for your sake."

After all this, not many days did pass
 Clod, sitting at Jolt's house, survey'd the Brass
 And glittering Pewter standing on the shelf.
 Then, after some gruff muttering with himself,
 Cried, "Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine?"
 "You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; "'t'c'n't mine;
 "But I'll ask Nan." 'Twas done; Nan told the matter
 In truth as 'twas; then cried, "You've got the better:
 "For tell me, Dearest, whether would you chuse
 "To be a gainer by me, or to lose.
 "As for our Neighbour Clod, this I dare say,
 "We've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."



THE FISHERMAN.

TOM Banks by native industry was taught
 The various arts how Fishes might be caught.
 Sometimes with trembling reed and single hair,
 And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
 With melancholy thoughts and downcast eyes,
 Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
 Sometimes in rivulet quick and water clear
 They'd meet a fate more generous from his spear.
 To basket oft he'd pliant oziars turn,
 Where they might entrance find, but no return.

His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes throw,
 Encircling thus his captives all below.
 But, when he would a quick destruction make,
 And from afar much larger booty take,
 He'd through the stream, where most descending, set
 From side to side his strong capacious net;
 And then his rustic crew with mighty poles
 Would drive his prey out from their owzy holes,
 And so pursue them down the rolling flood,
 Gasping for breath, and almost choak'd with mud,
 Till they, of farther passage quite bereft,
 Were in the mesh with gills entangled left.

Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought his beer
 Was good, unless he had his water clear.

He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale :

" Lord ! if you knew but how the people rail !

" They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse, they say,

" With water sometimes ink, and sometimes whey,

" According as you meet with mud or clay.

" Besides, my wife these six months could not brew,

" And now the blame of this all's laid on you ;

" For it will be a dismal thing to think

" How we old Trots must live and have no drink ;

" Therefore, I pray, some other method take

" Of fishing, were it only for our sake."

Says Banks, " I'm sorry it should be my lot

" Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot :

" Yet 't'ep't my fault ; but so 'tis Fortune tries one

" To make his meat become his neighbour's poison ;

" And so we pray for winds upon this coast,

" By which on t'other navies may be lost.

" Therefore in patience rest, though I proceed :

" There's no ill-nature in the case, but need.

" Though for your use this water will not serve,

" I'd rather you should choak, than I should starve."

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the best faces,
Had a most knotty pate at solving cases ;

In any point could tell you to a hair

When was a grain of honesty to spare.

It happen'd, after prayers, one certain night,

At home he had occasion for a light

To turn Socinus^t, Lessius, Escobar,

Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre :

And therefore, as he from the chapel came,

Extinguishing a yellow taper's flame,

By which just now he had devoutly pray'd,

The useful remnant to his sleeve convey'd.

There happen'd a Physician to be by,

Who thither came but only as a spy,

To find out others faults, but let alone

Repentance for the crimes that were his own.

This Doctor follow'd Paddy ; said, " He lack'd

" To know what made a sacrilegious fact."

Paddy with studious gravity replies,

" That's as the place or as the matter lies :

" If from a place unfacred you should take

" A facred thing, this sacrilege would make ;

" Or an unfacred thing from facred place,

" There would be nothing different in the case ;

" But, if both thing and place should facred be,

" 'Twere height of sacrilege, as Doctors all agree."

" Then," says the Doctor, " for more light in this,

" To put a special case, were not amiss.

" Suppose a man should take a Common Prayer

" Out of a Chapel where there's some to spare."

" A Common Prayer !" says Paddy, " that would be

" A sacrilege of an intense degree."

^t Marianus Socinus, an eminent civilian, born in Tuscany in 1482, died in August, 1556. He is introduced here, as are the following personages, for his great skill in casuistry. He was grandfather to Faustus Socinus, the founder of the sect which bears their name.

" Suppose

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" Suppose that one should in these holidays
 " Take thence a bunch of Rosemary or Bays."
 " I'd not be too censorious in that case,
 " But 'twould be sacrilege still from the place."
 " What if a man should from the chapel take
 " A taper's end : should he a scruple make,
 " If homeward to his chambers he should go,
 " Whether 'twere theft, or sacrilege, or no ?"
 The sly insinuation was perceiv'd,
 Says Paddy, " Doctor, you may be deceiv'd,
 " Unless in cases you distinguish right ;
 " But this may be resolv'd at the first sight :
 " As to the taper, it could be no theft,
 " For it had done its duty, and was left :
 " And sacrilege in having it is none,
 " Because that in my sleeve I now have one."



THE CONSTABLE.

ONE night a fellow wandering without fear,
 As void of money as he was of care,
 Considering both were wash'd away with beer,
 With Strap the Constable by Fortune meets,
 Whose lanterns glare in the most silent streets.
 Resty, impatient any one should be
 So bold as to be drunk that night but he :
 " Stand ; who goes there," cries Strap, " at hours so late ?
 " Answer. Your name ; or else have at your pate."—
 " I wo'nt stand, 'cause I can't. Why must you know
 " From whence it is I come, or where I go ?"
 " See here my staff," cries Strap ; " trembling behold
 " Its radiant paint, and ornamental gold :
 " Wooden authority when thus I wield,
 " Persons of all degrees obedience yield.
 " Then, be you the best man in all the city,
 " Mark me ! I to the Counter will commit ye."

" You !

"You! kifs, and so forth. For that never spare :
 " If that be all, commit me if you dare ;
 " Na person yet, either through fear or shame,
 " Durst commit me, that once had heard my name."
 " Pray then, what is't ?"—" My name's ADULTERY ;
 " And, faith, your future life would pleasant be
 " Did your wife know you once committed *me*,"



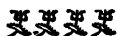
LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London, Paul the Carrier coming down
 To Wantage, meets a beauty of the town,
 They both accost with salutation pretty,
 As, " How do'st, Paul ?"—" Thank you : and how do'st, Betty ?"
 " Didst see our Jack, nor Sister ? No, you've seen,
 " I warrant, none but those who saw the Queen,"
 " Many words spoke in jest," says Paul, " are true,
 " I came from Windsor ; and, if some folks knew
 " As much as I, it might be well for you,"
 " Lord, Paul ! what is't ?"—" Why give me something for't,
 " This kifs ; and this. The matter's then in short :
 " The Parliament have made a proclamation,
 " Which will this week be sent all round the nation ;
 " That Maids with little mouths do all prepare
 " On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
 " And that all Batchelors be likewise there :
 " For Maids with little mouths shall, if they please,
 " From these young men choose two apiece."
 Betty, with bridled chin, extends her face,
 And then contracts her lips with simpering grace,
 Cries, " Hem ! pray what must all the huge ones do
 " For husbands, when we little mouths have two ?"
 " Hold, not so fast," cries he ; " pray pardon me ;
 " Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have three."

* Where Queen Anne and her Court frequently resided.

Betty

Betty distorts her face with hideous squawl,
 And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl,
 "Oh! ho! is't so? The case is alter'd, Paul.
 "Is that the point? I wish the three were ten;
 "I warrant I'd find mouth, if they'll find men."



HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckiest of his crew,
 Was still contriving something bad, but new.
 His comrades all obedience to him paid,
 In executing what designs he laid:
 'Twas they should rob the orchard, he'd retire,
 His foot was safe whilst theirs was in the fire.
 He kept them in the dark to that degree,
 None should presume to be so wise as he,
 But, being at the top of all affairs,
 The profit was his own, the mischief theirs;
 There fell some words made him begin to doubt,
 The rogues would grow so wise to find him out;
 He was not pleas'd with this, and so next day
 He cries to them, as going just to play,
 "What a rare Jack-daw's nest is there! look up,
 "You see 'tis almost at the steeple's top."
 "Ah," says another, "we can have no hope
 "Of getting thither to't without a rope."
 Says then the steering spark, with courteous grin,
 By which he drew his infant cullies in;
 "Nothing more easy; did you never see
 "How, in a swarm, bees, hanging bee by bee,
 "Make a long sort of rope below the tree.
 "Why mayn't we do the same, good Mr. John?
 "For that contrivance pray let me alone.
 "Tom shall hold Will, you Will, and I'll hold you,
 "And then I warrant you the thing will do,

"But,

" But, if there's any does not care to try,
 " Let us have no Jack-daws, and what care I!"
 That touch'd the quick, and so they soon complied,
 No argument like that was e'er denied,
 And therefore instantly the thing was tried.
 They hanging down on strength above depend :
 Then to himself mutters their trusty friend,
 " The dogs are almost useless grown to me,
 " I ne'er shall have such opportunity
 " To part with them ; and so e'en let them go."
 Then cries aloud, " So ho ! my lads ! so ho !
 " You're gone, unless ye all hold fast below.
 " They've serv'd my turn, so 'tis fit time to drop them ;
 " The Devil, if he wants them, let him stop them."



THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode astray,
 More out of choice, than that he lost his way,
 He let his company the Hare pursue,
 For he himself had other game in view.
 A Beggar by her trade ; yet not so mean,
 But that her cheeks were fresh, and linen clean.
 " Mistress," quoth he, " and what if we two shou'd
 " Retire a little way into the wood ?"

She needed not much courtship to be kind,
 He ambles on before, she trots behind ;
 For little Bobby, to her shoulders bound,
 Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
 He often ask'd her to expose ; but she
 Still fear'd the coming of his Company.
 Says she, " I know an unfrequented place,
 " To the left hand, where we our time may pass,
 " And the mean while your horse may find some grass."
 Thither they come, and both the horse secure ;
 Then thinks the Squire, I have the matter sure.

She's

She's ask'd to sit : but then excuse is made,
 " Sitting," says she, " 's not usual in my trade
 " Should you be rude, and then should throw me down,
 " I might perhaps break more backs than my own."
 He smiling cries, " Come, I'll the knot untie,
 " And, if you mean the Child's, we'll lay it by."
 Says she, " That can't be done, for then 'twill cry.
 " I'd not have us, but chiefly for your sake,
 " Discover'd by the hideous noise 'twould make.
 " Use is another nature, and 'twould lack
 " More than the breast, its custom to the back."
 " Then," says the Gentleman, " I should be loth
 " To come so far and disoblige you both :
 " Were the child tied to me, d'ye think 'twould do?"
 " Might well, Sir ! Oh, Lord ! if tied to you !"
 With speed incredible to work she goes,
 And from her shoulders soon the burthen throws ;
 Then mounts the infant with a gentle toss
 Upon her generous friend, and, like a cross,
 The sheet she with a dextrous motion winds,
 Till a firm knot the wandering fabrick binds.
 The Gentleman had scarce got time to know
 What she was doing ; she about to go,
 Cries, " Sir, good b'ye ; ben't angry that we part,
 " I trust the child to you with all my heart :
 " But, ere you get another, 'ten't amiss
 " To try a year or two how you'll keep this."



THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the Shire of Nottingham there lies
 A parish fam'd, because the men were wise :
 Of their own strain they had a teacher sought,
 Who all his life was better fed than taught.
 It was about a quarter of a year
 Since he had saar'd, and eat, and fatten'd there,

When

MISCELLANY POEMS.

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When he the house-keepers, their wives, and all,
Did to a sort of Parish-meeting call;
Promising something, which, well understood,
In little time would turn to all their good:

When met, he thus harangues: "Neighbours, I find,
" That in your principles you're well inclin'd:
" But then you're all solicitous for Sunday,
" None seem to have a due regard for Monday,
" Most people then their dinners have to seek,
" As if 'twere not the first day of the week;
" But, when you have hash'd meat and nothing more,
" You only curse the day that went before.
" On Tuesday all folks dine by one consent:
" And Wednesdays only fast by Parliament,
" But Fasting sure by Nature ne'er was meant.
" The Market will for Thursday find a dish,
" And Friday is a proper day for fish,
" After Fish, Saturday requires some Meat,
" On Sunday you're oblig'd by law to treat;
" And the same law ordains a Pudding then,
" To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
" Take Hens, Geese, Turkeys, then, or something tight,
" Because their legs, if broil'd, will serve at night,
" And, since I find that roast Beef makes you sleep,
" Corn it a little more, and so 'twill keep.
" Roast it on Monday, pity it should be spoil'd,
" On Tuesday Mutton either roast or boil'd.
" On Wednesday should be some variety,
" A Loin or Breast of Veal, and Pigeon Pye.
" On Thursday each man of his dish make choice,
" 'Tis fit on Market-days we all rejoice.
" And then on Friday, as I said before,
" We'll have a dish of Fish, and one dish more.
" On Saturday stew'd Beef, with something nice,
" Provided quick, and rost'd up in a trice,
" Because that in the afternoon, you know,
" By custom, we must to the Ale-house go;
" For else how should our houses e'er be clean,
" Except we gave some time to do it then?

" From whence, unless we value not our lives,
 " None part without remembering first our Wives.
 " But these are standing rules for every day,
 " And very good ones, as I so may say :
 " After each meal, let's take a hearty cup ;
 " And where we dine, 'tis fitting that we sup.
 " Now for the application, and the use,
 " I found your care for Sunday an abuse :
 " All would be asking, Pray, Sir, where d'you dine ?
 " I have roast Beef, choice Venison, Turkey, Chine :
 " Every one's hawling me. Then say poor I,
 " It is a bitter business to deny ;
 " But, who is't cares for fourteen meals a day,
 " As for my own part, I had rather stay,
 " And take them now and then — and here and there,—
 " According to my present bill of fare.
 " You know I'm single : if you all agree
 " To treat by turns, each will be sure of me."
 The Vestry all applauded with a hum,
 And the seven wisest of them bad him come.



THE MONARCH.

W HEN the young people ride the Skimmington,
 There is a general trembling in a town.
 Not only he for whom the person rides
 Suffers, but they sweep other doors besides,
 And by that hieroglyphic does appear
 That the good woman is the master there.
 At Jenny's door the barbarous Heathens swept,
 And his poor wife scolded until she wept,
 The mob swept on, whilst the sent forth in vain
 Her vocal thunder and her briney rain.
 Some few days after two young sparks came there,
 And whilst she does her Coffee fresh prepare,
 One for discourse of news the master calls,
 T'other on this ungrateful subject falls.

" Pray,

" Pray, Mrs. Jenny, whence came this report,
 " For I believe there's no great reason for't,
 " As if the folks t'other day swept your door,
 " And half a dozen of your neighbours more ?"
 " There's nothing in't," says Jenny ; " that is done
 " Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone,
 " And, gentlemen, you'd much mistaken be,
 " If any one should not think that of me.
 " Within these walls, my suppliant vassals know
 " What due obedience to their prince they owe,
 " And kiss the shadow of my papal toe.
 " My word's a law, when I my power advance,
 " There's not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.
 " Not the Mogul or Czar of Muscovy,
 " Not Pretter John, or Cham of Tartary,
 " Are in their houses Monarch more than I.
 " My House my Castle is, and here I'm King,
 " I'm Pope, I'm Emperor, Monarch, every thing.
 " What though my wife be partner of my bed,
 " The Monarch's Crown fits only on this head."

His wife had plaguy ears, as well as tongue,
 And, hearing all, thought his discourse too long :
 Her conscience said, he should not tell such lies,
 And to her knowledge such ; she therefore cries,
 " D'ye hear — you — Sirrah — Monarch — there ? — Come down
 " And grind the Coffee — or I'll crack your Crown."

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to see
 One that would never discontented be,
 But in a careless way to all agree.
 He had a Servant, much of Æsop's kind,
 Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind,
 " Humpus," says he, I order that you find
 " Out such a man, with such a character,
 " As in this paper now I give you here,

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S

" Or

"Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
 "Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
 "For I will break your back, and fet you strait.
 "Bring him to dinner." Humpus soon withdrew,
 Was safe, as having such a one in view
 At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
 Sitting with thoughtless air and look profound,
 Who, solitary gaping without care,
 Seem'd to say, "Who is't? wilt go any where?"

Says Humpus, "Sir, my Master bad me pray
 "Your company to dine with him to-day."
 He snuffs; then follows; up the stairs he goes,
 Never pulls his off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
 But, looking round him, saw a handsome room,
 And did not much repent him he was come;
 Close to the fire he draws an elbow chair,
 And, lolling easy, doth for sleep prepare,
 In comes the family, but he sits still,
 Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will!"

The Master thus accosts him, "Sir, you're wet,
 "Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
 Thinks he, "If I do spoil it, need I care?
 "I see he has eleven more to spare."

Dinner's brought up; the Wife is bid retreat,
 And at the upper end must be his seat.

"This is not very usual," thinks the Clown:
 "But is not all the family his own?
 "And why should I, for contradiction's sake,
 "Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?
 "If from his table she discarded be,
 "What need I care? there is the more for me."

After a while, the Daughter's bid to stand,
 And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
 Thinks he, "The better from the fairer hand."

Young Master next must rise, to fill him wine,
 And starve himself, to see the booby dine:
 He does. The Father asks, "What have you there?
 "How dare you give a stranger Vinegar?"
 "Sir, 'twas Champagne I gave him."—"Sir, indeed?
 "Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed,

"Don't

MISCELLANY POEMS.

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"Don't spare him for his tears nor age, I'll try
 "If Cat of nine tails can excuse a lye."
 "Thinks the Clown, "That 'twas wine, I do believe;
 "But such young rogues are aptest to deceive:
 "He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
 "And how know I but 't may be for his good?"

When the desert came on, and jellies brought,
 Then was the dismal scene of finding fault,
 They were such hideous, filthy, poisonous stuff,
 Could not be rail'd at nor reveng'd enough.
 Humpus was ask'd who made them. Trembling he
 Said, "Sir, it was my Lady gave them me."—
 "I'll take care she shall no more Poison give,
 "I'll burn the witch; 't'ent sitting she should live,
 "Set faggots in the court, I'll make her fry,
 "And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be by?"
 Then, smiling, says the Clown, "Upon my life,
 "A pretty fancy this, to burn one's Wife!
 "And, since that actually is your design,
 "Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine."



A P P L E - P Y E.

OF all the Delicates which Britons try,
 To please the palate, or delight the eye;
 Of all the several kinds of sumptuous fare;
 There's none that can with APPLE-PYE compare,
 For costly flavour, or substantial paste,
 For outward beauty, or for inward taste.

When first this infant-dish in fashion came,
 Th' ingredients were but coarse, and rude the frame;
 As yet unpolish'd in the modern arts,
 Our Fathers eat Brown Bread instead of Tarts:
 Pyes were but indigested lumps of Dough,
 Till time and just expenses improv'd them so.

S 2

King

King COLE (as ancient British Annals^w tell)
 Renown'd for fiddling and for eating well,
 Pippins in homely Cakes with Honey stew'd,
 "Just as he bak'd," the Proverb says, "he brew'd!"
 Their greater art succeeding Princes show'd,
 And model'd Paste into a neater mode;
 Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
 And Sugar pointed out the way to Spice.

But here for ages unimprov'd we stood,
 And Apple-pye was still but homely food;
 When god-like Edgar, of the Saxon Line,
 Polite of taste, and studious to refine,
 In the Desert perfuming Quinces cast,
 And perfected with Cream the rich repast.
 Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
 With Crinkumcranks adorn the polish'd brim;
 And each fresh Eye the pleas'd spectator greets
 With virgin-fancies, and with new conceits.

Dear NELLY, learn with care the Pastry art,
 And mind the easy precepts I impart:
 Draw out your Dough elaborately thin,
 And cease not to fatigue your Rolling-pin:
 Of Eggs and Butter see you mix enough:
 For then the Paste will swell into a Puff,
 Which will, in crumpling sounds, your praise report,
 And eat, as Housewives speak, "exceeding short."
 Rang'd in thick order let your Quinces lie;

They give a charming relish to the PYE.
 If you are wise, you'll not Brown Sugar slight,
 The browner (if I form my judgement right)

✓ A deep Vermillion tincture will dispense,
 And make your Pippin redder than the Quince.

When this is done, there will be wanting still,
 The just reserve of Cloves and Candied Peel;
 Nor can I blame you, if a drop you take
 Of Orange-water, for perfuming-sake.

But here the nicety of art is such,
 There must not be too little, nor too much:

^w See the old Ballad of "King Cole," in the original Anglo-Saxon language, in the second volume of this collection, p. 87.

If with discretion you these costs employ,
They quicken appetite; if not, they cloy.

Next, in your mind this maxim firmly root,
"Never o'ercharge your PYE with costly fruit:"

Oft let your Bodkin through the lid be sent; — 55

To give the kind imprison'd-treasure vent;

Let the fermenting liquors, closely prest,

Insensibly, by constant fretting, waste,

And o'er-inform your senement of Taste. I }

To chuse your Baker, think, and think again 60

(You'll scarce one honest Baker find in ten):

Adust and bruis'd, I've often seen a PYE,

In rich disguise and costly ruin lie,

While pensive Crust beheld its form o'erthrown,

Exhausted Apples griev'd, their moisture flown,

And Syrup from the sides ran trickling down, }

O be not, be not tempted, lovely NELL,

While the hot-piping odours strongly smell,

While the delicious fume creates a gust,

To lick th' o'erflowing juice, or bite the crust. 70

You'll rather stay (if my advice may rule)

Until the hot's corrected by the cool;

Till you've infus'd the luscious store of Cream,

And chang'd the purple for a silver stream;

Till that smooth viand its mild force produce, 75

And give a softness to the tarter juice.

Then shalt thou, pleas'd, the noble fabrick view,

And have a slice into the bargain too;

Honour and fame alike we will partake,

So well I'll eat, what you so richly make. 80

The ART of making PUDDING &

" — PUDDING is own'd to be
 " Th' effect of NATIVE INGENUITY."

ART of COOKERY, ver. 358.

I. HASTY PUDDING.

I SING of FOOD, by British Nurse design'd,
 To make the Stripling brave, and Maiden kind,
 Delay not, Muse, in numbers to rehearse
 The pleasures of our life, and finews of our verse.
 Let PUDDING's dish, most wholesome, be thy theme,
 And dip thy swelling plumes in fragrant Cream.

Sing then that Dish so fitting to improve
 A tender modesty and trembling love;
 Swimming in Butter of a golden hue,
 Garnish'd with drops of Rose's spicy dew.

Sometimes the frugal Matron seems in haste,
 Nor cares to beat her Pudding into Paste:
 Yet Milk in proper Skillet she will place,
 And gently spice it with a blade of Mace;
 Then set some careful Damsel to look to't,
 And still to stir away the Bishop's-foot;
 For, if burnt Milk should to the bottom stick,
 Like over-heated zeal, 'twould make folks sick.
 Into the Milk her Flour she gently throws,
 As Valets pow would powder tender Beaux:

The liquid forms in HASTY MASS unite,
 Forms equally delicious as they're white.
 In shining dish the HASTY MASS is thrown,
 And seems to want no graces but its own.

Yet still the Housewife brings in fresh supplies,
 To gratify the taste, and please the eyes.

She on the surface lumps of Butter lays,
 Which, melting with the heat, its beams displays;
 From whence it causes, wondrous to behold,
 A Silver soil bedeck'd with streams of Gold!

II. A HEDGE-HOG after a QUAKING PUDDING.

AS Neptune, when the three-tongued fork he takes,
With strength divine the globe terrestrial shakes.
The highest Hills, Nature's stupendous Piles,
Break with the force, and quiver into Ifles;
Yet on the ruins grow the lofty Pines, 35
And Snow unmelted in the vallies shines:

Thus when the Dame her HEDGE-HOG-PUDDING breaks,
Her Fork indents irreparable streaks,
The trembling lump, with Butter all around,
Seems to perceive its fall, and then be drown'd; 40
And yet the tops appear, whilst Almonds thick
With bright Loaf-sugar on the surface stick.

III. PUDDINGS of VARIOUS COLOURS in a Dish.

YOU, Painter-like, now variegate the shade,
And thus from PUDDINGS there's a Landscape made.
And WISE and LONDON *, when they would dispose 45
Their Ever-greens into well-order'd rows,
So mix their colours, that each different plant
Gives light and shadow as the others want.

* The two Royal Gardeners. KING.—Mr. Addison was of opinion, that "there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry. Your makers " of pastures and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonneteers in " this art: contrivers of bowers and grottoes, treillages and cascades, are " romance-writers. WISE and LONDON are our heroic poets; and if, " as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to comment, I " shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which " was first nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for " gardening, that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hol- " low into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so un- " common and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into— " I never yet met with any one, who has walked in this garden, who was " not struck with that part of it." Spectator, No 477; and see above, p. 126.—A good poem, by Mr. Tickell, intituled, "Kensington Garden," is printed in the first volume of Dodsley's Collection.

IV. Making of a GOOD PUDDING gets a GOOD HUSBAND.

YE Virgins, as these lines you kindly take,
 So may you still such glorious Pudding make, 59
 That crouds of Youth may ever be at strife,
 To gain the sweet composer for his Wife!

V. SACK and SUGAR to QUAKING-PUDDING.

"Oh, Delicious!"

BUT where must our Confession first begin,
 If Sack and Sugar once be thought a Sin?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

HID in the dark, we mortals seldom know 55
 From whence the source of happiness may flow:
 Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts have bent
 From bright PEWTERIA's love-sick discontent?
 Yet so it was, PEWTERIA felt Love's heat
 In fiercer flames than those which roast her meat. 60
 No Pudding's lost, but may with fresh delight,
 Be either *fried* next day, or *broil'd* at night.

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

BUT Mutton, thou most nourishing of meat,
 Whose single joint may constitute a treat;
 When made a Pudding, you excel the rest 65
 As much as That of other Food is best!

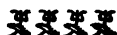
J A Loin. King.

MISCELLANY-POEMS.

25

To Mr. CARTER, Steward to the Lord CARTERET.

ACCCEPT of health from one who, writing this,
Wishes you in the same that now he is;
Though to your person he may be unknown,
His wishes are as hearty as your own.
For CARTER's drink, when in his Master's hand,
Has pleasure and good-nature at command.
What though his Lordship's lands are in your trust,
'Tis greater to his BREWING to be just.
As to that matter, no one can find fault,
If you supply him still with WELL-DRIED MALT.
Still be a servant constant to afford
A liquor fitting for your generous Lord;
Liquor, like him, from seeds of worth in light,
With sparkling atoms still ascending bright.
May your accompts so with your Lord stand clear,
And have your reputation like your Beer;
The main perfection of your life pursue,
In March, October, every month, still brew,
And get the character of "Who but You?"



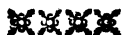
N E R O. A S A T I R E.

WE know how ruin once did reign,
When Rome was fir'd, and Senate slain;
The Prince, with Brother's gore imbrued,
His tender Mother's life pursued;
How he the carcase, as it lay,
Did without tear or blush survey,
And censure each majestic grace
That still adorn'd that breathless face:
Yet he with sword could domineer
Where dawning-light does first appear
From rays of Phœbus; and command
Through his whole course, even to that strand
Where he, abhorring such a sight,
Sinks in the watery gloom of night:

Yet

Yet he could death and terror throw,
 Where Thulé starves in Northern snow;
 Where Southern heats do fiercely pass
 O'er burning sands that melt to glass.

Fond hopes! Could height of Power assuage
 The mad excess of NERO's rage?
 Hard is the fate, when subjects find
 The Sword unjust to Poison join'd!



Ad A M I C U M.

P R I M U S ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus * in oras,
 Palladias artes secum, cytharamque sonantem
 Attulit; ast illi comites Parnassidæ una
 Adveniunt, autorque viæ consultus Apollo:
 Ille idem sparfos longæ latæque colonos
 Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
 Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
 Crescere divitias et surgere tecta Deorum.
 Talibus auspiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
 Sic byrsa ingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
 Carthago regum domitrix; sic aurea Roma
 Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit astris.

Attempted in ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who first, from British shore,
 Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
 His tuneful harp attending Muses strung,
 And Phœbus' skill inspir'd the lays he sung,
 Strong towers and palaces their rise began,
 And listening stones to sacred fabricks ran.
 Just laws were taught, and curious arts of peace,
 And trade's brisk current flow'd with wealth's increase,
 On such foundations learned Athens rose;
 So Dido's thong did Carthage first inclose:
 So Rome was taught OLD Empires to subdue,
 As Tynte creates and governs, now, the NEW.

* Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

ULYSSES

ULYSSES and TIRESIAS.

ULY. TELL me, old Prophet, tell me how,
 Estate when sunk, and pocket low,
 What subtle arts, what secret ways,
 May the desponding fortune raise?
 You laugh: thus Misery is scorn'd!

TIR. Sure 'tis enough, you are return'd
 Home by your Wit, and view again
 Your Farm of Ithac, and Wife Pen.

ULY. Sage friend, whose word's a law to me,
 My want and nakedness you see:
 The sparks, who made my wife such offers,
 Have left me nothing in my coffers;
 They've kill'd my oxen, sheep, and geese,
 Eat up my bacon and my cheese.
 Lineage and virtue, at this push,
 Without the *gelt*, 's not worth a rush.

TIR. Why, not to mince the matter more,
 You are averſe to being poor;
 Therefore find out ſome rich old cuſt,
 That never thinks he has enough:
 Have you a Swan, a Turkey-pye,
 With Woodcocks, thither let them fly.
 The Firſt-fruits of your early Spring,
 Not to the Gods, but to Him bring.
 Though he a foundling Baſtard be,
 Conviſt of frequent perjury;
 His hands with brother's blood imbrued,
 By juſtice for that crime purſued.
 Never the wall, when ask'd, reſuſe,
 Nor loſt your friend, to ſave your ſhoes.

ULY. 'Twixt Damas and the kennel go!
 Which is the filthieſt of the two?
 Before Troy-town it was not ſo.
 There with the beſt I uſ'd to ſtrive.

TIR. Why, by that means you'll never thrive.

ULY. It will be very hard, that's true:
 Yet I'll my generous mind ſubdue.

Translation from T A S S O, Canto iii. St. 3.

SO when bold Mariners, whom hopes of ore
 Have urg'd to seek some unfrequented shore:
 The sea grown high, and pole unknown, do find:
 How false is every wave, and treacherous every wind!
 If wish'd-for land some happier sight descries,
 Distant huzzas, saluting clamours, rise:
 Each strives to shew his mate thr' approaching bay,
 Forgets past danger, and the tedious way.

From H E S I O D.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in Heaven, his subjects here
 Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
 Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were banish'd far,
 With all the dread of Laws and doubtful War:
 But chearful Friendship, mix'd with Innocence,
 Feasted their understanding and their sense;
 Nature abounded with unenvied store,
 Till their discreetest wits could ask no more;
 And when, by fate, they came to breathe their last,
 Dissolv'd in sleep their sitting vitals pass'd.
 Then to much happier mansions they remov'd,
 There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd *.



VERSES left in the King of FRANCE's Bed-
 chamber, after the Death of the Duke DE MONT-
 MORENCY.

ON ne se jouvient que du Mal;
 Ingratitude regne au monde:
 L'Injure se grave au metal,
 Et le Bien-fait s'ecrit sur l'onde.

* That is, they were as happy as the day is long. KING.

THAME

MISCELLANY POEMS.

THE THAME and ISIS.

SO the God Thame, as through some pond he glides;
 Into the arms of wandering Isis slides :
 His strength, her softness, in one bed combine,
 And both with bands inextricable join ;
 Now no cœrulean Nymph, or Sea god, knows
 Where Isis, or where Thame, distinctly flows ;
 But with a lasting charm they blend their stream,
 Producing one imperial River—THAME.



OF DREAMS.

"For a Dream cometh through the multitude of *Duſſineſs*."
Eccleſ. v. 4.

"Somnia, quæ ludunt mente volitantibus umbris,

"Non delubra deum nec ab æthere numina mittunt

"Sed ſibi quique facit," etc.

PETRONIUS.

THE ſitting Dreams, that play before the wind,
 Are not by Heaven for Propheſies deſign'd ;
 Nor by æthereal Beings ſent us down,
 But each man is creator of his *own* :
 For, when their weary limbs are ſunk in eaſe,
 The ſouls eſſay to wander where they pleaſe ;
 The ſcatter'd images have ſpace to play,
 And Night repeats the labours of the Day.



I waked, ſpeaking theſe out of a Dream in the
 Morning.

NATURE a thouſand ways complains,
 A thouſand words expreſs her pains :
 But for her Laughter has but three,
 And very ſmall ones, HA, HA, HE !

One

One of Lord BLESSINGTON'S Similes in his Play,
called, "The Lost Princess, A TRAGEDY."

BUT, as a Huntsman going out to *hawk*,
And finds ~~two~~ Filberds growing on *one* stalk;
The *one* he cracks, and, finding it not *sound*,
Fancies the other *so*, that's on the ground.

A PASSAGE from the same PLAY.

——"Stand here alive!
"Nay, he shall die," quoth he, "so may I thrive.
"That is to say, One, Two, and likewise Three."
To the *first* Knight thus instantly spake he,
"I did condemn thee, therefore thou shalt dye,
"And for your death there's a necessity;
"For you have been the cause of *that*^b Knight's death."
Then, turning to the *third* Knight, thus he saith,
"Thou hast not done what I commanded thee."
And thus he caus'd them to be slain *all Three*!

Another, from the same.

Upon a day, betwixt them *two* said thus,
A Lord is lost if he be vicious.
And drunkenness will be a foul record
Of any man, and chiefly of a Lord:
For there are many an eye, and many an ear,
Still waiting on a Lord, he knows not where.
For God's love, therefore, drink more temperately;
Wine makes a man to lose most wretchedly,
His mind, his sense, and his limbs every one.
Thou shalt see the reverse, quoth he, anon,
And prove it by your own experience,
That wine's not guilty of so great offence.
There is no wine bereaves me of my sense.

^b i. e. The *second* Knight. KING.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR DICK!

I HEARD yesterday, that on Friday last your hopes of marrying the fair lady Melinda were all vanished, and that she is in the embraces of your rival. I protest, it made strong impressions on me, so that I fled to Boëthius for Consolation. But, his notions being too philosophical for me (yet to comfort you I was resolved), I set myself to search my constant guide in affairs of this life, to see if I might find any thing that in such distress might be an assistance to my Friend. The guide I mention is my little Grammar, which, for the many Receipts, both in the Syntax and *Qui mihi*, may vie with any Philosopher who pretends to Morality or Politicks. I considered, Why may not he, that treats so much of Words and Speech, have something concerning Women, who have so vast a talent in them both? and at least, if any thing concerning Matrimony may be found, it will be in his description of the Three Concords. I went therefore to my fate, and, as a lucky omen, the first line I met with was,

Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori:

"Love all things conquers; e'en we yield to Love."

And here, thought I, appears the cause how so ingenious, sedate, and thoughtful a man as my Friend could let himself be ruffled with the passion of Love: but it is like our Destiny; sooner or later we must all come to it, and therefore, resistance being in vain, we ought to comply with its first motions, that so our doom may be quickly known, without the torment of expectation: and this agrees excellently with the verses of an old Friend of mine;

"Might o'ercomes Right; and powerful Love can conquer

"The grey-hair'd Senator and sparkish Yonker.

"Then, since this Love will conquer one by one,

"Let's all agree to yield; the work is done."

I had scarce given myself time to look on the Book, but I again cast my eye on a passage, which I thought might justify my Friend in his endeavours to "alter his condition," as the married people term it, which was this;

272 MISCELLANY-POEMS.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

"The Times are chang'd; and with them, chang'd are we."

But then I again considered, that this change is not always for the better, and that it might happen to my Friend as it did to Jack Crossly,

"Times change; we change: but, Jack, it is thy curse;

"Ever to change, and ever for the worse!"

So that there may happen that, in my Friend's case, a danger may have been avoided, instead of a blessing being lost. For we find in the *Accidence*, that happiness in Marriage seems to be confined only to Kings and Queens. There is no such expression as *Richardus et Melinda sunt beati*, "Richard and Melinda are happy;" but only, *Rex et Regina sunt beati*, "The King and the Queen are happy;" which made me fall into this pathetic expression;

"If Kings and Queens are only to be blest

"When join'd together, e'en God help the rest!"

so that the Comforts of Matrimony seem to be the flowers and prerogatives of the Crown, never to be alienated.

Indeed, let my Friend remember the troubles he underwent in his Courtship, the tempests, the hopes, the jealousies, the contempt, and the despair; and I think I ought to congratulate my Friend's deliverance. To see the hard-heartedness of these Women,

Pectora percussit, pedus quoque robora sunt.

Upon which, an Acquaintance of mine made this Paraphrase:

"At Cynthia's feet, the victim of her eyes;

"The wretched, sad, despairing, Damon lies,

"And does such piteous tales of love rehearse

"As might an adamantine fortress pierce:

"He strikes his breast, but with a wondrous stroke

"Tis Cynthia's breast that hardens into oak.

"Each fainting sigh and each heart-rending groan

"Increase her inclinations to be stone.

"But, O! that stone her charming beauty keeps;

"Cynthia's the marble, but 'tis Damon weeps.

I know my dear Friend, as he can have no desire of torments, so for the continuance of such, he has in him an insupportable appetite after liberty, and being the master of his time as

well

well as inclinations. How sweet is the sound of *Diluculo surgere* *subterrimum est*, when it can be pronounced without any one to contradict it!

- "O, may your hours of life be unconfin'd,
 "And wear an equal freedom with your mind!
 "And may no Screech-owl's voice from curtains prate,
 "How your diverting friends have kept you late!
 "And, when Aurora rouses you to wealth,
 "And with her fragrant dawn would give you health,
 "Obey her voice: and let it not be said,
 "You were commanded then to lie in bed."

I will detain you but with one contemplation more, which shall be upon these words, in the same place,

Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est;

which plainly seems to me to describe this opinion of some old Philosophers, that envy and strife were the first principles of all things; and that, when people had fought and squabbled till they were weary, they became very loving, and fell to the production of creatures. I have sent you this Translation out of a Fragment which may belong to Lucretius or some other Author:

- "Men say, the goddess Strife presides above,
 "And causes things, and mixes e'en with Love.
 "He that adores her must expect her scorn,
 "Whilst crowds of bleeding slaves her state adorn.
 "She wars, makes peace, is cross, gay, sour, and kind,
 "And flies the compass of the various wind.
 "But, when she seems the conqueress in the field,
 "She'll in that unexpected minute yield.
 "Then let Hymen's rites begin;
 "Io, triumph; enter in.
 "But you that have th' inconstant torment got,
 "Consider not the fortune of your lot;
 "That Goddess, who now bears the name of Wife,
 "Was *yours* for hours before; now *his* for life."

For my part, I should not envy his bargain; and I am sure with you as well as myself; and I am, with all sincerity,

Your obliged Friend (though perhaps out of your memory)

BALTHASAR ICHENKEVELT.

P. S. If you shew this to any person breathing,
 you shall surely be pinched by the Fairies.

A P I N D A R I C O D E

TO THE MEMORY OF

DR. WILLIAM KING.

I.

A WIDOW'D Friend invites a widow'd Muse
 To tell the melancholy news,
 And cloath herself with fable weeds,
 Such as will shew her heart with sorrow bleeds ;
 With grief she can't express, 5
 But in soft moving verse,
 Which melts to tears, like that dark night
 In which thou vanished'st from sight,
 To mount the regions of eternal light.
 For Heaven, it seems, denied a longer date. 10
 Thy happy course was run,
 Thy business here was done,
 And thou art set, like the all-glorious sun.
 Yet, just before thy death,
 Thou rais'dst thy tuneful breath. 15
 Like dying swans at their approaching fate.

II.

Come hither, friendly Muse, and tell
 How this good Prophet fell,
 That liv'd so well :
 What faucy messenger durst strike the blow 20
 Of fatal Death,
 And seize his breath,
 Who always was in readiness to go ?

c Written by Mr. Oldisworth, who continued the Examiners when Dr. Swift had given them up, and whom our Author is supposed occasionally to have assisted in those papers.—Whatever may be thought of Mr. Oldisworth's poetry, the warmth of friendship which breathes through this Pindarick demands our commendation.

Could

A PINDARIC ODE.

275

Could not thy wit command
 The Fugitive to stand, 25
 Which others could forbid to die,
 And bleſs their names with immortality ?
 Hadſt thou 'but uſ'd thy art,
 Death would have dropt his dart,
 And wondering ſtopt the preſſure of his leaden hand. 30

III.

Alas, he's cold ! Oh, for a grave
 To bury the ſad tale ;
 For tears will 'not prevail
 Where Humour, Wit, or Virtue, could not ſave !
 Learning we boaſt in vain : 35
 A tomb is all we gain
 For a life ſpent in ſtudy and in pain.
 Wretched Mortality !
 Couldſt thou thyſelf but ſee,
 Thou wouldſt hate life as we love thee. 40
 Why then ſo fond to live are vain mankind ?
 Why all thoſe joys purſue,
 That ſeem to make life new ?
 Becauſe they can no greater pleaſures find.
 But thou, my Friend, didſt higher go, 45
 Reſolv'd ſublimer things to know,
 Wing'd Heaven, and left us here below.

IV.

How ſhouldſt thou live in ſuch an age of vice ?
 The Phoenix only dwells in Paradife.
 Earth was too narrow for thy mind, 50
 And thou, to all its flatteries blind,
 Now in the bowers of bliſs
 Strikeſt thy harmonious Lyre,
 Where endleſs Pleaſures reign,
 And Peace and Piety remain 55
 Amidſt the bliſſful choir ;
 Thou doſt in all perfections ſhine,
 And add'ſt freſh luſtre to the courts divine ;

Whilst we lament thy too, too early fate :
But greatest blessings have the shortest date.

60

In mournful Poetry
Our last efforts we'll try,

Who best can write upon a theme so great.

V.

Like warriors well appointed for the fight,
Possess'd with generous rage,
Each Poet should engage ;
Each strive who best could prove
His duty or his love ;

65

Each freely pay his tributary mite.

Well may we grieve, well may we mourn thy loss,

70

From whom so many drew

Such Heliconian dew,

From whose celestial spring such influence flows.

Thy wit did kindly give

Food by which others live :

75

For, at thy call, mirth sat on every face ;

The savage throng

Follow'd thy song :

Thus ravish'd and amaz'd,

They danc'd around in one harmonious pace ;

80

And still with awful silence gaz'd.

VI.

But why do I expostulate,

Since sorrow comes too late

To hinder thine or save another's fate ?

When Heaven doth a desiring soul receive,

85

He seems to envy, that pretends to grieve.

Of what strange atoms are we made,

That we of Death should be afraid,

That's but a still, refreshing dream !

Why should we dread to mix with Earth,

90

Our parent-clay that gave us birth :

Or meet the Tyrant who hath lost his sting.

The King of Terrors ; then no more a King,

But we triumphant o'er the Grave and Him ?

VII. The

VII.

The world, ungrateful, seldom doth produce	95
A fruitful harvest for a virtuous Muse;	
If Piety appear	
To crown the happy year,	
'Tis always with indifference heard,	
And with such cool regard,	100
The grudging soil just nourishment denies,	
And so the hopeful plant too early dies;	
Such marks of goodness seldom last,	
But where they're rooted fast.	
Religion here and Duty easy grew,	105
Thy Loyalty no new-taught doctrines knew,	
But principles from education drew.	
Envy herself must stop ev'n here,	
And close the false malicious ear.	

VIII.

Thy Virtue's fled beyond her poisonous blast,	110
Which can no longer last;	
Since Heaven, from her peculiar care,	
Did for thy fame prepare,	
For fear the vicious world should spoil the growth,	
Have chang'd thy virtue, or debas'd thy worth!	115
But pity 'twas that thou shouldst die,	
First-born of modest Poetry;	
Pity, thy gaiety and wit,	
Should only now for worms be fit,	
And, mix'd with Nature's rubbish, huddled lie!	120

C R A P U L I A ;

O R,

The Region of the C R O P S I C K S ^d;A Fragment, in the Manner of RABELAIS ^e.

C H A P. I.

The Situation of the Country.

CRAPULIA is a very fair and large territory, which on the North is bounded with the Æthiopic Ocean, on the East with Laconia and Viraginia, on the South by Moronia Felix, and Westward with the Tryphonian Fens. It lies in that part of the Universe where is bred the monstrous bird called RUC, that for its prey will bear off an Elephant in its talons; and is described by the modern Geographers.

The soil is too fruitful, and the heavens too serene; so that I have looked upon them with a silent envy, not without pity, when I considered they were blessings so little deserved by the inhabitants. It lies in seventy-four degrees of longitude, and sixty degrees of latitude, and eleven degrees distant from the Cape of Good Hope; and lies, as it were, opposite to the whole coast of Africa. It is commonly divided into two provinces, Pamphagonia and Ivronia, the former of which is of the same length and breadth as Great Britain (which I hope will not be taken as any reflection), the other is equal to the High and Low Dutch Lands. Both obey the same prince, are governed by the same laws, and differ very little in their habit or their manners.

^d "A satire on the Dutch," says the Editor of Dr. King's "Remarks."—His conjecture may possibly be right; or, having Dr. King's papers in his possession, it may even have appeared from them that such was the intention if it had been completed. But, in its present unfinished state, it must be owned, there is no striking resemblance.

^e Of whom, see above, p. 96.

• C H A P.

C H A P. II.

PAMPHAGONIA: or, *Glutton's Paradise.*

PAMPHAGONIA is of a triangular figure, like that of antient Ægypt, or the Greek letter *Delta*, Δ. It is mountainous, inclosed with very high hills: its soil is of the richest, so that birds which come thither to feed, if they tarry but three months, grow so very fat and weighty, that they cannot fly back again over the mountains, but suffer themselves to be taken up in the hand, and are as delicious as the Ortolan or the Beccaficos of the Italians. And it is no wonder to them who know that Geese in Scotland are generated from leaves fallen into the water, and believe the testimony of one of our Embassadors that in the North-East parts of the world Lambs grow upon stalks like Cabbages and eat up the grafs all round about them, to find the same sort of provisions in this country. Besides, the Fish upon that coast are in such plenty, and so voracious (whether they conform themselves to the genius of the place and people, or preface to themselves the honour of so magnificent a sepulchre as was given to Nero's Turbot), that, as soon as the hook is cast in, they press to it as the Ghosts in Lucian did to Charon's boat, and cling to the iron as Miners do to a rope that is let down when the light of their candle forebodes some malignant exhalation.

The sea-ports, with which this country abounds more than any other, are of no other use than to receive and take in such things as are edible, which they have for their superfluous wool and hides: nor may the inhabitants export any thing that has the least relation to the palate. You see nothing there but Fruit-trees. They hate Plains, Limes, and Willows, as being idle and barren, and yielding nothing useful but their shade. There are Hops, Pears, Plumbs, and Apples, in the hedge-rows, as there is in all Ivronia; from whence the Lombards, and some counties in the West of England, have learned their improvements. In antient times, Frugonia, or the Land of Frugality, took in this country as one of its provinces; and Histories tell us, that, in Saturn's time, the Frugonian Princes gave laws to all this part of the world, and had their palace there; and that their country was called Fagonia, from the simplicity of their diet, which consisted

only in Beech-mast. But that yoke has been long ago shaken off; their manners are wholly changed, and, from the universality of their food, they have obtained, in their own country language, the title of Pamphagones.



C H A P. III.

The First Province of PAMPHAGONIA.

FRIVIANDY, or Tight-bittia (that we may take the provinces in their order), were it not for a temperament peculiar to the place, is rather of the hottest to produce those who are properly called good Trencher-men. Its utmost point, which other Geographers call the Promontory of the Terra Australis, is of the same latitude as the most Southerly parts of Castile, and is about forty-two degrees distant from the Æquator. The inhabitants have curled hair and dusky complexions, and regard more the delicacy than the largeness and number of their dishes. In this very promontory, which we shall call the Black one from its colour (for it is a very smoaky region, partly from the frequent vapours of the place, partly from its vicinity to the Terra del Fogo, which, by the common consent of Geographers, lies on the right-hand of it, but rather nearer than they have placed it) is the city Lucina, whose buildings are lofty, but apt to be smoaky and offensive to the smell; from whence a colony went, perhaps, as far as the Indies, where it remains to this day by the name of Cochin-China.

Here is the famous temple of the great Deity Omastus Gorgut, or Gorbelly. It is a vast pile, and contains a thousand hearths, and as many altars, which are constantly employed in the Rural Festivals. In the midst is a high pyramid, as lofty as the hand of man can erect it, little inferior to those of Memphis. It is called the Cheminean Tower. This, rising high, gives the signal of war to the adjoining countries: for, as we by Beacons lighted upon a high hill discover the danger of an approaching enemy, so these, on the contrary, do the same by letting their smoke cease and their fires go out: for, when the perpetual vapour ceases to roll forth in thick and dark clouds of smoke, it is
a token

a token that the Hambrians are drawing nearer, than whom there can be no enemy more terrible to this nation. There are several smaller towns, that lie under the dominion of this supreme city. Charbona is the largest village, and, what is seldom seen elsewhere, lies all under ground. Upon its barren soil arises another, though of less note, called Favillia. After these lies Tenaille, a narrow town, and Batillû, a broad one, both considerable. On the left are some subservient petty hamlets, as Assadora, Marmitta, Culliera, as useful for the reception of strangers, amongst which, that of Marmitta is watered by the river Livenza; which, as is said of a fountain in the Peak of Derby, boils over twice in four-and-twenty hours.



C H A P. IV.

The Second Province of PAMPHAGONIA.

NEXT to this is the Golosinian district, the most pleasant part of Pamphagonia, covered with Dates, Almonds, Figs, Olives, Pomegranates, Oranges, Citrons, and Pistaches; through which run the smoothest of streams, called the Oglium. Here is the beautiful city of Marzapane, with noble turrets glittering with gold, but lying too open to the enemy. Over it hang the Zucker hills, out of whose bowels they draw something that is hard, white, and sparkling, but sweet as that moisture which the Ancients gathered out of the reeds which grew in Arabia and the Indies. You shall find few people here, who are grown up, but what have lost their teeth, and have stinking breaths. Near to this is the little city Sepasium, which admits of no tradesmen but Perfumers. It is a town of great commerce with the people of Viraginia, especially the Locanians, who use to change their Looking-glass with them for Oils and Pastils. The agreeableness of the place, and the bounty of the Heavens, is favourable to their art; for the whole track of land, at certain seasons, is covered with aromatic comfits, that fall like hail-stones: which Anathumiasis I take to be essentially the same as that aerial Honey which we often find upon our oaks, especially in the spring, and that it differs only in thickness: for whereas that
Honey

Money is sprinkled in drops, the little globules are hardened by the intense cold of the middle region, and rebound in falling.



CHAP. V.

Of the Third Province of PAMPHAGONIA.

IN the fifty-fifth degree, we come into the plains of Lecania, and so into the very heart of Pamphagonia, where the chief city we meet with is Cibinium, which is washed with the acid streams of the river Assagion. In the Forum, or market-place, is the tomb (as I conjecture by the footsteps of some letters now remaining) of Apicius, that famous Roman, not very beautiful, but antique. It is engraved upon the shell of a Sea-crab; and it might happen, notwithstanding what Seneca says, that this famous Epicure, after having sought for larger Shell-fish than the coasts of Gallia could supply him with, and then going in vain to Africa to make a farther enquiry, might hear some rumour concerning this coast, steer his course thither, and there dye of a surfeit. But this I leave to the Criticks. Here I shall only mention the most fertile fields of Lardana and Offulia. The delicious situation of Mortadella, the pleasantest of places, had wonderfully delighted me, had it not been for the Salt-works which often approach too near it. There is an offensive stinking town called Formagium, alias Butterboxia, and Mantica a boggy place near the confines of Ivronia.

I hasten to the metropolis of the whole region, which, whether you respect the uniformity of the building, the manners of the people, or their way of living, their rules for behaviour, their law and justice, will shew as much as if I were to descend to particulars.



CHAP. VI.

Of the Metropolis of PAMPHAGONIA, and the Customs of the Inhabitants.

THERE are but very few villages in this country, as well as in some others; from whence a Traveller may conjecture, that the country-towns are devoured by the cities, which are

are not so many in number as they are large and populous; of which the mother and governess is called Artocreopolis. The report goes, that in ancient times there were two famous cities, Artopolis and Creatium, which had many and long contests about the superiority: for so it happens to places, as well as men, that increase in power; inasmuch as the two most flourishing Universities in the world (to both of which I bear the relation of a Son, though I am more peculiarly obliged to one of them for my education), notwithstanding they are sisters, could not abstain from so ungrateful a contention.

Artopolis boasted of its antiquity, and that it had flourished in the Saturnian age, when it had as yet no rival. Creatium set forth its own splendour, pleasantness, and power. At last, a council being called, Creatium got the preference by the universal votes of the assembly: for such is the iniquity of the times, that though the head be covered with grey hairs, yet nothing is allowed to the reverence of Antiquity; when encountered by a proud and upstart Novelty. The other city is now so far neglected, that the ruins or footsteps of its magnificence are scarce remaining, any more than of Verulam, as is most elegantly set forth by our noble Poet Spenser in his verses on that subject; the latter usurping the name of the other, as well as the other has now the double title of Artocreopolis. The city is more extensive than beautiful: it is fortified with a large and deep ditch of running water, which washes almost all the streets, wherein are a thousand several ponds for Fish; upon which swim Ducks, Geese, Swans, and all sorts of Water-fowl, which has been wisely imitated by the people of Augsburg. This ditch is called Gruesia. There are two walls, whose materials were furnished by the Flesh-market; for they are made of Bones, the larger serving for the foundations, the lesser for the superstructure, whilst the smallest fill up what is wanting in the middle; being all cemented with the Whites of Eggs, by a wonderful artifice. The houses are not very beautiful, nor built high after the manner of other cities: so that there is no need of an Augustus to restrain the buildings to the height of seventy feet, as was done at Rome; nor is there room for a Seneca or Juvenal to complain of the multitude of their stairs and number of their stories.

They

They have no regard for Stair-cases ; for indeed none of the citizens care for them, partly from the trouble of getting up them (especially when, as they often do, they have drunk heartily) as much as for the danger of getting down again. Their houses are all covered with large bladebones, very neatly joined together. There are no free citizens admitted, but such whose employment has more immediately some relation to the Table. Husbandmen, Smiths, Millers, and Butchers, live in their colonies, who, when they have a Belly of an unwieldy bulk, are promoted to be Burgeffes ; to which degree none were anciently admitted but Cooks, Bakers, Victualers, and the gravest Senators, who are chosen here, as in other places, not for their prudence, riches, or length of beard ; but for their measure, which they must come up to yearly if they will pretend to bear any office in the public. As any one grows in dimensions, he rises in honour ; so that I have seen some who, from the meanest and most contemptible village, have, for their merits, been promoted to a more famous town, and at last obtained the senatorial dignity in this most celebrated city : and yet, when by some disease (as it often happens), or by age, they have grown leaner than they are allowed to be by the Statutes, have lost their honour, together with the bulk of their carcase. Their streets were paved with polished Marble ; which seemed strange amongst a people so incurious, both because the workmanship was troublesome, and there might be danger in its being slippery. But the true reason of it was, that they might not be forced to lift their feet higher than ordinary by the inequality of the pavement, and likewise that the chairs of the senators might the more easily be pushed forward : for they never go on foot, or on horse-back, nor even in a coach, to the Exchange, or their public feasts, because of their weight ; but they are moved about in great easy Elbow-chairs, with four wheels to them, and continue sitting so fixed, in the same posture, snoring and flabbering till they are wheeled home again.

At the four gates of this city, whose form is circular, there sit in their turns as many senators, who are called Buscadores. These carefully examine all who come in and go out : those that go out, lest they should presume by chance to do it fasting, which they can easily judge of by the extent of their bellies ; and, the matter being proved, they are fined in a double supper : those
 2 that

that come in, to see what they bring with them upon their return; for they must neither depart with empty stomachs, nor come back with empty hands. Every month, according to the laws, which they unwillingly transgress, there are stated Feasts, at which all the senators are obliged to be present, that after dinner (for no person can give his vote before he has dined) they may deliberate concerning the public affairs. The name of their Common-hall is Pythanos-come^f. Every one knows his own seat, and his conveniences of a close-stool, and a couch to repose upon when the heat of their wine and seasoned dainties incline them to it. Their greatest delicacies are served up at the first course; for they think it foolish not to eat the best things with the greatest appetite: nor do they cut their Boars, Sheep, Goats, and Lambs, into joints, or quarters, as commonly we do, but convey them whole to table, by the help of machines, as I remember to have read in Petronius Arbiter. They are fineable who rise before they have set six hours; for, when the edge of their stomach is blunted, they do, what they call, "fit and piddle." They eat and drink so leisurely, for the same reason as the famous Epicure of old wished that his neck were as long as a Crane's. They measure the seasonable time for their departure after this method: they have a door to their Town-house, which is wide enough for the largest man to enter when he is fasting; through this the guests pass; and when any one would depart, if he stops in this passage, he is trusted to go out at another door; but if it be as easy as if he were fasting, the Master of the Ceremonies makes him tarry till he comes to be of a statutable magnitude: after which example, Willfrid's needle in Belvoir Castle^g was a pleasant trial of Roman Catholic sanctity. They have Gardens of many acres extent, but not like those of Adonis or Alcinoüs; for nothing delightful is to be expected in them, neither order, nor regularity of walk, nor grass-plots, nor variety of flowers in the borders; but you will find all planted with Cabbages, Turnips, Garlick, and Musk-melons, which were carried hence to Italy, and are in quantity sufficient to feast an hundred Pythagoreans.

There is a public College, or Hospital, whither they are sent who have got the Dropsy, Gout, or Asthma, by their eating and

^f The Devil take the hindmost. KING.

^g The beautiful residence of the duke of Rutland.

drinking;

drinking; and there they are nourished at the public expence. As for such as have lost their teeth by their luxury, or broken them by eating too greedily or incautiously, they are provided for in the Island of Sorbonia. All the richer sort have several servants, in the nature of vassals, to cultivate their gardens, and be employed in inferior offices, who have their liberty when they can arrive at such a bulkiness. If any of the Grantees of the country die of a surfeit, he is given, as being all made up of the most exquisite dainties, to be eaten up by his servants; and this they do that nothing should be lost that is so delicate. The men are thick and fat to a miracle; nor will any one salute another, whose chin does not come to the midst of his breast, and his paunch fall to his knees. The women are not unlike them, and in shape resemble the Italians, and have breasts like the Hottentots. They go almost naked, having no regard to their garments. The magistrates and persons of better figure have gowns made of the skins of such beasts as they have eaten at one meal. All wear a knife, with a large spoon, hanging upon their right-arm. Before their breasts they wear a smooth skin, instead of a napkin, to receive what falls out of their mouths, and to wipe them upon occasion; which whether it be more black or greasy, is hard to determine.

They are of a very slow apprehension, and no way fit for any science; but yet understand such arts as they have occasion for. Their Schools are Public-houses, where they are educated in the sciences of Eating, Drinking, and Carving; over which, one Archisilenius, an exquisite Epicure, was then Provost, who, instead of Grammar, read some Fragments of Apicius. Instead of a Library, there is a public repository of Drinking-vessels, in which Cups of all orders and sizes are disposed into certain classes. Cups and Dishes are instead of Books. The younger Scholars have less, the elder have greater; one has a Quart, the other a Pottle, the other a Gallon: this has a Hen, that a Goose, a third a Lamb or a Porker: nor have they any liberty, or recess, till the whole is finished; and if, by a seven years stuffing, they are no proficient in Fatness, are presently banished into the Fancetic Islands; nor are they suffered long to stay there idle and without improvement. Hither likewise are sent all Physicians who prescribe a course of diet to any person. When
any

any one is sick, without recourse to Æsculapius, they make him eat Radish, and drink warm Water; which, according to Celsus, will purge and vomit him. Venison is that which they most delight in; but they never take it in Hunting, but by Nets and Gins. They look upon the Swine as the most profitable and best of all animals; whether it is for the likeness of its manners, as being good for nothing but the table, or else from its growing fat on the sudden with the worst of nutriment. It may not seem credible; yet parsimony appears in the midst of their profuseness: but then it is very ill placed, for it is in Crumbs, Bones, and Crusts. They do not so much as keep any Dogs, Cats, Hawks, or any thing that eats flesh. If any Person suffer meat to stink, he is impaled; but Venison and Rabbits are to have the *baut-gout*: and then their Cheese is kept till it is over-run with little Animals, which they devour with Mustard and Sugar. This is an odd sort of custom, derived from the Dutch.

The country abounds with Rivers, which ebb and flow according to their digestion, and generally overflow at the beginning of January, and towards the end of February, and do mischief to the neighbouring country.



C H A P. VII.

Of the Wars of the PAMPHAGONIANS.

THE Pamphagones have perpetual wars with the Hambrians, or the Fancetic Islands, and the Frugonians. * *

* * * * *

Cætera desunt.

FOUR DEDICATIONS.

I.

To my Honoured Friend Sir EDMUND WARCUPP,
of Oxfordshire, Knight ^b.

SIR,

I SHALL make you but a bad return for lending me these Memoirs, by sending them back in *my* English. However, I did not think I could be too intent upon them, when, the longer I read and considered this Book, the characters of two *such Brothers* as the Duke of Bouillon and Marechal Turenne raised in me a true and more lively idea of your Sons, the Colonel and the Captain. It is true, that the *former*, being born Prince, became great Generals; but then they lived long in the world to obtain it: whereas the other *two Brothers*, though cut off in their bloom, had done more than any of such an age could do, towards equalling *their* great examples.

The Battle of Sedan, in which the duke of Bouillon got his greatest glory, has nothing more considerable in it than the action by which he gained the enemy's cannon: and, upon reading this, who could not but have an image of colonel Warcupp's bravery in the battle of Steynkirkⁱ, where he drove the French from their cannon, and laid his own half-pike upon them. In the same battle, when the count de Soissons should have received the advantage of the victory, it is with surprize that we find him dead. This naturally brings captain Warcupp to our remembrance, who, when *he* should have received the new commands which for his valour the King designed him, was (in-

^b Prefixed by Dr. King to "New Memoirs and Characters of the "Two Great Brothers, the Duke of Bouillon and Marechal Turenne." Translated by him, from the French, in 1693.

ⁱ In this battle, which was fought Aug. 3, 1692, the Confederates were commanded by king William in person, and the French by the duke of Luxemburg. The English were forced to retreat, with the loss of several thousand brave officers and soldiers.

stead of enjoying the reward) found mortally wounded in his Majesty's service.

This, to a common Reader, may seem a melancholy and an improper address to a Father; but then they must be ignorant of the greatness of Sir Edmund Warcupp's mind, and his true notions of honour. Lacedæmon heretofore gloried in so great a man as Thrasibulus, who, receiving his son Pitaneas dead upon a shield in his country's service, interred him with these expressions: "Let other Fathers shed tears; I will not. This Youth died like mine, like a Spartan."

England has reason to boast of a double honour in Sir Edmund Warcupp, who, with such an evenness of temper and heroic patience, could bear the loss of *two Sons*, so young, so brave, so very much his own, and so true Englishmen.

As for my own part, were I to be a Father, I should wish for such Sons; and, must they die! I would lose them after the same manner. And I am sure that, in bearing of my misfortune, I could have no better pattern than yourself.

But, in the circumstances I am in at present, there is nothing I am more ambitious of, than to be admitted amongst the number of,

S I R,

Your most faithful friends,

and humble servants,

W. KING.

II^k.

To the Right Honourable LORDS and GENTLEMEN,
Members of the Immortal BEEF-STEAK CLUB^l.

LORDS, and GENTLEMEN,

IT is generally presumed, that a Miscellany should consist of what the world most delights in, that is, Variety. There the Serious may find Contemplation; the Witty, Mirth; the Politicians, State Maxims; the Humourfome, fresh Airs; the Amorous, new Sonnets; true Worth may gain Preferment, and Vice meet with its due Correction: in short, it should contain such things as may satisfy the mind when its thoughts incline either to Instruction or Pleasure. It seems, therefore, most proper that such a Miscellany should be dedicated to some Club, or collection of persons; that, if any part should not please all, yet it may have its lucky chance, and at one time or another find a Patron amongst some of them. To whom then should the Author address sooner than to the noble BEEF-STEAK-CLUB, where every valuable quality reigns differently, but are all cemented by the ties of good-nature and good-humour? When Dido laid the foundations of Carthage, she enclosed her subjects, the wise and valiant Phœnicians, within the compass of a thong, which she cut out of an Ox's hide; and from thence arose a formidable Empire: So this Club, under the denomination of another part of the Ox, comprehends persons of such valour, worth, and conduct, as may render their Country happy, and their Mistress great and glorious.

But now to the Meat—Beef has been that which has always relished with the world, either whole or in pieces, in imagination or reality. Jupiter made his court to Europa in the shape of a Bull, and brought her over to this continent, which still retains her name: it was the same Jupiter who turned the fair Io to a beautiful Cow, and so preserved his Mistress from the fury of his Wife, and for a reward caused her to be wor-

^k Prefixed to a Collection of our Author's Miscellanies, published by himself, in one volume 8vo, in or about the year 1709.

^l See an account of Estcourt, their Proveditor, above, p. 86; and some further particulars of him, in the Observations annexed to this Volume.

shipped throughout all Ægypt. Pasiphaë fell in love with a natural Bull, and so got a whimsical heir to the Cretan kingdom. But now, since the Britons have brought the French Mushrooms, Truffles, and Kickshaws, into contempt, people begin to relinquish Fables, and come to solid Beef and fat Lincolnshire Oxen. Patroclus and Achilles of old delighted most in Chines, Barons, Ribs, and Surloins roasted; and that not without reason, for they are excellent. Guy of Warwick regaled himself with boiled Rumps, Buttocks, and Flanks, and Briskets, not less admirable. There is no reason but to believe that Beef-steaks, when nicely broiled with the Gravy in them, may produce as good blood and vigorous spirits as either of the former; seeing they, approaching nearest to the fire, the place of greatest danger, have consequently gained to themselves the post of honour. Such bravery cannot fail of success; and I doubt not but in a little while the Members of this Club will be able to broil their Steaks upon the magnificent and stupendous Gridiron of the Escurial. In the mean time, I desire them so accept of the hearty wishes for their prosperity, of

Their most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.



III^m.

To the Reverend Dr. KNIFE, Master of Westminster Schoolⁿ.

S I R,

THOUGH I have lost my *natural* Parents, who were most indulgent to me, and the great Dr. Busby^o, whose memory

^m Prefixed to "An Historical Account of the Heathen Gods and Heroes," printed in the beginning of the year 1711.

ⁿ Thomas Knife, D. D. was also a prebendary of Westminster. He did not long survive the date of this Dedication; dying 8 Id. Aug. 1711, aged 73. His epitaph is printed in Dart's History of that Abbey.

^o Richard Busby, D. D. was born Sept. 22, 1606; and, having passed through

mony to me shall be for ever sacred; yet, I thank God, I have a Master still remaining, to whom I may pay my duty and acknowledgment for the benefits I have received by my education. It is in some measure to express this duty, that I lay the following papers before you, expecting pardon for the faults that may be in them, from your innate goodness, which I have so often experienced.

The subject of the Poetical History has exercised the pens of Clemens Alexandrinus, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, Arnobius, St. Austin, and the learned Bishops Fulgentius and Eustathius; and is useful, not only for the better knowledge of the Classics, and all other polite Literature, but even of the Holy Scriptures themselves. It must be acknowledged, that the utmost end of your instruction tends to the understanding of the Text of the Holy Bible in all the learned Languages; and the Fundamentals of our Religion, as taught in the Catechism, Nine and Thirty Articles, and Homilies, of the Church of England: so that whosoever has had the happiness of an education under you at Westminster must attribute it to his own neglect, if he be not a good Christian, and consequently a loyal Subject. That, by your wholesome instructions to the young Gentlemen of this nation, you may long contribute to the good of the Church and State, and the honour of her Majesty's Royal Foundation in which you are so eminently placed, is the hearty wish of, Sir,

Your most dutiful and obedient servant,

WILLIAM KING.

through the classes of Westminster School as a king's scholar, was elected student of Christ Church in 1624; made prebendary of Wells and rector of Cudworth, July 1, 1639; master of Westminster School, Dec. 13, 1640; and by his skill and diligence in the discharge of this most laborious and important office for the space of fifty-five years, bred up the greatest number of eminent men, in church and state, that ever adorned at one time any age or nation. He was installed prebendary of Westminster, July 5, 1660; died April 6, 1695, aged 89; and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a fine monument is erected to his memory.

IV^p.

To the most Noble Prince HENRY SOMERSET
Duke of BEAUFORT, Marquis and Earl of WOR-
CESTER, Earl of GLAMORGAN, Baron HERBERT,
and Lord of CHEPSTOW, RAGLAND, and GOWER,
Lord-Lieutenant of the County of SOUTHAMPTON,
Lord Warden of the New Forest, and One of Her
MAJESTY's most Honourable Privy Council, &c.¹

May it please your GRACE,

THE subject of the following papers makes it seem proper that they should be presented to your Grace : for, since you have been admitted to her Majesty's Council, it is convenient you should see all the measures that have been taken by persons advanced to the like station. Mr. Gabriel Naudé, who was the Author of the French from which this is a Translation, is accounted one of the most celebrated geniuses of the latter age, for his knowledge of men and books, the variety and extensiveness of his conversation, and his good fortune in being admitted to the service of the most illustrious persons then in Europe. His wisdom, prudence, good humour, and temperance, recommended him so far, that, having studied Physick in Padua, with the famous Mr. Patin, under Mr. Moreau, and being returned from his travels, he was, in the year 1630, being then about

^p Prefixed to "Political Considerations on Refined Politicks, &c." translated from the French of Gabriel Naudéus in 1711.

¹ See a poem, addressed to this noble peer, above, p. 237. He succeeded to his grandfather's titles in 1699, and died in 1714. His grace was twice married, and had the misfortune to lose both ladies in childhood ; the first of them (lady Mary Sackville, only daughter to Charles earl of Dorset) in 1705, without issue ; the second (lady Rachel Noel, second daughter to Wriothesley Baptist earl of Gainsborough) in September 1709. By the second duchess, he had three sons, two of which successively inherited the titles.

² He was born at Paris, Feb. 12, 1600.

thirty, sent by Cardinal Richlieu * upon an especial occasion to Rome, where he remained above twelve years as Library-keeper † to the Cardinal de Bagni, a person that had improved himself so far in all good Authors relating to Politicks, and especially in Aristotle's Rhetorick, which was his favourite, that Cardinal Pamphilio, who afterwards succeeded by the name of Innocent the Tenth ‡, said, he feared no other rival besides him for the popedom; but death prevented it. Mr. Naude was afterwards Library-keeper to Antonio Barbarini, nephew to Pope Urban VIII §. Upon his coming back from Rome, he was admitted into the service of the Cardinal Mazarine x, of whose penetration into mankind the whole world is sensible. To these patrons he owed his preferments of canon of Verdun and

* John Arnaud du Pleffis de Richlieu, the illustrious statesman of France, was born Sept. 5, 1625; obtained a dispensation for being made bishop of Lucon at the early age of 22; was dignified with the title of cardinal in 1622; was prime minister in 1624, and died in 1642. The history of his life would be the history of France. We shall therefore only add, that, amidst other qualifications, his various political treatises demonstrate him to have been an able writer; he was also a poet, and, in the true spirit of that *genius irritabile*, is said to have envied Corneille the glory of his "Cid," and to have obliged the French academy to publish a criticism in 1637 to its disadvantage.

† He had been before employed in a like capacity by Henry de Mesmes, president à mortier.

‡ He filled the pontifical chair from 1644 to 1655.

§ Better known by the name of Cardinal Maffeo Barbarini. He was advanced to the pontifical chair in 1623, and died July 29, 1644. He was equally famous for the variety of his learning and the elegance of his genius. His Latin poems were re-published, by Jos. Browae, A. M. in 1726.

x This celebrated successor of Richlieu had the happiness of completing many of the great plans his predecessor had schemed, but left unfinished.—Naudæus founded for this minister a library of 40,000 volumes, at that period an immense collection; but had the mortification, on the cardinal's disgrace, of seeing the whole, which he had collected with so much labour, dispersed. Naudæus himself purchased all the books in physic, for 3500 livres. His abilities in the selecting of books may be discovered in his "Avis pour dresser un Bibliotheque," which was translated into English, under the title of: "Instructions for creating a Library, written by Gabriel Naude, published in English, with some Improvements, by John Evelyn, Esq. Lond. 1661."

TO THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT. 293

prior of Artige in the Limoisin. Queen Christina, who resolved to make Sweden famous by her encouragement of learning, invited him to Stockholm, where she shewed him particular marks of her esteem. Upon his journey thence, he died at Abbeville, July 29, 1653, and so hindered us from several things he had designed to perfect. Pardon this short account of the Author; for it is in some measure an apology for the presumption of the Dedication; for I would have nothing approach your Grace, but what had formerly been so far received in the world as that it might justify its appearance once again in publick.

The Author, in his Work, has made a sufficient apology for his searching so far into "the Secrets of State;" and shewn that a great spirit can have no prejudice, but rather reap advantage, from the discovery of them. Now if Youth, under all the temptations of the world, can produce commendable actions fitting the dignity of a person's birth and grandeur; if the strictest rules of œconomy are preserved, and temperance mixed with the sweetest affability be always the product of his conversation, either in friendship or conjugal affection, the nicest trials of humanity; what may be expected from the finished years of such a one, when he knows the rocks and quick-sands he is to avoid, and has no other port in view but where his ancestors safely harboured? It cannot be doubted, therefore, but the virtues and honour inherent in your Grace's family and person will always conduct you through the difficulties of state affairs, and guard you against the crafts of policy, preserving you in the love of your countrymen and the favour of your Prince.

That your Grace will accept of this first essay of my gratitude, is the utmost ambition of your Grace's

Most obliged, most dutiful, humble servant,

WILLIAM KING.

y Naudæus was very prudent and regular in his conduct, very sober, never drinking any thing but water. Study being his principal occupation, he wrote a great number of books; from which Mr. Bayle embellished his Dictionary with many extracts.

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VOL. I. p. 1. It should have been mentioned, that another young student of Christ-Church, Mr. Edward Hannes, had a hand in the "Reflections on Varillas." This gentleman was, in 1690, elected professor of chemistry; and was the author of several ingenious Latin poems, some of which are printed in the "Musæ Anglicanæ" and in other Miscellanies. Mr. Addison has addressed a Poem, "Ad D. D. Hannes, insigniffimum Medi-cum et Poetam."

P. 2. M. Varillas intituled his book, "Histoire des Revolutions arrivées en Europe en matiere de Religion." Paris, 6 vols. 4to, 1636, &c.; and again in 1687, 12mo. It was also printed in both sizes at Paris in 1690; and had before been published at Amsterdam. It begins with the year 1374, and ends in 1650. At the head of the first volume, Varillas had put the following advertisement: "In composing this work, I have taken my materials indifferently from Catholic and Protestant writers; citing these last in their own words as often as I found them ingenuous enough not to suppress or disguise the most important truths; and it is through their own fault that I have been obliged to have recourse to the Catholics."

P. 5. l. 18. This extract of M. Hozier's letter is cited in the Preface to M. Larroque's "Nouvelles Accusations contre M. Varillas, ou Remarques Critiques contre une partie de son premier livre de l'Histoire de l'Herésie. Amstelod. 1687."

Ibid. l. 27. It should be observed, in justice to Varillas, that he denied this matter of the pension. It is true, Le Long tells us (Bibliothèque Historique de la France, art. VARILLAS), "that he was offered such by several French noblemen, as well as by foreigners; which he always refused: and particularly the States of Holland offered him one, in 1669, to write their history; but he also refused this, by the advice of M. Pom-pone. He accepted that only of the clergy of France, which M. de Harlai, Archbishop of Paris, had procured for him." But Varillas contradicts this; and, in his answer to Burnet, says, "that he never accepted the pension which M. Harlai had obtained for him from the clergy of France in 1670; nor yet that which he procured of the King for him, charged upon the abbey of La Victoire, in 1672; and that all that he received by the Archbishop's means was, a present from the assembly of the Clergy in 1670, and a grant from the King of two thousand livres in 1685." See Nicéron's Mémoires, tom. V. p. 64. Paris, 1728, 8vo.

P. 93. July 24, 1775, the Empress bestowed on the marshal Romanzow an estate of 5000 Peasants, 100,000 roubles in money; a service of plate; a hat with a wreath of laurel, enriched with precious

precious stones to the value of 30,000 roubles, a diamond star and shoulder-knot, &c. &c.

P. 135. Dr. Richard Bentley^z was born at Wakefield in Yorkshire, Jan. 27, 1661-2, and received there the first part of his education; whence being removed to St. John's college, Cambridge, he followed his studies with indefatigable industry. In 1689, being then master of arts, he was incorporated in the same degree at Wadham college, Oxford. Oct. 2, 1692, he was installed in a prebend at Worcester, by Bp. Stillingfleet, to whom he was domestic chaplain; and whose recommendations, with those of Bp. Lloyd, obtained for him the honour of opening Mr. Boyle's famous lectures. In April 1694, he obtained the patent of keeper of the royal library; in 1700, was presented to the mastership of Trinity college; was collated archdeacon of Ely, June 12, 1707; had a good benefice in that island; and was chaplain to queen Anne, as he had been to king William. In 1709, a complaint was laid against him by several of the fellows, before the bishop of Ely as visitor, which, after above twenty years continuance, was terminated in his favour. In 1717, he had another dispute with his college, on the fees of creation for a doctorate; on which occasion he was suspended and degraded; but restored by a mandamus from the king's bench. He died July 14, 1742.

Ibid. Dr. Aldrich died Dec. 14, 1710. He was a learned and pious Divine; a warm zealot for the church interest; a stout champion for the prerogatives of the crown; and made himself famous, by contriving the hieroglyphical figures of the Oxford Almanacks; in some of which, many people fancied strange allusions, particularly in favour of the Pretender.

Ibid. Mr. Charles Boyle, born in August 1676, was entered, when only 15, of Christ Church, Oxford. He succeeded to the title of earl of Orrery, Aug. 23, 1703, on the death of his elder brother Lionel, and had a regiment given him; was elected a knight of the thistle, Oct. 13, 1705; raised to the rank of major general in 1709, and sworn of the privy council. At the time the peace of Utrecht was settling, he was appointed envoy extraordinary to the states of Flanders and Brabant, Jan. 11, 1710-11; and, for his services, was created baron Boyle of Marlton, Somersetshire, Sept. 10, 1711. He resided at Brussels, as envoy, till June 1713; and, on the accession of king George I, was continued in his command in the army, made a lord of the bed-chamber; and lord lieutenant of the county of Somerset, Dec. 3, 1714. He resigned his post in the bed-chamber in 1716, his regiment having before been taken from him. He was committed to The Tower,

^z He was "the son a tradesman," says the writer of his article in the "Biographia Britannica;" which Mr. Cumberland, in his "Letter to the Bp. of Oxford, 1767," p. 23, styles "a misrepresentation," and a "debasement of his condition from that of a gentleman to a mean tradesman."

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Sept. 28, 1722, on suspicion of being concerned in Layer's plot; whence he was at length discharged, after suffering severely in his health. He died Aug. 28, 1731, aged 57. His taste as a fine writer is well established; and the noble instrument which bears his name is a proof of his mechanical genius; he had also a peculiar turn to medicine; and bought and read whatever was published on that subject.

P. 139. l. 3. *Add, as a Note*, An English translation of Phalaris was published in 1634; but the Translator confessed he had no skill in Greek, and that he did it from "the most approved versions in three several languages."—Another translation was published by Mr. Whately of Magdalen College [probably that said to be by J. S. 1699.]—Mr. Budgell translated a few particular Letters, which he annexed to his *Memoirs of the Boyles*.—And, lastly, Dr. Franklin hath given a translation of the whole, in 1749. From the last-mentioned writer, we have extracted the following remarks:—"The controversy was on both sides carried on with great learning and spirit; and convinced the world that no subject was so inconsiderable, but, if in the hands of able men, might produce something worthy of their attention. I never heard my lord Orrery's abilities as a scholar called in question; and Dr. Bentley was always looked on as a man of wit and parts; and yet I have been assured that, whilst the dispute was in its height, the partizans of each side behaved with a partiality usual in such cases. The friends of Phalaris and Mr. Boyle would not allow their adversary any wit; whilst the Doctor's advocates, on the other hand, made it their business to represent Mr. Boyle as void of learning; and attributed all the merit of his book to the assistance of some men of distinguished merit in the college and university of which he was a member; and so far did this malicious affectation prevail, that Dr. Swift alludes to it as a fact in his "*Battle of the Books*," where he says, "that Boyle had a suit of armour given him by all the gods." Many indeed, who gave into this foolish opinion, did at the same time allow, in justice to the late lord Orrery, that, if the weapons were put into his hand, he had at least the skill to manage them to the best advantage. To recompense any uneasiness, which might arise from reports of this kind, Mr. Boyle had the secret satisfaction of seeing his enemies, whilst they endeavoured to lessen his reputation, pay him the highest compliment, by attributing his work to the Literati of Christ Church; who, if they had really been concerned in it any farther than casual hints of conversation on the subject, would, I believe, long before this time have cleared their titles to a share in the reputation acquired by it; which as they have never yet done, I see no reason why Mr. Boyle should not be looked upon as the sole author of that piece; or why, as the labour and merit of it was his own, his claim to the deserved applause

"plause it has met with should ever for the future be called in question."

Ibid. After l. 25, add, This occasioned the three following treatises:

"An Essay concerning Critical and Curious Learning; in which are contained some short Reflections on the Controversy, &c. by T. R. esq. 1698." [Q. Thomas Rymer, esq.]

"View of Dissertation, &c. [by John Milner, D. D., late vicar of Leeds, in Yorkshire], 1698."

"A Chronological Account of the Life of Pythagoras, and other famous Men his Contemporaries; with an Epistle to the Rev. Dr. Bentley, concerning Porphyry's and Jamblichus's Lives of Pythagoras. By the Right Reverend Father in God William [Lloyd] Lord Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, 1699." The letter is dated Dec. 30, 1698.

Ibid. Mr. Boyle, in his second edition, corrected some mistakes; and annexed to it "A short Account of Dr. Bentley, by way of Index."—To the third edition, he added a small Appendix, of four pages, occasioned by "A View of the Controversy between Dr. Bentley and Mr. Boyle, upon the Epistles of Phalaris, &c. in order to the manifesting the Incertitude of Heathen Chronology." [This seems to be Dr. Milner's book.]

P. 149. After l. 15, add, "An Answer to the "Short Account, &c." in relation to some M^s. Notes on Callimachus and "Mr. Benner's Appendix," was published, in 1699, by Mr. Whately.

Ibid. Dr. Bentley gave a very full and particular answer to the accusation relative to Sir Edward Sherburn, in the Preface to his Dissertation; p. xliii. et seqq.; which was as positively contradicted by Sir Edward, in the "Short Account, &c." p. 134.—Sir Edward was born Sept. 18, 1618; was clerk of the ordnance to King Charles I, but ejected in 1641 for adhering to the royal cause. Retiring with the King to Oxford, he was there made master of arts. On the surrender of that city to the parliament, he settled in the Middle Temple, and published several learned works. He recovered his office under King Charles II, but was again turned out by James II, and betook himself ever after to a retired and studious course of life. He died Nov. 4, 1702, in his 85th year.

P. 141. Add to Note, Dr. Bentley's memory failed him here: it was not Rupilius, but his adversary, who *permagna negotia dives habebat Clazomenis*. Or perhaps he mistook wittingly, in order to compare the *permagna negotia* with the *pus atque venenum*.

P. 142. This Letter from Dr. King was not immediately addressed to Mr. Boyle, but "to a Friend of that Gentleman." See "Boyle against Bentley," p. 6.

P. 143. The following P. S. was annexed to Dr. King's Letter, in the "Short Account, &c." p. 138. "I hope, Sir, this

" answer of Dr. Bentley will divert you as much as his former "*Dissertation*, his own *few Notes on Callimachus*, or his extraordinary *Collection of Pills to purge Melancholy* (London, 8vo, 1698, printed for Playford); which He may have more use of, than when it was first published."

P. 150. *Add to Note*, Mr. Preston has given a good description of a similar amphitheatre, at Hockley in the Hole, under the title of "*Æsop at the Bear-garden, a Vision, 1715.*" It was dedicated originally, he says, to Bull-baiting, Bear-baiting, Prize-fighting, and all other sorts of *rough game*; and was not only attended by Butchers, Drovers, and great crowds of all sorts of mob, but likewise by Dukes, Lords, Knights, Squires, &c. There were seats particularly set apart for the quality, ornamented with old tapestry hangings, into which none were admitted under half a crown at the least. Its neighbourhood was famous for sheltering Thieves, Pickpockets, and infamous Women; and for breeding Bull-dogs.

P. 152. *Add to Note*, St. Nicholas still holds his rank and veneration in the Russian Calendar, and has almost as many altars as the Virgin himself. *Wraxall's Tour, 1774, p. 233.*

P. 165. l. 5. *Add to Note*, Wotton's attainments in the languages were so remarkable, as to be set forth by his father, in a Pamphlet dedicated to King Charles II, intituled, "*An Essay on the Education of Children in the first Rudiments of Learning; together with a Narrative of what Knowledge William Wotton, a Child of Six Years of Age, hath attained unto, upon the Improvement of those Rudiments in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew Tongues.*" By Henry Wotton, of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Minister of Wrentham in Suffolk." Re-printed in 8vo. 1752.

Ibid. l. 16. Dr. King was very right in this assertion; the shape of Nestor's cup hath been mistaken by all who have written about it, from the days of Martial to those of our English Homer; as is very satisfactorily shewn by Mr. Clarke, in "*The Con-
nection of Roman, Saxon, and English Coins,*" p. 218.

P. 170. l. 12. *read* How far.

P. 174. Richard Flecknoe, who lived in the reigns of Charles the First and Second, was better acquainted with the Nobility than with the Muses. If his own works are not sufficient to transmit his name to posterity, Mr. Dryden has effectually performed that office in his celebrated satire called "*Mac Flecknoe.*" Langbaine enumerates five of his dramatic productions. His other works consist of Epigrams and *Ænigmatical Characters*, and of a Diary, in burlesque verse, 12^{mo}, 1655. Dryden, in his Dedication to Limberham, has severely raillied an Epistle Dedicatory of Flecknoe's to a Nobleman; but to what book it was prefixed is now unknown.—Langbaine tells us, he never could get one of his plays acted: but this is a mistake. His "*Love's*
" King-

"Kingdom, a Pastoral Tragi-comedy," appears, by the Dedication to William Marquis of Newcastle, to have been acted and damned. Q. If this is not the Dedication Dryden alludes to? His "Love's Dominion, a Dramatique Piece full of excellent Moralitie, written as a Pattern for the reformed Stage, 1654," 12^{mo}, is dedicated to Lady Eliz. Claypole, Cromwell's daughter.

Ibid. Thomas Decker was contemporary with Ben Jonson, and contended with that celebrated Laureat for the bays. Though his writings are in small estimation, he had in that age many friends amongst the Poets; particularly the ingenious Richard Brome. He wrote eight plays; clubbed with Webster in writing three more; and with Rowley and Ford in another. That which was in most esteem was "The Untrussing the humourous Poet," published in 1602, in his own defence, against "The Poetaster" of Jonson, in which he was lashed under the title of Crispinus. Though far inferior to his antagonist, Decker gained some applause, and retaliated on the Laureat under the name of Horace Junior.

P. 175. l. ult. r. Critick.—Ibid. *Note*, l. 1. "The Generous Enemies, or the Ridiculous Lovers," a comedy, 1672, was written by John Carey; or rather, according to Langbaine, stolen by him from four eminent poets.

Ibid. l. 2. "Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen," 1679, was a tragedy of Dryden's; the plot of it is founded on the history of Cleobuline queen of Corinth.

P. 179. l. 34. One of the first efforts of the English Stage; it was printed in the year 1575, under the following title, "A ryght pithy pleasaunt and merie Comedie, intytuled Gammer Gurtons Needle played on Stage not longe ago in Christes Colledge, in Cambridge, made by Mr. S. Master of Arts." It is also printed in Dodsley's Collection. of Old Plays, vol. I. and in Hawkins's "Origin of the English Drama," vol. I.

Ibid. l. 37. Printed in Dodsley's Collection, vol. V. under the title of "Grim the Collier of Croydon, or the Devil and his Dam; with the Devil and S. Dunstan, by J. T." It was first printed in 1662, 8vo. The plot is taken from Machiavel's "Marriage of Belphegor."

P. 185. *Add*, See vol. II. p. 130.

P. 200. John Swammerdam, born at Amsterdam in 1637, applied himself early in life to anatomical and medical studies, pursuing at the same time his favourite amusement of discovering, catching, and examining, flying insects. In 1651, he went to Leyden; and was admitted a candidate of physic in 1663. From this time he applied diligently to anatomy; and in 1667 first injected the uterine vessels of a human subject with ceraceous matter, which useful attempt he afterward improved and perfected. In 1668, he declined a splendid offer of an establishment under the grand duke of Tuscany; and published the next year his

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his general history of Insects; whose nature and properties were then his chief study. In 1673, he published his treatise on Bees; but, after that fatiguing performance, never recovered his former health and vigour, and took a total distaste to worldly affairs. He died Feb. 17, 1680.

P. 201. Lewis Maimbourg, born at Nancy in 1610, was admitted into the society of Jesuits in 1626; but being obliged in 1683 to quit it, for asserting too boldly the authority of the Gallican church, against the court of Rome, was rewarded, by Louis XIV, with a very honourable pension, with which he retired to the abbey of St. Victor, where he died Aug. 13, 1686. He had great reputation as a preacher, and published two volumes of Sermons. He was a voluminous historian; having written the History of Arianism, of the Iconoclastes, of the Croisades, of the Schism of the West, of the Schism of the Greeks, of the Decay of the Empire, of the League, of Lutheranism, of Calvinism, of the Pontificate of St. Leo; and was composing the History of the Schism of England when he died. Mr. Bayle says, "Father Maimbourg's histories are very agreeably written, contain many lively strokes, and a great variety of occasional instructions."

P. 202. Dr. Case (on Mr. Granger's authority) is said to have been sent for, to attend John Dennis in his phrenzy, though in fact it was to Partridge the Almanack-maker. We may rather be excused in following this able Biographer in so small a mistake, as we have so frequently profited by his correct remarks. The fact, however, for which that circumstance was mentioned, is equally true—that he was living in 1708. When Turchin published his Observators, John Case used frequently to advertize himself at the end of that paper, beginning in this formal manner, "Your old Physician Dr. Case desires you not to forget him," &c. &c.

P. 205. l. 31. *r.* with chicken, white beets, &c.

P. 207. l. 4. *n.* remarkable.

Ibid. l. 7. *Add this Note*, In the Temple. This Pump has been perpetuated by Dr. Garth, in The Dispensary, canto ii.

"So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,

"And Hare Court pump with Aganippe's streams."

Ibid. l. 18. This circumstance is noted by The Tatler, vol. V, N^o 47.

P. 213. l. 12. Tom Britton, the famous musical small-coal-man, was born at or near Higham Ferrers in Northamptonshire. He came to London; and, having served seven years to a small-coal-man in St. John's Street, received a sum of money from his master, not to set up in business. After having spent the money in Northamptonshire, he returned to London, and set up the small-coal trade in a house adjoining to the little gate of St.

St. John of Jerusalem next Clerkenwell Green, where he became a great proficient in chemistry; and was as famous for his knowledge in the theory of music, in the practical part of which science he was also very considerable. He left behind him a valuable collection of music, mostly picked by himself, which was sold for near an hundred pounds; and an excellent collection of printed books of chemistry and music. Besides these, he had in his life-time sold to lord Somers a curious collection of pamphlets, for about five hundred pounds; and had sold by auction a noble library, principally of Rosacrufian writings, which excited general admiration. He had also a considerable collection of musical instruments, which were sold for fourscore pounds after his death; which happened in September 1724, being upwards of threescore years of age. The musical club, alluded to by Dr. King, was kept up by Britton for many years, at his own charges, at his own little cell. He was universally esteemed for probity, sagacity, diligence, and humility; and continued in his original profession, though he might have lived very reputably without it, till the time of his death.

Ibid. l. 26. r. Grim.—Ibid. *Second Note*, r. Gervase Markham, author of a play called "Herod and Antipater," 1622.

P. 214. l. 7. Dr. King here mistakes the person who wrote this piece. It was not the Author of "Oceana;" but Sir John Harrington, the Translator of Ariosto. It was called "A New Discourse of a stale Subject, called 'The Metamorphosis of 'A-Jax.' Written by Misacmos to his Friend and Cousin Philophilpnos," 8vo, 1596, printed by Field.

P. 240. l. 21. r. Codrington. P. 244. l. 37. r. Florence.

P. 263: A cork tree is now (1776) growing at Wimbledon.

V O L. II.

P. 9. M. De Boodt published, in 1637, "Historia Gemmarum & Lapidum, *Lugd. Bat.*" 8vo.

P. 20. Spencer Cowper, esq. was tried July 16, 1699. The story of Sarah Stout's death, which furnished the materials for several pamphlets at that time (re-printed with the State Trials) is recorded by Mrs. Manley, in the first volume of her *Atalantis*. It also occasioned, in 1729, two indelicate poems, under the titles of "Sarah the Quaker to Lothario in the Shades," and "Lothario's Answer."

P. 60. There is a print of the queen of France and duke of Suffolk, engraved on a large sheet, from an original belonging to the late earl of Granville, now Mr. Walpole's. On the right hand of the duke is his lance, appendent to which is a label, inscribed,

"Cloth of gold, do not despise,

"Though thou be match'd with cloth of frize :

"Cloth

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"Cloth of frize, be not too bold,

"Though thou be march'd with cloth of gold."

Mary queen of France, youngest sister to Henry VIII., was one of the most beautiful women of her age. It is pretty clear that Charles Brandon gained her affections before she was married to Lewis XII; as, soon after the death of that monarch, which was in about three months after his marriage, she plainly told him, "that if he did not free her from all her scruples within a certain time, she would never marry him." His casuistry succeeded within the time limited; and she became his wife. This was probably with the king's connivance. It is however certain, that no other subject durst have ventured upon a queen of France, and a sister of the implacable Henry VIII.—Charles Brandon was remarkable for the dignity and gracefulness of his person, and his robust and athletic constitution. He distinguished himself in tilts and tournaments (the favourite exercises of Henry), and made a conspicuous figure at the famous interview of the English and French monarchs in the *camp de drap d'or*, between Guines and Ardres. He was brought up with that prince, studied his disposition, and exactly conformed to it. That conformity gradually brought on a stricter intimacy; and the king, to bring him nearer to himself, raised him from a private person to a duke. Granger.

P. 146. Sir William Temple having in some measure been the original cause of the controversy between Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley; it may be entertaining to annex an extract of a letter of his, from Moor Park, March 30, 1698. "I think there can be no exception to any thing in it [Mr. Boyle's Book], besides "his partiality to me; which perhaps will be less forgiven him "by the Doctor, than any other fault. For the rest, the com- "pact and application of so much learning, the strength and per- "tineness of arguments, the candour of his relations, in return to "such foul-mouthed railing, the pleasant turns of wit, and the "casiness of style, are, in my opinion, as extraordinary, as the "contrary of all these all appear to be in what the Doctor and "his Friend have written. So that I have as much reason to be "pleased with finding myself in Mr. Boyle's good opinion, as I "should be sorry to be in theirs." See the "Short Account of "Dr. Bentley's Humanity, &c." p. 140.

P. 165. l. 4. r. physician.—P. 169. Lotteries were first drawn, in St. Paul's Church, about 1569; and the drawing continued night and day till all was finished.

P. 170. "Plays, gaming-booths, and musical-booths, at May-Fair, were prohibited, by proclamation, April 21, 1709.

P. 180. Dr. Sacheverell was the son of Joshua Sacheverell, of Marlborough, clerk (whom Bisset, p. 255, calls a Dean). Henry became deny of Magdalen College in 1687, at the age of 15. A translation of his, from Virgil's First Georgick, dedicated to Mr. Dryden, is in the third volume of "Miscellany Poems," 1693.

P. 191.

P. 191. The benevolent chancellor of Winchester, whom we mentioned as the last surviving male of the Hoadly family, died March 11, 1776. He was master of the hospital of St. Cross, and had several other good preferments.

P. 198. Lieutenant-general Meredith, major-general Maccartney, and brigadier Honeywood, were cashiered, in December 1710, for drinking "Damnation to the present Ministry!"

P. 200. On the 11th of November, 1717, Dr. Welton, with his congregation, consisting of about 250 Nonjurors, was surprized by the justices and constables; and most of them, refusing the oaths, were ordered to be prosecuted.

P. 233. Lancelot Addison, the son of Lancelot a clergyman, was born in 1632, educated at Appleby, and sent thence to Queen's College, Oxford; admitted to the degree of B. A. Jan. 23, 1654; M. A. July 4, 1657. Being chosen a *terre filius* for the act in 1658, his oration was so satirical, on the pride, ignorance, hypocrisy, and avarice, of those then in power, that he was compelled to make a recantation, and ask pardon on his knees. He accepted the chaplainship of Dunkirk, where he continued till it was delivered to the French in 1662; and next year went chaplain to Tangier. In 1670, he was appointed king's chaplain; soon after, prebendary of Sarum; dean of Lichfield, July 3, 1683; and archdeacon of Coventry, Dec. 8, 1684. He died April 20, 1703, after having published many learned and useful treatises, which are enumerated in the Biographical Dictionary. The celebrated Joseph Addison was his son.

P. 245. Dr. Swift tells us, vol. XIV. p. 228, "Sir James of the Peak said to Bouchier the gamester, Sirrah, I shall look better than you, when I have been a month in my grave."

P. 268. Nicholas Lechmere, esq. representative in parliament for Cockermouth, and one of the Managers against Sacheverell, was an eminent Lawyer, a staunch Whig, and an Opposer of all the measures of the last four years of Queen Anne, having been removed from his office of queen's counsel in June 1711. He was appointed solicitor-general in October 1714; chancellor of the dutchy court of Lancaster; attorney-general in March, 1717-18; and was created a Peer. Dying June 18, 1727; the title became extinct. The Reader will find a very humorous Ballad, called "Duke upon Duke," on a quarrel between this Nobleman and Sir John Guise, in Swift's Works, vol. VI. p. 114.

P. 305. Dr. John Freind was born, in 1675, at Croton in Northamptonshire, where his father was rector. He was sent to Westminster-school, with his brother Robert, who was afterwards master of it. He was elected to Christ Church in 1690; and, under the auspices of Dean Aldrich, undertook, with another student, to publish two orations, one of *Æschines*, the other of *Demosthenes*, which were well received; and was also prevailed upon to revise an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, which

366 ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS

which Dr. Bentley severely reprehends. He was director of the studies to Mr. Boyle; and, says the great Critic, "was of the same size for learning with the late Editor of the *Æsopian Fables* [Mr. Alfop]. If they can but make a tolerable copy of verses, with two or three small faults in it, they must presently set up to be Authors." But, whatever may be thought of those juvenile performances, in his professional capacity he was a masterly writer. After having published several curious medical treatises, he was chosen professor of chemistry at Oxford in 1704; and the next year attended lord Peterborow on his Spanish expedition; of which Dr. Freind published an account in 1707. He was created M. D. that year; in 1712, was elected a Member of the Royal Society; and attended the duke of Ormond that year into Flanders. After his return, he resided chiefly at London, and gave himself up wholly to the cares of his profession. He was elected a burgess for Launceston in 1722; and, being suspected of having a hand in Laver's plot, was committed to The Tower, March 15, 1722-3, where he continued a prisoner till the 21st of June following. Soon after he obtained his liberty, he was made physician to the prince of Wales; and, upon that prince's accession to the crown, became physician to queen Caroline, who honoured him with a vast share of her confidence and esteem. He did not enjoy this office long; dying July 26, 1728, in his 54d year. Their majesties, in consideration of his great merit, settled a pension upon his widow. His celebrated "*History of Physic*," the first part of which was printed in 1725, was translated into Latin by Dr. Wigan, and published, with the Latin works of Dr. Freind, at London, in folio, 1733. They were re-printed at Paris, in 4to, 1735.

V O L. III.

P. 8. Hedington, Hinkfey, Cowley, and Marston, are all in the neighbourhood of Oxford.

P. 9. Note, l. 13. *r.* apophthegms. P. 17. l. 1. *r.* Franklin.

P. 56. l. 22. This claim still remains in force; at least, it was certainly exercised, in 1727, by the lord of the manor of Bardolf, in Addington, Surrey. See "*Verbes on the Coronation of their late Majesties King George II, and Queen Caroline, 1761*," 8vo, p. 64. The claim is mentioned in Speed's *History*, under Richard II.

P. 73. Sir Charles Sedley outlived all his contemporary Wits, except the duke of Devonshire, the earl of Godolphin, and the duke of Buckingham, who married his granddaughter Catharine; see above, p. 138.

P. 79. Jeffery Hudson was born at Okeham in Rutland. He hath been celebrated by Davenant, in his "*Jeffreidos*," a poem in three cantos.

P. 84. Vinegar was the keeper of the Ring in Moor-fields, and was so called from the sourness of his looks, and the austerity of his government. The rabble paid him a profound veneration, and allowed his determination in all disputes and controversies, either at cudgels or wrestling, to be final and conclusive. Thus Mr. Preston tells us, *Æsop* at the Bear Garden, p. 26,

“— great VINEGAR appear’d,

“By the whole rabble either lov’d or fear’d;

“Father of noise! Methought I heard him say,

“Clear, clear the Ring; the Bear shall have fair play.”

Ibid. Brawn was master of The Rummer Tavern in Great Queen-street. See a character of his kitchen, vol. II. p. 304.

P. 86. Dick Estcourt was Mr. Bickerstaff’s apothecary; see *Tatler*, N° 2. His talents and extraordinary qualifications are celebrated in the *Spectator*, N° 264. 358. 370. and 468. He was author of a play, called “The Fair Example,” 1706.

P. 113. The Kit-cat Club, a Society of the first rank, is said to have been so called from their meetings being originally at the house of one Christopher Catt.—Charles earl of Dorset was one of the first founders of this Club, which consisted of no more than thirty-nine members, all men of the first rank for quality or learning, most of whom had been employed in the greatest offices of state and in the army, and none were admitted but those of the greatest distinction in some way or other. All their pictures were drawn by that great master Sir Godfrey Kneller; and were kept, in commemoration of the august assembly, by their ingenious Secretary Mr. Jacob Tonson; and are still in the possession of his family. Sir Richard Blackmore published, in 1708, a poem, called “The Rise and Progress of the Kit-cat Club.” A ludicrous account of it is also in Ned Ward’s History “of Clubs,” which represents Mr. Tonson as the first institutor.

P. 138. Richard Duke, M. A. was presented by the bishop of Winchester to the rich living of Witney in Oxfordshire, which was afterward enjoyed successively by Dr. Freind, master of Westminster School, and his son the dean of Canterbury. Fifteen of Mr. Duke’s “Sermons on several Occasions” were printed in 1715, 8vo, and a third time in 1730. By the title-page, he appears to have been prebendary of Gloucester, rector of Whitney, and chaplain in ordinary to queen Anne. His poems were collected by Mr. Tonson, and published with those of Roscommon in 1717.

P. 175. l. 6. *Glee* is used by Shakespeare, as a noun, in the sense of musick, or a musician; as a verb, in that of sneering, gibing, or drolling upon. In Scotland, it is still retained, and signifies to fool or spend time idly, with something of mimicry or drollery. See Johnson’s Dictionary.

P. 179. Lady Chudleigh also published, in 1710, a volume of “Essays upon several Subjects, in Prose and Verse;” and complains,

plains, in the Preface, of Mr. Lintott's having added, without her consent, to the second Edition of her Poems, "a Dialogue," (first printed without a name in 1700) occasioned by a Wedding Sermon of Mr. John Sprint, a Nonconformist Divine, at Milton Port, Somersetshire, called "The Bride-woman's Counsellor," 1699."

P. 185. Rowe's *Lucan* was first published, in folio, in 1718.

P. 259. The poem on "Apple Pye" hath been claimed as Mr. Welfed's, in "The Weekly Oracle," August 16, 1735; with a remark, that "Dr. King, the Civilian, a gentleman of no mean reputation in the world of letters, let it pass some years, without contradiction, as his own."

P. 263. A fourth edition of De la Quintinye's "Complete Gardener," 8vo. translated by George London and Henry Wise, was published in 1704. They also wrote "The Retired Gardener."

* In the progress of these Volumes through the press, the Editor could not but frequently remark a striking similarity between Dr. King and the Author of the "Epistles to Lorenzo;" an observation, however, which he had no thought of mentioning, till he observed, in a monthly publication^a, the latter of those writers had been compared with Mr. Sterne.—Without the most distant intention either of "offering a sop to Cerberus," or of degrading the abilities of Dr. Kenrick; it is submitted to the attentive Reader, whether our parallel be not the more faithful resemblance. Dr. King's most striking characteristics were, an inexhaustible fund of real wit, and an irony most severely poignant; talents which Dr. Kenrick possesses in perfection. The former was properly a *bon vivant*, and had a heart so exquisitely convivial, that he was the delight of all with whom he associated: in this point of view, the comparison will scarcely be disputed. And even their poetry (admitting the remark of the Reviewer, "that it is easier for a middling Poet in these days to make good rhymes, than it was formerly for a good one") is not unlike. Our Author, in his "Art of Love," like the Writer of the "Epistles," wished rather, perhaps, to attach his readers by the power of his philosophy, than by the sweetness of his poetry. Yet that many instances might be produced, where the *sense* of both must be allowed to be happily adorned with the most judicious choice of *rhyme*, the slightest inspection of the "Orpheus and Eurydice" of the one, or the "Moral Epistles" of the other, will plainly testify. In their *lighter* Essays, their manner is still more congenial: the same conciseness, the same epigrammatic turn, is evidently conspicuous. And, to heighten the similarity, if Dr. King ventured boldly to enter the lists with Dr. Bentley, Dr. Kenrick hath, not less daringly, waged literary war with a modern Aristarchus, the justly celebrated Author of *The Rambler*.

^a Monthly Review, for December, 1775.

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Vol. II. p. 90. *First Note, after 1679-80, add, "ætatis 19°."*
She was his second lady. There are three inscriptions on her tomb,
in Hebrew, Æthiopic, and English.

Reform the second Note thus, On an adjoining tablet, are three
inscriptions, to the memory of Sir William's first lady, in Hebrew,
Greek, and English, the latter of them in these words: "Carola
"daughter of Roger Harnett, esq. and of Carola his wife,
"the truly loving (and as truly beloved) wife of Samuel Mor-
"land, knight and baronet, bare a second son Oct. 4, died Oct. 10,
"Anno Domini 1674, ætatis 23°."

P. 191. *Note.* The same mob destroyed the meeting-houses of
Mr. Earl in Long Acre, Mr. Bradbury in New-street, Mr. Tay-
lor in Leather Lane, Mr. Wright in Black Fryars, and Mr. Ha-
milton in Clerkenwell; and burnt the pulpit, pews, and some of
the Bibles. They threatened to demolish Mr. Hoadly's church
and house; and, when the guards came up, were detaching parties
to destroy Mr. Shower's meeting-house, and to pull down the
Bank, which stood near it. "Historical Account of Sacheverell."

Vol. III. p. 299. The title of the tract mentioned in the fourth
and sixth paragraphs is, "A View of the Dissertations upon the
"Epistles of Phalaris, Themistocles, &c. lately published by the
"Rev. Dr. Bentley; also of the Examination of the Dissertation
"by the Hon. Mr. Boyle. In order to the manifesting the Incer-
"titude of Heathen Chronology."

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